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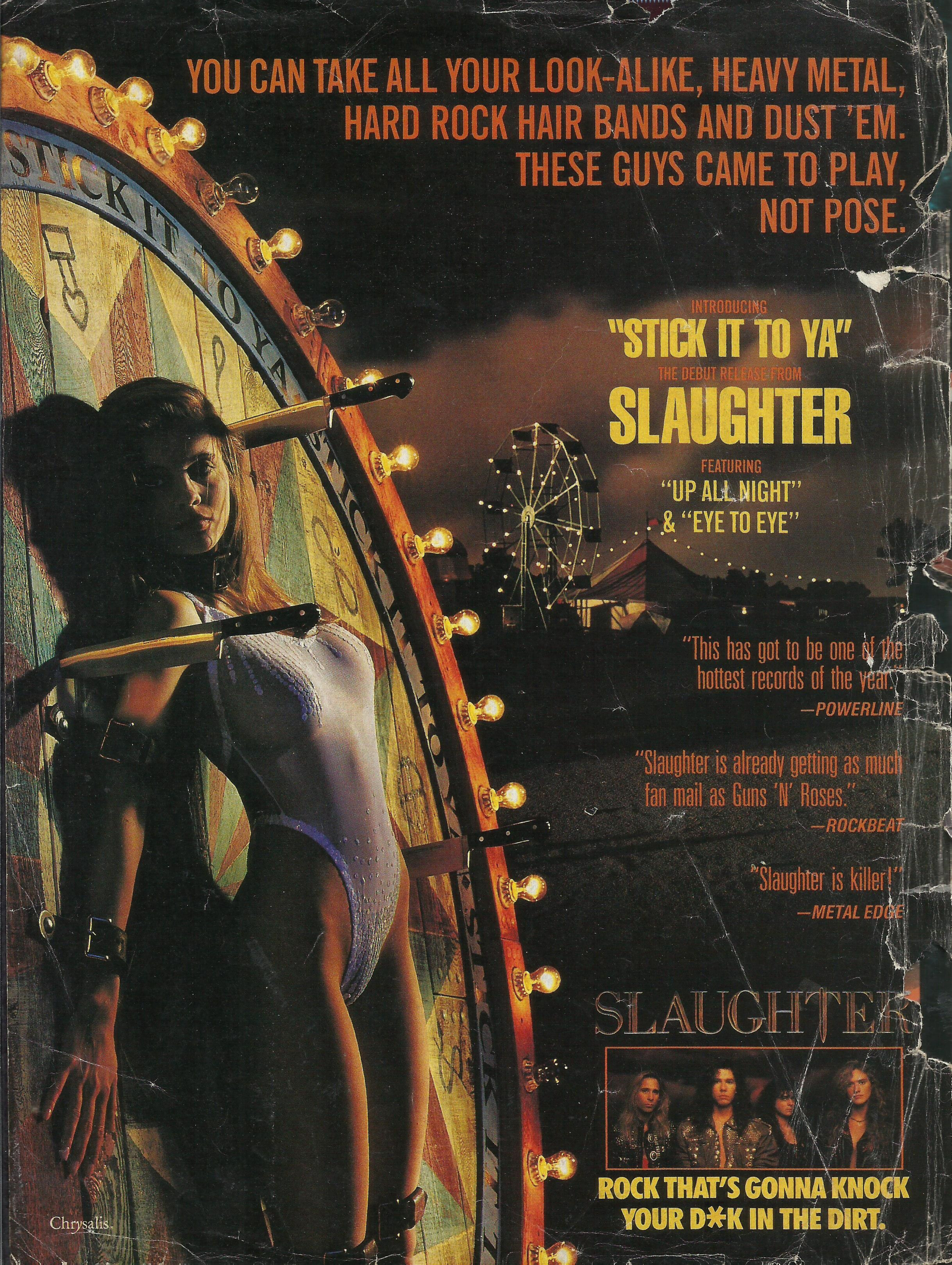

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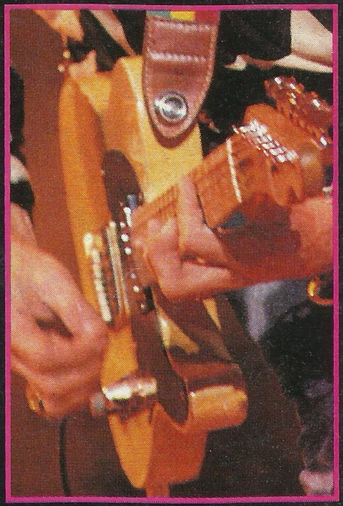

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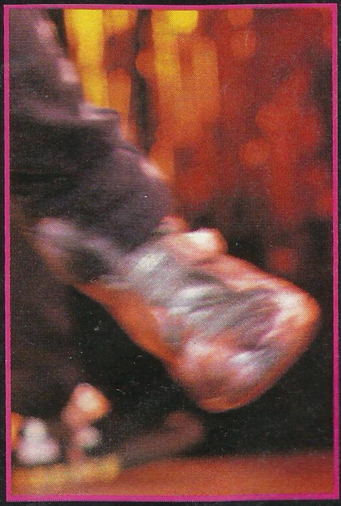

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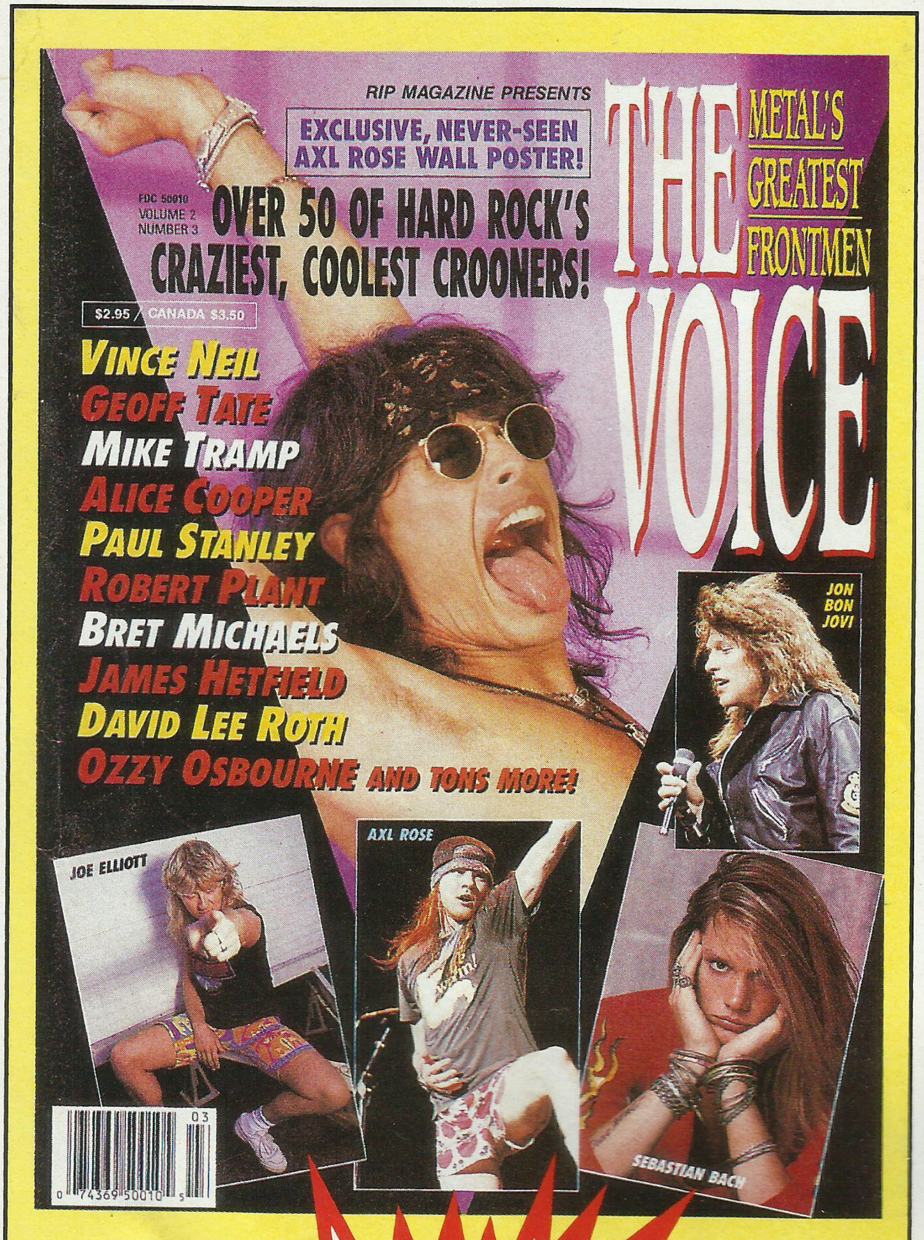
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STATIC

POSTAL PUNDITS

LETTER OF THE MONTH

It sounds like Michael Monroe is still very angry about the death of his friend and bandmate Razzle [*Idol Chatter*, January '90]. I think Vince [Neil] has been doing what he can to get something positive out of a very bad and tragic experience. I think Michael might feel a little better about the death of his friend if he turned his anger into something positive, too, like doing a few commercials supporting the Designated Driver program and the Contract For Life program. Nothing either of them can do will bring back Razzle, but by doing a few commercials, such as the ones Vince has done, maybe they can both keep someone else from going through and living with what they have had to experience.

Maybe Vince wasn't the only person responsible for Razzle's death:

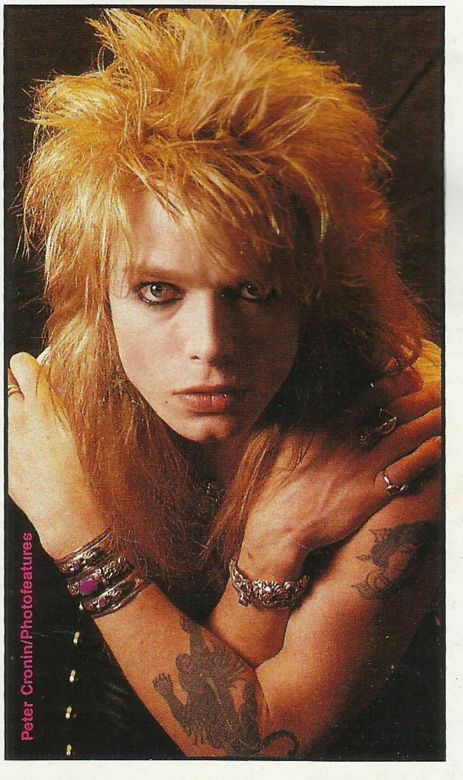
*Were there other people present who could have stopped Vince from driving or Razzle from getting into the car with him? Did they just decide not to get involved?

*Was there a bartender or party host who allowed Vince to drink beyond his limit, then did nothing to ensure that he didn't drive in that condition?

*And what about Razzle himself? No one person is more responsible for our lives than we ourselves are. Razzle put his life in the hands of Vince, who was in no condition to cherish and take care of it. Razzle's life was his, and he gave it away when he got into a car with a drunk driver.

I'm an Emergency Medical Technician. I've responded to more drunk-driving accidents than I care to think about. It's almost always gruesome, tragic and wasteful. I remember the frustration of trying to push air into the lungs of an 18-year-old whose stomach was so full of blood that there was no room for his lungs to expand. He was suffocating in his own blood, and with all my training and knowledge, there wasn't a damn thing I could do about it. We worked on him all the way to the hospital, but he was pronounced dead upon our arrival. I remember the girl who was sitting next to him. The entire lower half of her body was crammed up underneath the dashboard, her spine broken in three places; her chest, crushed.

I have many other such stories. None of the experiences are ones I wish to repeat, ever! —New York State EMT



Peter Cronin/Photofeatures

MORE ON THE MATTER

I received my new issue of Rip yesterday and noticed an article on Michael Monroe. I didn't read it until today, and I hope that everyone pays close attention to that article and really listens to what he has to say. Michael is not just another musician. He proved himself to be a man, and a very brilliant one at that. You can feel the hurt he bears with his words and the sensitivity he isn't afraid to show when talking about the loss of his friend in that tragic accident. I have nothing but respect for Michael, and I only wish for him a successful future and a life without any more personal suffering.

Ironically, I went to see Michael in concert just last night, before I even read the article, and I highly recommend that he is a must-see performer. He puts his entire self into his performance, and the results are quite powerful. So, although Michael may never see this, I only wish the best for him, and I hope he gets the much-needed support he deserves because he, if nobody else in music, has earned it. —Sandi

Baltimore, Maryland

I'm sorry, but something has to be said about Mike Monroe from your January 1990 issue. First of all, poor little Mikey is feeling sorry for himself because none of the Motleys cared to phone him when his ankle was broken. Don't you think Motley Crue has better things to do with their time than sit around and talk to a bag of shit? After all, they hardly knew each other anyway, right, Mike?

Secondly, don't you think that Vince feels bad enough about what has happened with Razzle? With what Mike is saying, it sounds as if Vince planned it all. I'm sure Vince is trying to put this all behind him. And, Mike, if you say you don't blame him for "taking the life of [your] best friend and drummer," then shut up about it. He doesn't need anybody to keep throwing it in his face.

And one last thing: If you think that the Crue is into music just for the money, think again. Their fans mean a lot to them, and they're trying to make a living like everyone else—*and*, if I may add, doing a damn good job of it! You might learn a thing or two. I've never seen a person so low and pitiful. And to use an interview to get publicity? PLEASE! Mike, you're lucky if Motley Crue even gives you the time of day. —Kris & Jen

Escondido, California

BLACK AND WHITE

In my dimly lit dwelling, only black candles burning, I was reading an issue of RIP. Basically, the only article which interested me was on King Diamond ["The Dark World of King Diamond," December '89]. Thank you for the great article! What bothers me is this: Your mag, and practically all others, contain letters denouncing King and Satanism, and I want to be blunt and bold in this letter.

I'm a card-carrying member of The Church of Satan, and am quite proud of that. We are criticized almost constantly about the name *Satanism*, rather than our lives. If you want someone to harass, start with hypocrites! If you really knew how a Satanist performs his daily chores, you would see that we are far more normal than most nine-to-fivers. I am not saying that you should join the church, but be less hypocritical with yourself. Look at your habits and say to yourself, "Is this of God?" If it isn't, but you enjoy it, indulge in it and don't waste your time trying to break the habit.

I am not saying the whole world should be Satanists (although it is a beautiful thought), and I am not seeking respect from everyone, because that would make me very uncomfortable. What I'm saying is this: If you are a possible member, we, King and I, accept you. Stop being a hypocrite, because we hate it! Stop bugging King over his religion and get on with his music. If he wants you to know anything, he will tell you on his own! —Robert
Mt. Lookout, West Virginia

Thank you so much, Janiss Garza, for your article on Guardian [*Fresh Blood*, November '89]. If you only knew how much it means to look into a magazine of other rockers and see a Christian rock band besides Stryper. Now, don't take me wrong, Stryper is a good band, but I think it's time that more doors were opened by other bands, such as Guardian. If other people only knew of such bands as Guardian, A Rage Of Angels, Tempest, Mastedon, Barren Cross, Neon Cross and, for all of those thrashers out there, Vengeance and Deliverance. There are many more to come also. The Christian rock thing is catching on. God is finally becoming #1 in a lot of people's lives. I used to do drugs and drink and have sex with anyone I pleased, as long as it was female, but thanks to these bands I've mentioned and some new friends I've found, I'm finally straight. If I could get RIP and other metal magazines to put more articles out, I'd write them myself. Even smaller articles, like the Guardian article, are a step up for us that love God and metal—in exactly that order. —Mickey
Dallas, Texas

EXCELLENT, DUDE!

Thanks for the rockin' article on *Impact Video Magazine* [*Freeze Frame*, December '89]. Unfortunately, a lot of the clueless, slack-jawed jarheads that run the video stores are afraid to stock our product, so it may be hard for people to find. If so, and if the video store won't order them a copy, they can call our distributor direct and ask for it: MPI VIDEO: 800-323-0442.

Also, your article mistakenly credited me as senior director of *Impact*. This task was shared with Tom Stern, who may not be in *Bill & Ted's*, but is a great filmmaker in his own right. I hope you can settle this up, so Tom will get his hobnail boot out of my ass. Thanks again, and keep Rippin' it up!
—Alex Winter
Co-Senior Director,
IMPACT VIDEO MAGAZINE

METALLICA MISSIVE

Metallica: Remember Manchester, New Hampshire? You called the mayor an asshole (he was). Well, we got a new mayor. Please come back and play. —Amber
Bedford, New Hampshire

SEX AND THE SKIDS

I saw Skid Row in concert a while back, and they rocked my world, I swear. Sebastian has one hell of a set of vocal cords—and a good pitching arm, too, 'cause at one point he threw this light stick, and it flew across the arena and into this security guard's mouth. Okay, maybe I'm exaggerating a little, but funny visual, huh? Anyways, I was in the front part, and Sebastian was sexing every girl in the front row, let me tell you. And the band just kicked ass. After the show, when I walked out of the arena, I don't know, I just felt cooler, like I had been touched by some megaforce of cool. What is that? Do you know? Well, whatever it is, I just want to tell the Skids that they're so wild and nice and down to earth. Please don't ever change. Your fans LOVE you, even if you can't seem to get along with the police. —Melody
Deltona, Florida

I was watching MTV on Thanksgiving weekend, and just before *Headbangers Ball*, on the *MTV News*, I saw an interview with Sebastian Bach of Skid Row. He was asked about the recent controversy over a T-shirt he had worn, reading: AIDS Kills Fags Dead. After about five minutes of trying to explain himself, and some unexplainable excuses for his ignorance, he came right out and said that he doesn't understand homosexuals and the gay lifestyle. For someone to print a T-shirt like that in the first place is the root of ignorance and sickness! The sad thing is that Sebastian might someday get AIDS, and he won't be laughing anymore. —Paula
Bellows Falls, Vermont

VIDEO VERITE

My question concerns today's music videos. Where's the quality that we had in videos five years ago? Remember Waldo? The David Lee Roth videos? Laughing at the principal's toupee in "Smokin' in the Boys' Room"? Those were creative and entertaining videos to watch. Now all I see are these bands in flashy costumes lip-synching to their songs. Performance videos are okay once in a while, but it's gotten to a point where it's so cliche that I can't tell one Bon Jovi video from another. Metallica are the only ones that have put together a great concept for the video "One." Do today's bands feel that it takes too much time and money to make an original video, or are they just selling out and using their videos to promote their albums? —April
Boston, Massachusetts

BUMMED AT BON JOVI

You do not understand how much the article on Bon Jovi ["Plane Talk With Jon Bon Jovi," December '89] pissed me off! Number One, they don't deserve to be in a mag as good as yours along with Metallica; but Number Two, which pissed me off the hardest, was Jon Bon Jovi's disgusting remark. He said he would "sexually abuse as many women as [he] could," if he had one week to live and could get away with it. Who does he think he is? Having the urge to sexually abuse women is the most scummy, most sickening thing a person can do. I hope Bon Jovi's fans read that and realize what a sick individual he is. I wonder what his wife thought about that? And I don't want any Bon Jovi bimbos writing in and excusing him if this letter gets printed, because there is no excuse for a remark like that. He is the shittiest of people, and he gives rockers a bad name. He doesn't deserve anything he has. —Izzy
Miami, Florida

AEROSMITH RULES!

I was in a bookstore just a few days ago, and I was going through the magazine rack. Lo and behold, I found the January 1990 issue of RIP. Man, was I suprised! I couldn't believe you guys finally put Aerosmith on the cover of your magazine. This was too good to be true! You guys finally gave Aerosmith the coverage and pictures they deserved. I was happily suprised again when I flipped through the magazine and found out the article was a good three to four pages long and loaded with pictures. And if that wasn't enough already, I flipped the page over and found that they were the centerfold also! It took you guys long enough! Other magazines have had Aerosmith items in them, but not as good as your current spread on them! You guys did it with style! I hope the Aerosmith articles don't end with this issue. You have made myself and countless other Aerosmith fans very, very happy! Keep up the good work! —Andrew
Simi Valley, California

What do ya' mean, finally? *RIP put Aerosmith on the November 1987 cover* and *produced an entire biographical issue on Boston's baddest boys,* RIP Presents Aerosmith, *back in early '88. Where were you, dude?*

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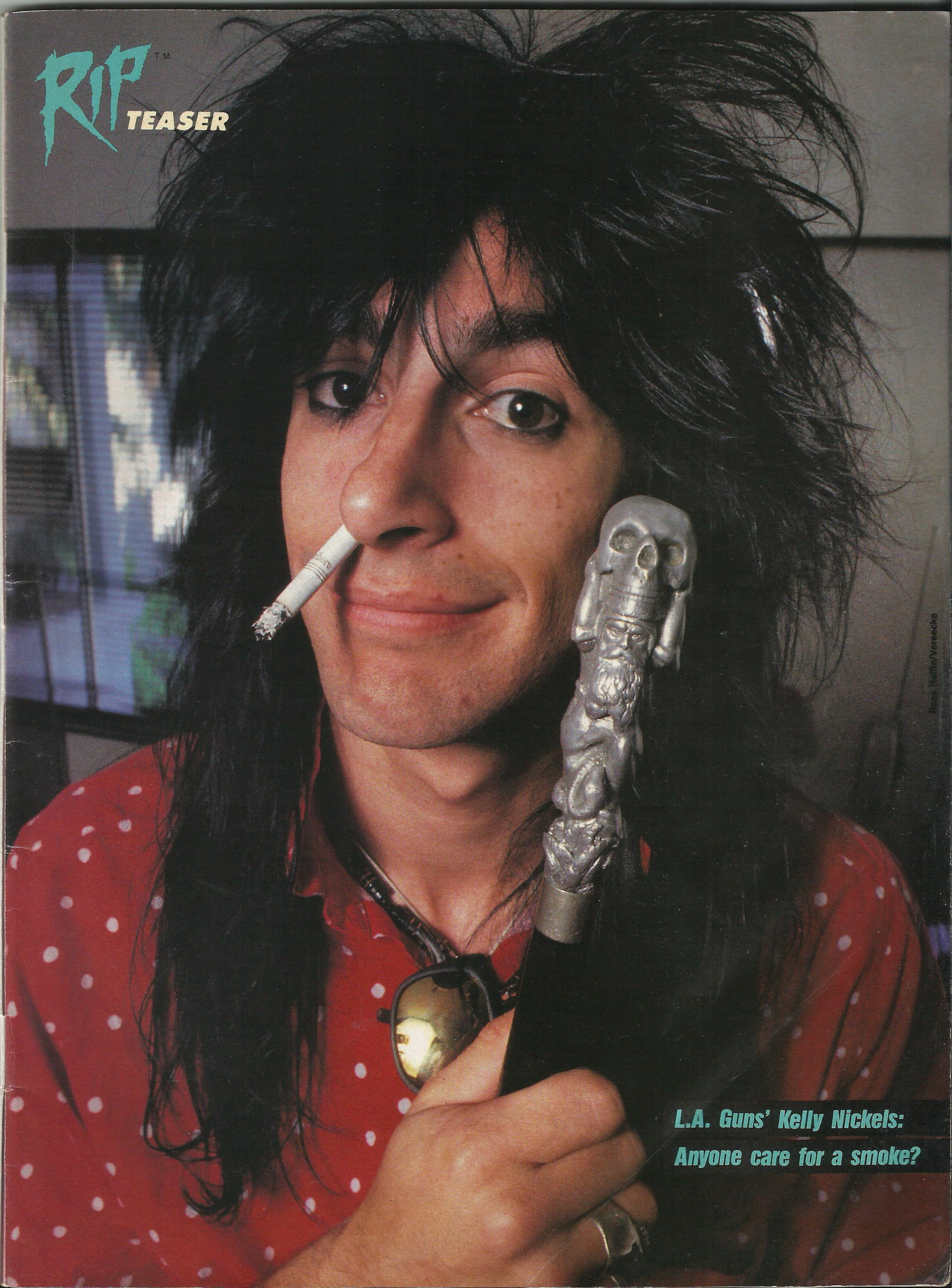


Ross Halfin/Vereecke

L.A. Guns' Kelly Nickels:
Anyone care for a smoke?

OZZY OS
LOST W

A RIP EXCLUSIVE BY MICK WALL

Ozzy Osbourne takes a quick, nervous drag on his cigarette, tosses me a defiant look and says, "I've had enough, to tell you the truth. I've had some fantastic rewards and got some great memories from my years in rock and roll, but I honestly can't see myself up there onstage doing it anymore. I'm 40, and right now I'm thinking about doing one more major tour, then saying good night, you know? Make it a proper farewell tour and try and go out in some kind of style. . . ."

We were sitting in Ozzy's den, "the studio," a converted coach house across the courtyard from his £2.5 million mansion, Beel House, set on 18 acres of lush Buckinghamshire countryside. The studio is where Ozzy likes to retreat from a world and a lifestyle he freely admits, for the most part, leaves him feeling "exhausted and confused."

A full-size snooker table dominates the low-ceilinged, oblong-shaped room. One long wall is covered entirely with gold, silver and platinum records—trinkets and trophies of an enormously successful 21-year career, first as the singer in the late '60s and early '70s with Black Sabbath (the band the term *heavy metal* was practically invented for), and then to even greater commercial effect as a solo artist in the '80s.

"There's a lot of years on that wall there," Ozzy says with a wave of the hand. "But what is the point in having success if you're never around to enjoy it? I've got this house, but I may as well live in a trailer-home—I'm never here! I bought this place 2½ years ago, and I still feel like a stranger in it sometimes."

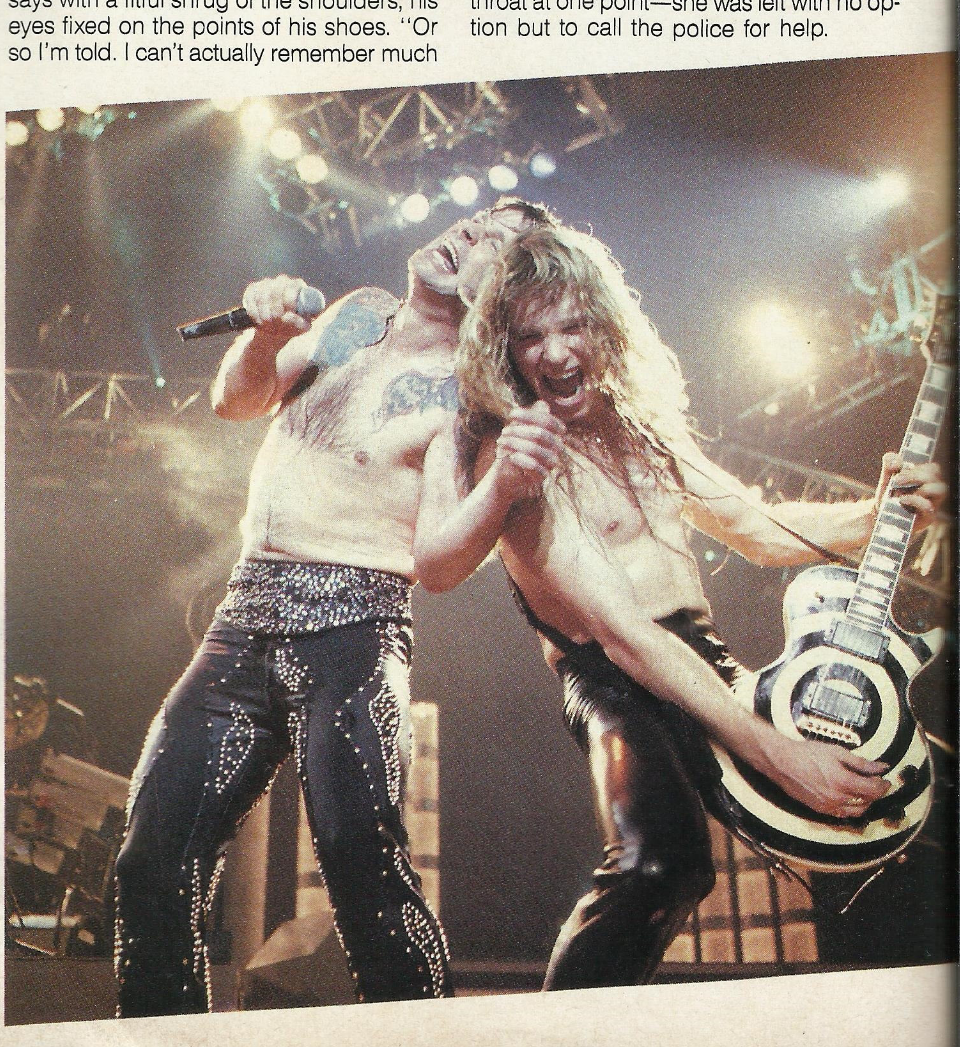
Even more so at present than usual, it transpires. From now until Christmas—"Assuming everything goes well, and I keep making progress"—Ozzy will be allowed to go home only on weekends. The rest of the week he will be spending his time at Huntercombe Manor, a £250-a-day "alcohol and substance abuse" live-in rehabilitation center on the outskirts of Taplow, where the wayward performer, known best to regular tabloid readers as "the wild man of rock," will continue with his latest attempt to cure himself of what he describes as "my chronic addiction to booze."

This is not Ozzy's first stay at a professional rehab center. The trips began five years ago with a much-publicized six-week "visit" to the Betty Ford Clinic in California. Regular "long weekend" stays at various private rest homes have been a feature ever since—usually at the end of another grueling world tour, "Just to try and clean me out and bring me back down to Earth without too much of a jolt."

Ozzy's last world tour ended in America in August. He had been on the road solidly for 13 months. But that's not the reason why he's in Huntercombe Manor now. The reason for Ozzy's self-imposed incarceration this time is much more profound.

"The reason I'm at Huntercombe Manor now, is because the last time I got drunk, I nearly ended up murdering my wife," he says with a fitful shrug of the shoulders, his eyes fixed on the points of his shoes. "Or so I'm told. I can't actually remember much about it. I'd drunk a bottle of vodka that day. . . ."

The bare facts of what happened that day are that Ozzy spent much of the afternoon and all of the evening of September 2nd celebrating his eldest daughter's—Aimee—sixth birthday by getting smashed on some powerful Russian vodka he'd picked up on a recent trip to Moscow. A drunken, rambling argument begun over dinner with his teetotaling wife (and formidable business manager), Sharon, degenerated into a row that continued throughout the rest of the evening and into the early hours of Sunday morning, and culminated in Ozzy attacking Sharon with such ferocity—he had his hands on her throat at one point—she was left with no option but to call the police for help.



BOURNE'S
EEKEND

OZZY
OZZY
OZZY
OZZY
OZZY

Ray Palmer/Photofeatures

Mark Weiss/MWA

"There was nothing else I could do," Sharon told me. "It just wasn't Ozzy, and that's what terrified me. Ozzy would never, *ever* have done that to me, or anyone, because he's just not capable of it. But when Ozzy is loaded, Ozzy disappears, and someone else takes over."

Ozzy was subsequently arrested and charged with "threatening to commit murder." Part of the terms of bail set by Amersham Magistrates Court were that he immediately check himself into a live-in rehabilitation program. That was four months ago. Since then he has been reunited on frequent occasions with Sharon and the children. (Ozzy and Sharon have three children: Aimee, six; Kelly, four; and Jack, three.)

At Ozzy's second court appearance in October, Sharon dropped her charges against him. The police, however, conspired to bring their own, secondary charge against him of "actual bodily harm." Without Sharon's evidence, though, the authorities were hard-pushed to drum up much enthusiasm from the local magistrates for an expensive Crown Court trial, and the charge was officially dropped and the case closed.

On a personal level, however, the story is far from over for Ozzy.

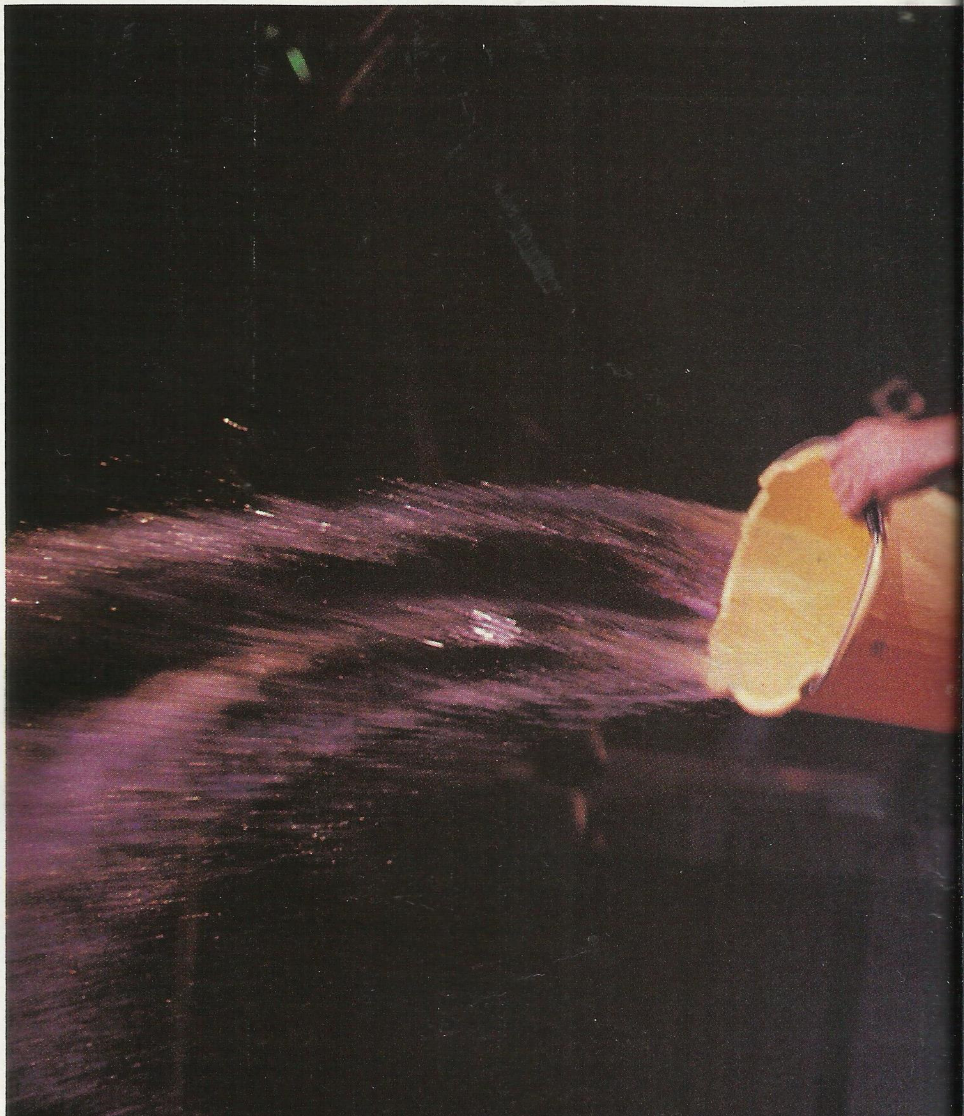
"It's a relief to know I don't have to face going on trial," he admits. "But on the other hand, that was never really on my mind. All I'm concerned with right now is getting sober and staying sober. I feel like I've got one good piss-up left inside me, but I know I ain't got one more *recovery* in me. Whatever happens next, it's the end of the road for me. Either I get straight this time and stay straight, or I start drinking again and end up dead or in the madhouse."

So far Ozzy's progress has been steady but slow. He still takes tranquilizers, prescribed by the doctors at Huntercombe Manor, to help him sleep and "to stop my nerves rattlin' around too much while I'm learning to stand on my own two feet again." And he admits to suffering from frequent "mood swings."

"I'm like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," he says. "There's nothing I can do about it. One minute I'm all right, the next I'm so depressed, so *deflated*, I can hardly move a muscle. I can't even speak."

Ozzy says he hopes to be home for good—alcohol- *and* tranquilizer-free—by Christmas, but acknowledges that he has a problem he's going to have to deal with for the rest of his life.

"It's a day-to-day thing, you know?" he shrugs. "All I know is, one drink's too much, and ten's not enough for me. I mean, it wasn't my intention to get up that morning and say to myself, 'This would be a great day to go down to the pub and get completely smashed, then come home, drink a bottle of vodka and strangle the wife!' But it happened, and you ask yourself, 'What next?' "


Gene Kirkland

"Whatever's wrong with Ozzy, it's going to take more than six weeks in a dry-out zone to cure," says Sharon. "But Ozzy knows that, and he also knows that me and the children will be here waiting for him when he comes home."

"My kids came to visit me at Huntercombe Manor a couple of weeks after I'd checked in there," Ozzy says, shuffling in his seat, perpetually crossing and uncrossing his legs, a nervous ball of undischarged energy. "And when they left, they were all waving good-bye from the car and crying. I thought, *What a dickhead you are, Ozzy! What a complete arsehole!* I've just finished one of the biggest tours I've ever done, and instead of coming home and spending some time with my family before I have to go out and do it all again, I've come home, got pissed and ended up having to say good-bye to them all again. But at least now I have hope. I have genuine hope. They're good people at Huntercombe Manor, and I'm staying there until I'm ready to face the real world again."

Ozzy says his weekend visits home (he arrives every Friday evening and leaves after dinner on Sunday) are "great on the one hand, but kind of strange on the other. I feel more at home at the Manor. I'm still walking on eggshells at home, yet this is the place I want to be more than anywhere else

in the world."

In common with his namesake in *The Wizard of Oz*, Ozzy's real personality has always stood at odds with the larger-than-life image he projects to his public. The man who bit the head off a live bat (unwittingly, he would later claim) onstage in America in 1982 has little in common with the fragile, remorse-filled figure who prowls the corridors of Huntercombe Manor for five days out of every seven at the moment, or who talks calmly of "one more big tour and that's it. I want to spend as much time as possible at home with my wife and my kids from now on. I've had 21 years of being on the road. I've done my bit. Now it's somebody else's turn."

Ozzy says he will continue to record albums, "but more the kind of music *I* want to make, as opposed to all the stuff that's usually expected of me. I'm 40 years old, and my tastes have changed, broadened, from a simple like of hard rock or heavy metal. I want to do other things. Mind you, they probably won't sell shit, but I'll be happy. . . ."

That afternoon the Wild Man of Rock and his wife had attended an antiques fair in Greenwich. "Two hours to drive down there, buy an ashtray, then two hours to drive back," was Ozzy's deadpan verdict.

When Ozzy, Sharon and the children gathered together in the drawing room to have photographs taken, the first thing Ozzy did was place his hands playfully around Sharon's neck. "This is the one they want, George. Come on quick, before you miss your chance!" he chided photographer George Bodnar.

Sharon burst out laughing, and George cheerfully snapped away. Clinging to his father's knee, three-year-old Jack Osbourne crinkled his eyes and shrieked with glee. Suddenly the sea was calm, and there was nothing to fear.

For now, Daddy was home. †

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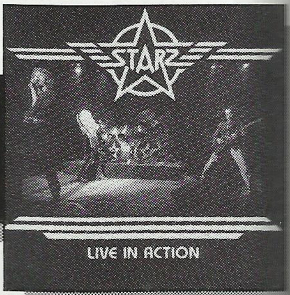
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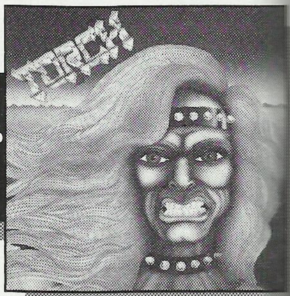

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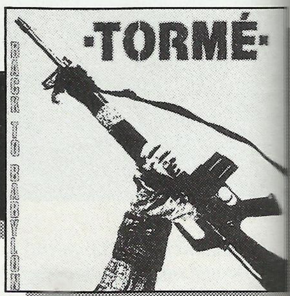
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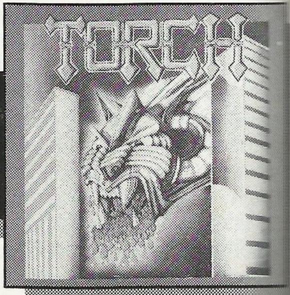

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Peter Dokus

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Edited by Adrianne Stone

Gene Kirkland

"It's a good thing I was wearing my brown leather pants, that's all I got to say." (Poison's **C.C. DeVille** recalling his barely contained excitement when his idol, Paul Stanley, jammed onstage with him.)

"If you can't bet on your own team, who can you bet on?" (L.A. Guns vocalist **Philip Lewis**'s stance on baseball's Pete Rose scandal.)

"I'm finding out that fame is kind of like tequila: It's only bad if you take too much!" (Skid Row crooner **Sebastian Bach** offering his view of life at the top.)

"Without a doubt, we copied the Yardbirds. Not 'cause they were famous, but 'cause they were cool." (The oft-imitated **Steven Tyler** proving that what goes around, comes around.) ➤

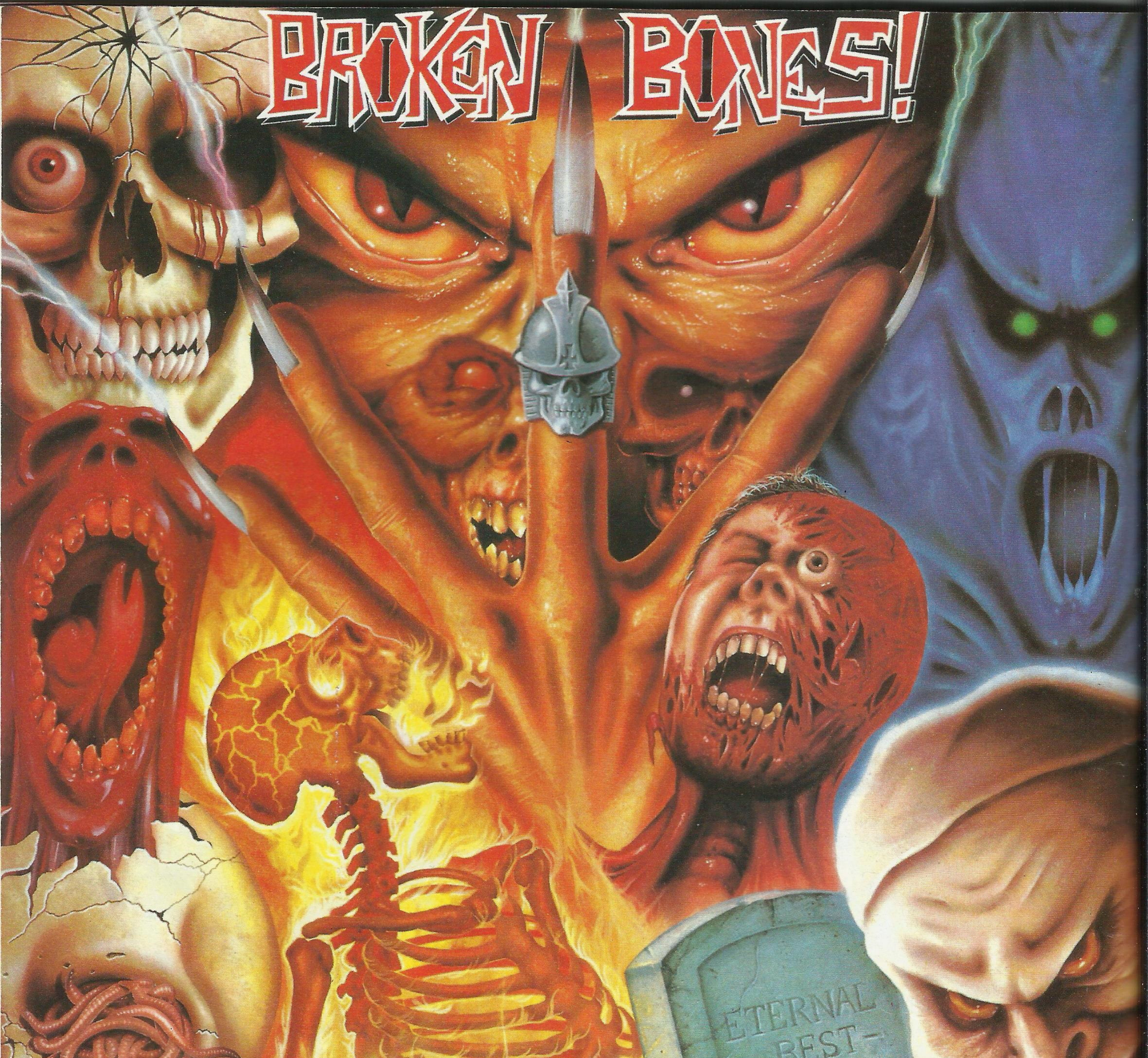
"Bomp! Bah-bah-bah-bom-boh! Lah-la-la-la-la! La-la-la-lah!" (The very masculine **Gene Simmons** gurgling to his infant son, mid-interview.)

"Northwest. I go on Pan Am and British Airways too. Air France doesn't have it, the cheap bastards!" (Anthrax jet-setter **Scott Ian** rating the frequent-flier policies of his favorite airlines.)

"You just have to sport a woody and be happy about it." (Dangerous Toys' **Jason McMaster** on how he handles girls that he's too afraid to approach.)

"At least we're not a bunch of fag glam poseurs." (Megadeth's **Dave Mustaine** in a rare display of closed-mindedness at the recent Foundations seminar.)

"Not unless he's a male dancer. Chippendale's, yeah!" (Vixen drummer **Roxy Petrucci** responding to the question, "Would you add a male member to the band?")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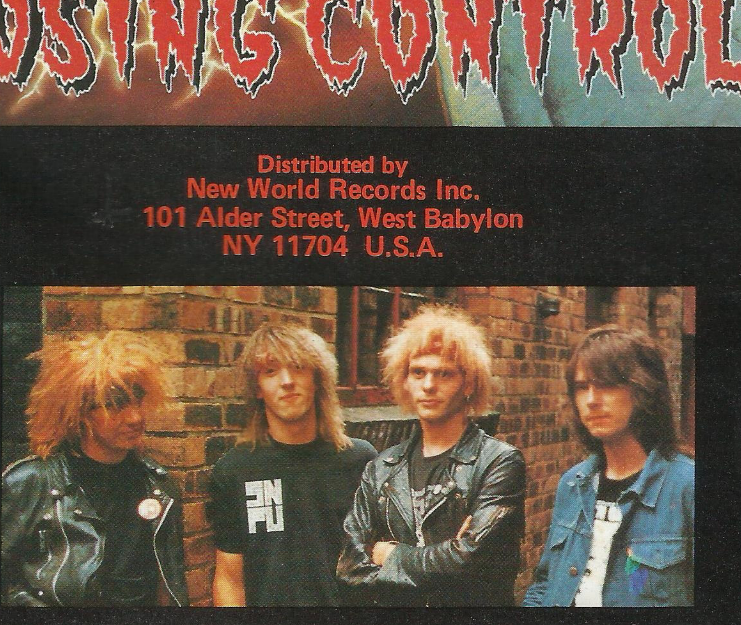

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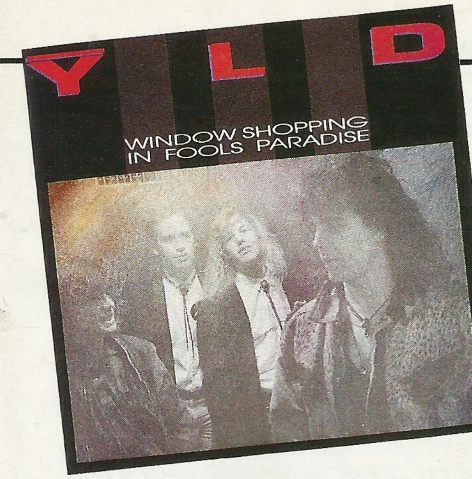


YLD: ***Window Shopping in Fools Paradise***
(Absolute Records) † †

In any classic tragedy, the hero possesses a single flaw of such magnitude that it alone leads to his downfall. And, although rock and roll sure ain't Shakespeare, a glaring flaw can bring down the best of 'em. In YLD's case, their otherwise great debut release, *Window Shopping in Fools Paradise,* is flawed by lead singer Kevin Mellenbruch, who feels compelled to mar his upper register with a tonelessly rough, sandpapered, Blackie Lawless gargle. Not only is it a cliche that this remarkably cliche-free pop-metal quartet should, and probably could, eliminate, it is incongruous with their style. Their tunes are the type that indelibly ink the memory, the playing is crisp and animated, the production clean, the lyrics thoughtful and sometimes humorously dry, and the band's image refreshingly atypical. They handle their own material and a cover of Led Zeppelin's "Good Times, Bad Times" (which works because it doesn't contrive any clone posturing) with equal aplomb. Yet each song is weakened by Mellenbruch's exaggerated, atonal, high-end growl. In brief moments during the album's lead vocals, and throughout its background vocals, Mellenbruch demonstrates that he *is* capable of attaining a strong, powerful, clear upper register that complements YLD's tunes. If Mellenbruch pursues this avenue, instead of forcing an unnatural, sandblasted edge from his pipes, it should merge with the band's other attributes to produce a stellar second release.

—*Merryl Lentz*

WHITESNAKE
SLIP OF THE TONGUE

WHITESNAKE: ***Slip of the Tongue***
(Geffen Records) † † †

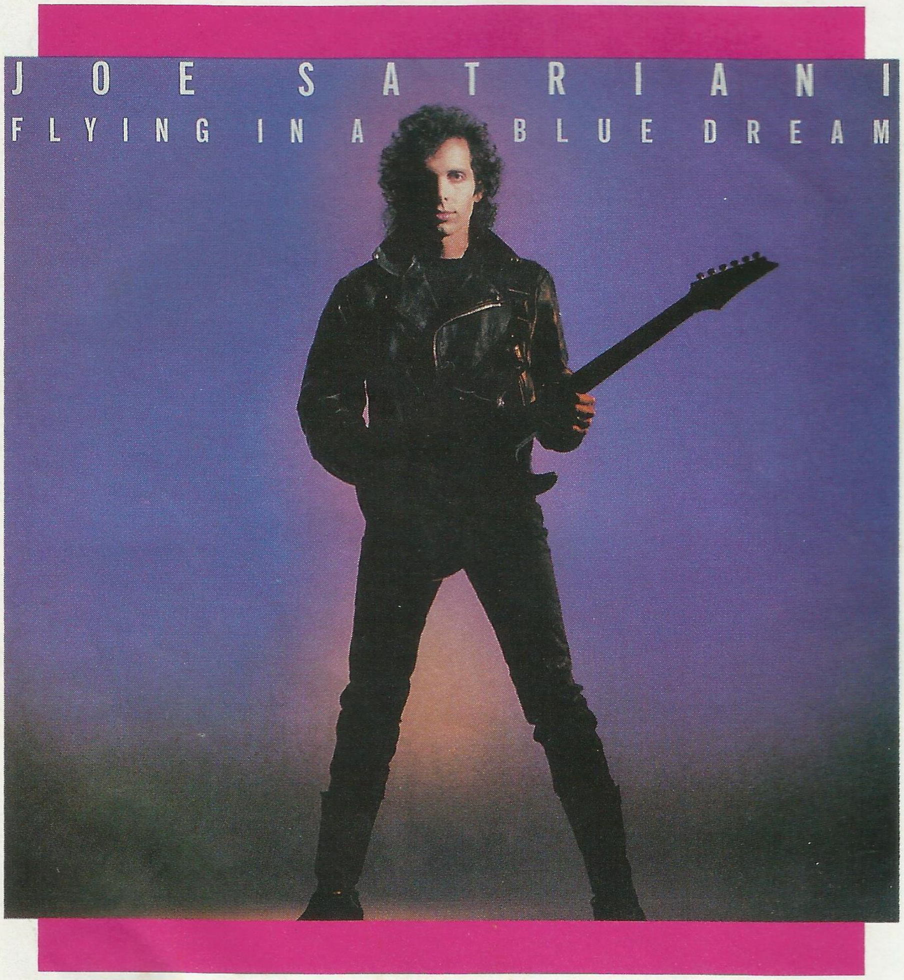
Part Two of the corporate dream, where one of Britain's best-ever vocalists further confirms his transatlantic success. And *Slip of the Tongue* does indeed have some superb moments of technical ecstasy—guitars to cream and croon blue murder in every pore; vocals that are, at times, nothing short of staggering; and songs that are catchy, slippery, sliding ditties tattooing themselves into your memory. But this is the second part of the new Whitesnake. The metamorphosis is complete, and no longer do Whitesnake really retain any of their roots. Not even the rerecording of "Fool for Your Loving" can bring it back, Steve Vai's superb lead flutters having nothing much at all to do with anything else in the song. But little does it matter, because for the vast army of American youth, this is a dangerous enough, charged-up rock album that will undoubtedly usurp its predecessor.

Steve Vai's guitar is as impressive as you would expect, but there are times when you lean back, sigh and think that it sounds as though he recorded in total isolation of the band . . . which he did. Every so often not even Vai's brilliance can cover the sutures. But the more you listen, the stronger it stands; and by the time you reach "Kitten's Got Claws," you realize that Whitesnake really can compete with other, younger flash-Harrys of the genre when it comes to bounce-along, fist-up boister-metal-pop of the Van Halen variety.

If ever there was a Whitesnake song with a Zeppelin feel, "Judgment Day" is it; however, it is worth remembering that Coverdale was playing music in the same era as Zeppelin, and if anyone has the right to Zeppelin-esque touches here and there, it is he. Of course we have the sure-fire baladic pops "The Deeper the Love" and "Now You're Gone," which will ensure multiplat stats. As the album finishes, you are left with the deep realization that Coverdale has actually made an album to stand com-

Killer	† † † †
Heavy	† † †
Maybe	† †
Save your bucks, dude	†

mercially with the last. That the very soul and heart of early Whitesnake has been given up to the American way seems almost irrelevant. Personally, I think Coverdale deserves every last stitch of success he receives; and taking into account the fact that Steve Vai actually works most of the time, and that this album took eons to complete, Coverdale and Whitesnake have made a decent pitch. Not the greatest album this year, but it never had to be anything other than competent, which it more than comfortably is. *—Steffan Chirazi*



JOE SATRIANI: *Flying in a Blue Dream*
(Relativity) † † † †

Joe Satriani is the guitar hero's guitar hero. Whenever he plays on The Strip in L.A., the audience is filled with GIT students—as well as dozens of well-known players—all studying, enjoying and, quite often, leaving the show in dismay over the skill of this talented, well-schooled and influential player. It's no secret that Steve Vai and Kirk Hammett took lessons from this man. His skill and craft reached the masses in 1988 with the dramatic success of *Surfing With the Alien*, his third solo record. It expanded what had quite often become an esoteric exercise in neoclassical chop masturbation.

The advent of the instrumental guitar album was a chance for many very talented, but sometimes misled, guitar stars to show off. That market seemed limited at best, until Satriani proved most of the skeptics wrong. On *Surfing*, Joe's tasty guitar-work was so inspired, emotive and lyrical that it transcended what was a limited artform and put a gold record on the wall. On *Flying in a Blue Dream*, Satch has tackled several styles and made his debut as a vocalist. Both moves will open even more doors for the legendary axemaster. Had he done another completely instrumental record, or prepared a *Surfing* clone LP, he would have typecast himself and limited the spheres he could explore musically in the future.

Many of rock's greatest talents have taken time to build their legends and dabbled in different styles. Satriani includes a myriad of varying techniques in this 65-minute adventure, proving that his musical parameters are greater than could have been predicted from the past three records. The first single, "Big Bad Moon," sends out a signal that a ZZ Top-type boogie has been included in the repertoire; but upon further review of the entire recording, it is evident that it is but one of many paintings in a musical gallery full of new creations. These include a spacey funk groove on "The Mystical Potato Head Groove Thing," a Sly Stone-type chord pattern matched with an ultramodern guitar solo in "Strange," and a rip-it-up tonal guitar orgasm on "One Big Rush."

An absolute master of blue moods that send a listener on a reflective mental journey, Joe does it again on "The Forgotten," both Part One and Part Two.

Flying in a Blue Dream is not a crisp, concise, simple rock work that is convenient for any certain mood or purpose. It is instead a very comprehensive collection of styles and arrangements that challenges the listener to be receptive and contemplative. It's an awful lot of music and melody to absorb and understand, but it is also a very rewarding journey. There may be detractors who wonder why Joe decided to add a microphone to the equation, but as Jimi Hendrix said, "It goes much deeper than that." Start digging, dude. *—Jon Sutherland*

SALTY DOG: *Every Dog Has Its Day*
(Geffen Records) † † †

A *salty dog* is a lot of different things. It's one of Inspector Clouseau's identities in the *Pink Panther* movies. It's also a drink. And a term for the male sexual organ. Now, it's the name for a new, bluesy quartet based in Los Angeles. But before you jump to any rash conclusions about Guns-Zep-'Smith clones, you'd better give *Every Dog Has Its Day* a spin. This Salty Dog is a different animal altogether. Its approach is as varied as the meanings behind its name. This debut album has wit and humor, drunken passion and a decidedly libidinous groove. Salty Dog is everything that you *wouldn't* expect to leap from the streets of the so-called City of Angels.

There are spontaneous twists to this Peter Collins-produced disc that will turn your head more than once. "Come Along," the opening track, pumps and cooks at midtempo until it finally boils over into utter mayhem. "Cat's Got Nine" sounds like your typical upbeat blues number until you listen closely to the lyrics and realize singer Jimmi Bleacher is dissing the "attitude" that most L.A. rockers hold dear. "Ring My Bell" is a bouncy little pop tune. Fun. . .until "Where the Sun Don't Shine," when the band reveals its true colors. All lightheartedness disappears with a riff that insinuates itself into your gut. With a growl, the Dog threatens to tear you apart. Is this the same pup that waxes warm and sensitive on "Sacrifice Me," and rolls lazily in the sun on "Just Like a Woman" while spouting pointed barbs? You betcha.

Salty Dog's musicianship will also have you wagging your tail. Guitarist Pete Reveen wrings more feel from one note than most axe-slingers can in a dozen. He also whips up some countrified banjo on "Lonesome Fool." Khurt Maier is one of those rare drummers whose distinctive virtuosity enhances each song. Even bassist Michael Hannon gets his moments—the '40s-style bass line on "Spoonful" (an old Willie Dixon number) keeps the tune close to its roots. As for Bleacher, he screams, wails, croons and talks his way in and out of every emotion created by the music, all with apparent ease.

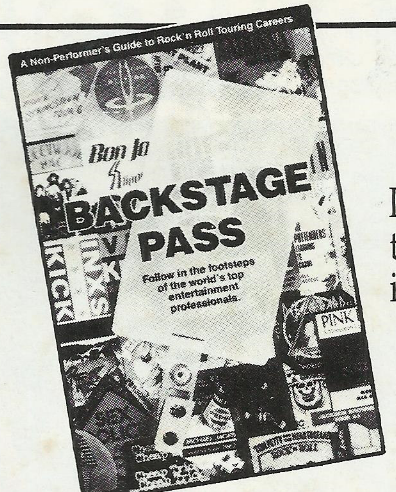
It may take you a few trips through this record to fully comprehend its jumble of moods, but for the first listen I recommend playing the 12 songs all the way through. By the time you come to "Nothin' But a Dream," you may think your mind and heart have already been warped beyond repair. . . but wait: As this last tune dies down, what should come along but the raspy voice of that infamous underground hero, Red, screaming his familiar Tube Bar obscenities. That little detail is worth an extra dagger all by itself. —*Janiss Garza*

ACE FREHLEY: ***Trouble Walkin'***
(Megaforce/Atlantic) † † †

There are certain albums by certain acts that evoke certain reactions: thrashin, boogying, fast driving, thinking, etc. The latest Ace Frehley release, *Trouble Walkin'*, is ten tracks of Noo Yawk attitude at its finest! This record makes ya grin . . . .

Not since his solo album with Kiss has Ace kicked this hard. *Trouble Walkin'* is what Frehley fans have wanted in the past, and it's 'bout time. The other Frehley's Comet releases were okay at best (alright, the first Comet album was really good), but *Trouble Walkin'* is totally festive! "Shot Full of Rock," "Five Card Stud," "Do Ya," "Hide Your Heart" (yes, the same song Kiss/Molly Hatchet do), "2 Young 2 Die," "Back to School" and the title track are simply addictive. This record is Ace at home in his power-chord, beer-drinkin', hell-raising element. This is also where Ace Frehley fans are happiest and most comfortable.

Ace Frehley is an easy target to attack. His personal problems and less than enthralling past two releases have made him vulnerable. *Trouble Walkin'* puts all that behind him. This is a *genuine* Ace Frehley album. Frehley's new band—guitarist Richie Scarlet, bassist John Regan and drummer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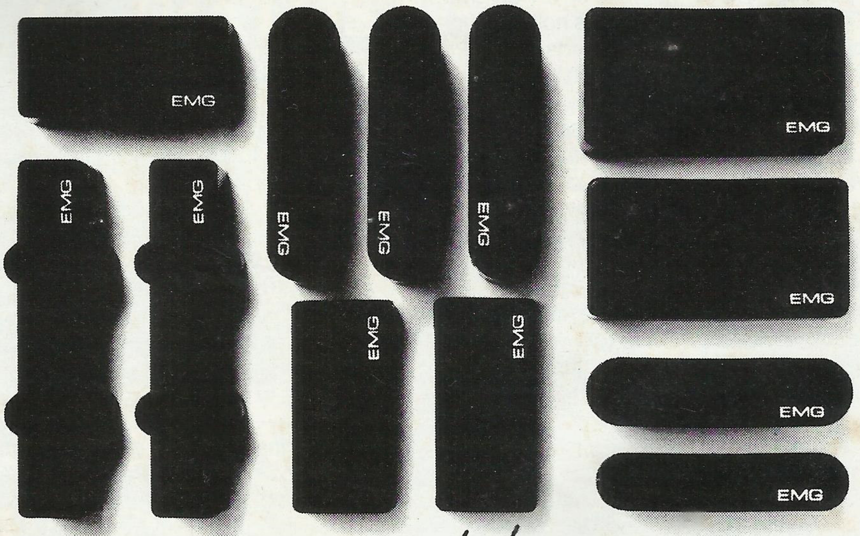

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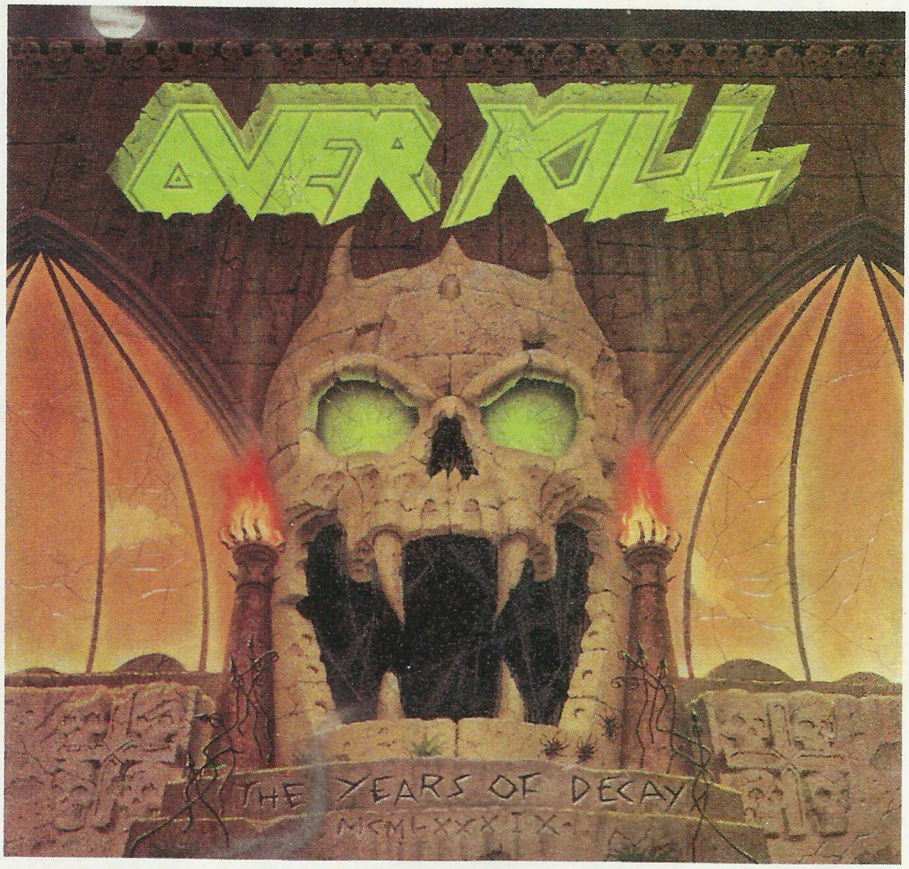

OVERKILL: ***The Years of Decay***
(Megaforce) † †

Overkill are something of an enigma. Their ground base support is nothing short of excellent, and they are certainly one of the most popular metal/thrash/whaddevah-u-wanna-call-it bands on the circuit. Live, they turn in a show of intensity and vigor. On vinyl they have had difficulties capturing their essence, and *The Years of Decay* is a culmination of those problems. This is a frustrating album. On the one hand it contains some of Overkill's best material—sharp, full of verve, with an exocet mission to explode on impact. The songs aren't really the main issue here, however. It is the production that baffles me. Terry Date has an excellent ear for crunch, as his timeless work with Metal Church has shown, but here he seems to have problems channeling Overkill's songs into a honed point of damage. Subsequently, exciting songs such as "Time to Kill" and "Who Tends the Fire," with its slow pulse malice, are half-lost, wandering into spaces that need not be there.

Overkill make some nice moves musically, especially with "Playing With Spiders/Skullkrusher," a song that sees them tread in a more Sabbathy/Trouble vein than their usual style; and there is no doubt that this material is, at times, their best written. But, sadly, they don't always enjoy the proper vinyl justification. A tale of production that, on paper, seemed to be a winner, but in practice is often left floating. This is worth checking out for the songs alone, but don't be surprised if you find yourself yearning for a bit more guitar here and there. That makes the difference between a reasonably good album and a very good one.
—*S.C.*

TOXIK: ***Think This***
(Roadracer) † †

Toxik is an interesting blend of progressive licks and thrash attack. *Think This*, the quintet's second album, contains time changes calculated to shock your nervous system, and glorious guitar noodlings and rhythms that will make your ears vibrate. These guys are so loaded with potential that it's too bad their creativity so often gets in the way of the basics—in other words, the songs.

That isn't to say that Toxik can't write a decent tune—there's a lot of good material here. It's just that Toxik gets so wrapped up in their complicated arrangements and technical doodads that they lose sight of important things like, say, keeping track of the melody lines. Needless to say, this isn't exactly a sing-along-type record—but then, it probably wasn't intended to come across that way. When Toxik does keep things pure and simple, as it does in the haunting ballad "There Stood the Fence (Away)," it almost sounds strange when compared to epic jazz-metal like "Black and White" and "Time After Time."

However, if you want to lose yourself in the music and don't care where it takes you, *Think This* offers an adventuresome ride. The title track could have a bit more power, but its odd rhythmic approach is electric. The lush arrangement of "Machine Dream" rips away to reveal a high-speed groove, and "Greed" is a web of intricate instrumentation, though not terribly original. The topical lyrics contain politically and socially oriented themes. "Black and White," for example, is about racism, and "Think This" rails against the media. This group spouts off some sharp observations.

If *Think This* falls short of making the grade, it's not for want of trying. Toxik will probably be a great band one day. The chops are there, and the concepts are solid. It just may take another album or two before their brilliance really starts to bloom.
—*J.G.*

JONES VERY: ***Words and Days***
(Hawker) † † †

How do you use a record? Rather, the question remains: Is rock 'n' roll an ignoramus's medium where riffs and lyrics are churned forth just to provide simplistic 4/4 beats and little else of cognitive substance? And y'know how everybody's on this '70s nostalgia trip? Well, if you recall, that decade was, in all reality, piss poor and awful. Led Zeppelin weren't talking *to* you, they were talking down to you. Punk was a way of talking back.

Boston power trio Jones Very (aptly named for a 19th century Walden Pond eccentric) aren't particularly interested in keeping the *form* of punk alive, just the *spirit*. Musically, they speak the same stylistic shibboleth the likes of Husker Du, the Replacements and Soul Asylum all spring up from: cutting, undisciplined guitars, gobs of feedback and half-sung, half-screamed vocalizations. It's actually a surprisingly effective moment of post-hardcore. Vocalist/guitarist Vic Bondi (ex of Chicago's Articles of Faith), bassist Jeff Goddard and drummer James Van Bramer wield righteous power whilst exorcising the demons at hand.

Words and Days is essentially an album of reconciliation. Reconciliation between the personal and political, instinct and intellect. Images of Midwestern crop failures ("Red Sky Dry") meld into Dostoyevski-like vignettes on isolation and personal abandonment ("Jesus . . . I"). One minute, tempos blister along at a near hardcore grind with Bondi spitting pure poetic venom ("He makes himself a thousand vows/In the mirror when there's no one around/No one keeps score/But in the end it's apparent to all/Just how far he falls short/And he hates them for it"—"Rest, You Know Too Well"), the next we move into a slower, Bob Dylan gone very, very wrong groove with "Desperation Bends" or "Ash and Dust." The point here is that Bondi's unpretentiously enough linked words and days of his own experiences speak, sing and scream just what the hell the man's got on his mind and under his skin.

Now *there's* something to get nostalgic about. —*Mike Gitter*

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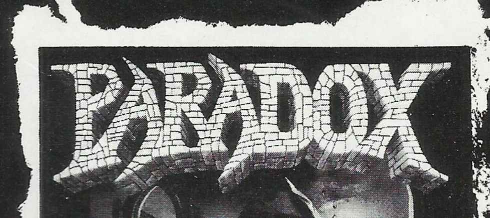

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BACK IN THE RACK TOUR '89

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Sixteen-year-old Wendy S. could, quite possibly, be the biggest fan of the New York-based rock group Danger Danger. At least she and her parents think so.

After all, it wasn't too long ago that the teenage New Yorker, along with four of her girlfriends, plotted an unchaperoned trek from Commack, NY, to Newark, NJ, via train and taxicab, in a nothing-short-of-noble effort to see a Danger Danger concert.

"It didn't really cost all that much to get to New Jersey, maybe $35 apiece," explained a recently grounded Wendy, whose potential evening out was foiled, "because one of my friends—she was so stupid—left all of the train information and the name and number of the club on her bed for her parents to find."

The girls—dressed in their best evening-out attire and toting a self-made banner that

Danger DANGER

UNSAFE AT ANY SPEED

declared their "standing together now and forever" love for Danger Danger—made it to the Garden State's Studio One nightclub. But, alas, the girls' parents were already en route to retrieve their star-struck daughters.

"I just want to talk to one of them," one of Wendy's partners in crime wailed to the security guard who loomed in the doorway of the band's off-limits dressing room. "I want to see Andy!"

"I don't know how they found out we were coming," remarked another as she shook her tresses in disdain. "I didn't tell anyone we were coming!" And with those words, another of the adventurers began to cry.

by Lisa L. Rollins

The risk-taking infatuation with Danger Danger began, according to a follow-up telephone interview with Wendy, when the girls "saw a picture of [drummer] Steve West in a magazine, and he looked really hot!"

"Oh, so you liked the way they looked before you ever heard their album?" I quizzed, innocently.

"Well, no," she answered before pausing. "We liked their music first. It's awesome!"

"Awesome?"

"Yeah, they're great. We love them."

And was getting grounded worth the trip to New Jersey, where the "Naughty Naughty" girls managed to leave their banner with the Danger Danger boys—keyboardist Kasey Smith, guitarist Andy Timmons, bassist Bruno Ravel (ex of Talas and White Lion), vocalist Ted Poley and skin-pounder West?

"Oh, yeah," said Wendy, matter of factly. "My parents, we joke about it now. Really, we do. They just gotta know where I go all the time now, and they wanna know who I'm with."

Danger Danger has managed to capture not only the hearts of Wendy and her friends, but also the ears of the rock-listening masses, thanks to the quintet's self-titled debut LP for CBS/Imagine Records.

Now on the album charts of Billboard magazine, the 11-song Danger Danger disc has sold more than 160,000 units to date off the strength of the LP's freshman single, "Naughty Naughty," which made its way into MTV's Top-Five.

Things are happening fast in the career department for the boys of Danger Danger, but they're ready, they say, for all the success the world has to offer. And after spending several days with them as they prepared for their first-ever U.S. tour, it's easy to see they're aching to taste the thrill and glory that awaits all who achieve rock 'n' roll stardom.

What follows is a pre-performance interview with Danger Danger that took place at the group's Studio One date. There was a bit of insanity on the band's part, but they're "always that way before a show," according to Timmons. Actually, it's hard to catch them in a serious mood anytime; so, happy reading!

Annamaria Di Santo

Note: "Osah" is a word the bandmembers invented, and its meaning is not specifically defined or confined.

RIP: First of all, I'd like to know how you guys got together, because I've read some conflicting reports on that.

BRUNO: Yeah, there's a lot of them going around. Should we tell her the truth?

STEVE: We went to different high schools together.

BRUNO: No, actually, I was playing in the subways in Paris.

STEVE: And I was vacationing with my parents, and I met Bruno. I heard him playing a Beatles song. Actually, it was in Nuremberg. I met him, and I said, "You know, you're really good. You should come back to America, and we should be in a band together."

BRUNO: And I said, "Blow me!" I can't believe this! Hey, do you want to know the real story?

RIP: That would be nice.

BRUNO: We met in 1979. It was at a Cheap Trick concert.

STEVE: We were both really cool guys, and we started playing in a cover band together called Diamond. We wrote a couple of songs and also played in a couple of Top-40 bands together, the Kids and Hot Shot.

BRUNO: And then we went our separate ways. He did his thing, and I did my thing.

TED: Did we mention that Andy Timmons is in the band? Osah! [All laugh.]

STEVE: We went our separate ways, but we kept writing together. After White Lion got big, we said, "Let's get a band together."

RIP: Okay, when did Danger Danger enter into this plan?

BRUNO: Well, actually, it was toward the end when I was playing with Talas. I wanted to keep the band together but change the direction of the music, so I called Steve up in L.A. and said, "Steve, let's get this together. Let's do the stuff that we wanted to do." There was never a market for what we wanted to do in New York. New York is just like. . . .

RIP: Osah!

BRUNO: Yeah, New York is osah.

STEVE: We thought, "Yeah, let's give it a shot, because at least if we fail, we can say we went all out." So we decided to put a band together.

RIP: Okay, so was the beginning of Danger Danger about two years ago then?

STEVE: Yeah.

RIP: So who was the first person you guys recruited?

BRUNO: Kasey. Kasey was the first one, and we stole him from a rival band.

STEVE: He didn't sense the bigness back then. He was playing with Danger Danger from behind a big, black curtain at first, because he didn't want everyone to know he was in the band, since he was in another local band at the time. He was kind of like wavering on whether to join Danger Danger full-time back then, but then decided to join.

BRUNO: And we played softball too. He was our left fielder.

STEVE: So after we got Kasey, we recruited Ted, who was. . . .

BRUNO: Okay, I'll tell the story: When I was in White Lion, we used to rehearse in the basement of Brooklyn L'Amour [a nightclub in New York], and all the bands would do soundchecks upstairs. So one day after rehearsal, this band, Prophet, was doing soundcheck, and I heard him [Ted].

RIP: So how difficult was it to get Ted in the band?

BRUNO: Well, it wasn't that hard. I always remembered that he could sing, you know, and one day I met him at The Ritz [a nightclub in Manhattan], and I said, "Hey, there's that guy. That's that guy from Prophet." I went up to him, and I was just talking, just bullshitting, you know. He had an attitude; I had an attitude. We were just kind of feeling each other out, and I said, "Listen, why don't you come and sing on a tape that we're making?" So we finally got him to come and sing on the tape. Once we started doing the tape, we were grooving. And within a couple of weeks we got a record deal. Man, it was just like—boom!

RIP: Ted, what I'd like to know from you is, how difficult was it to come out from behind the drums, since you were the drummer for Prophet at the time, and be a frontman for Danger Danger? That's a pretty big switch.

TED: Yeah, it was kind of scary. I had the help of Bruno "The Idol Maker" Ravel!

BRUNO: Oh, thanks.

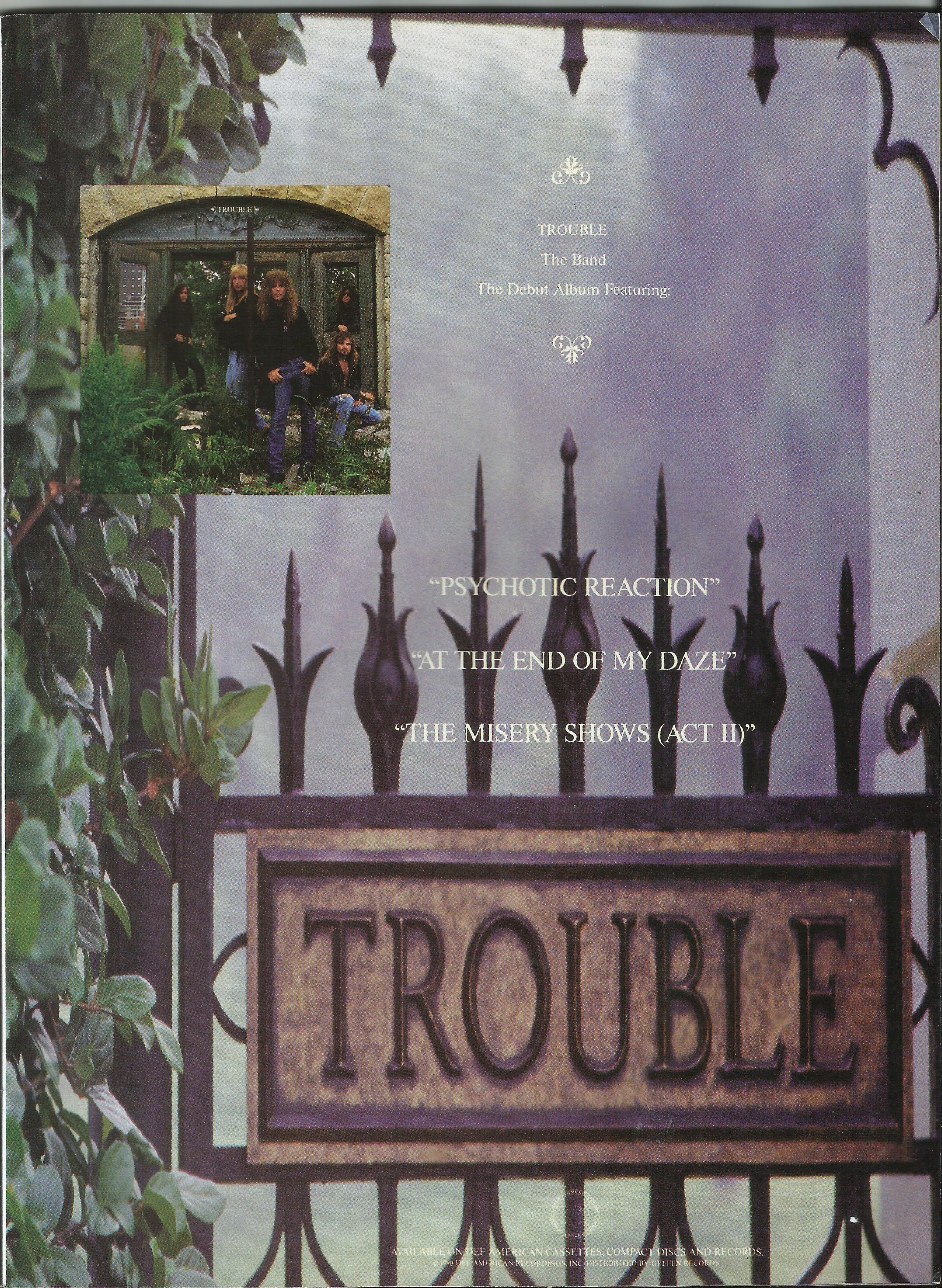
TED: No problem—just the way you wrote it [laughs]. Actually, I was digging the eight-track tape. I'd listen to it on the way home from Prophet gigs, and I fell in love with that. There was only one thing I wanted to do—I wanted to sing. I didn't want to sing in any other band, though, because I wanted to sing this stuff, so I did.

RIP: So Danger Danger is the first time you've ever been a lead vocalist and frontman in a band?

TED: Oh, yeah.

RIP: Did you say earlier that Danger Danger got the record deal off of the four-song demo that you did?

(continued on page 92)



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RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS

Lisa Johnson

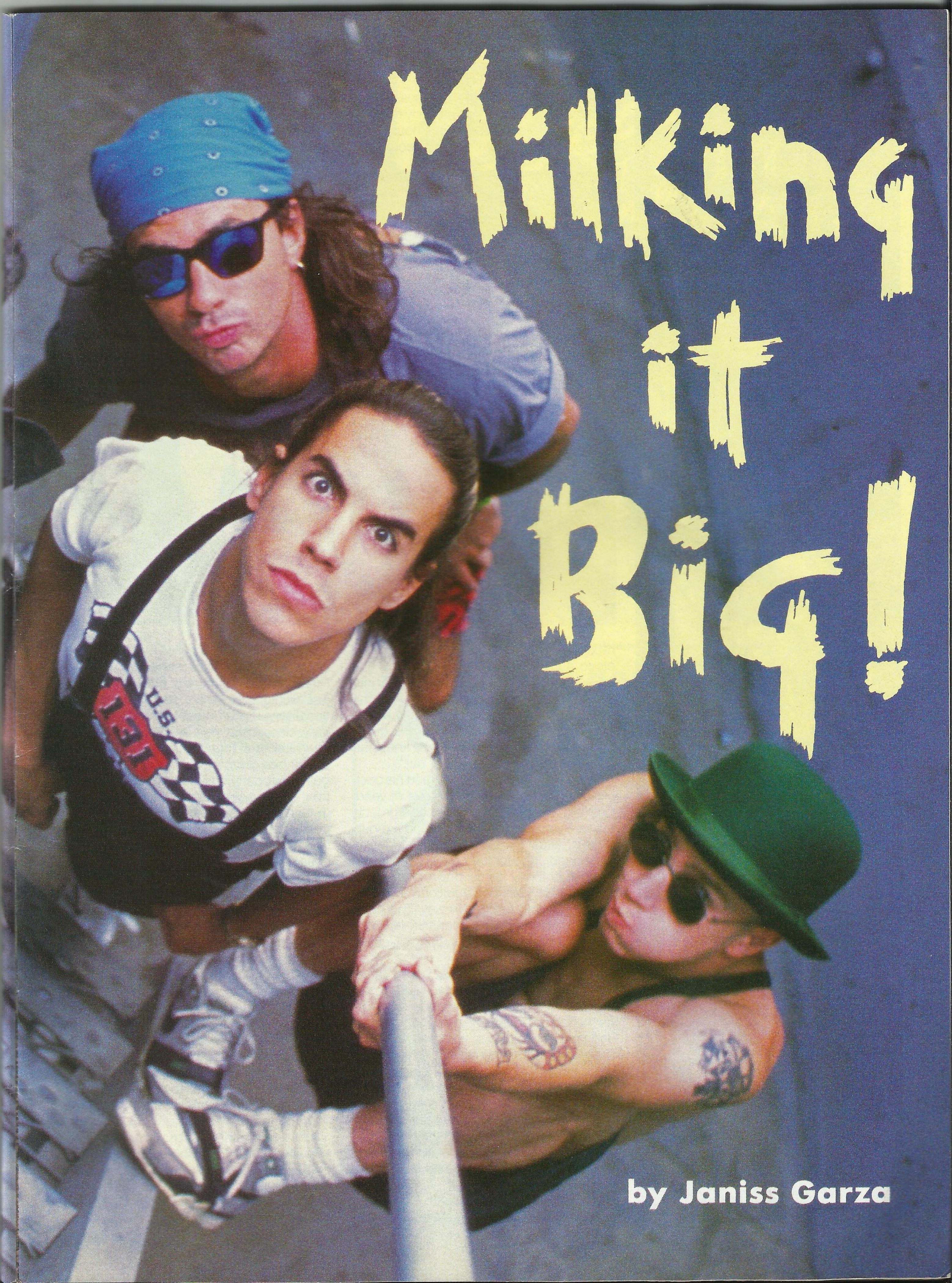
"The way I see it," muses Anthony Kiedis, the Red Hot Chili Peppers' kinetic frontman, "life is a continuous struggle of experiences." Think about that sentence for a moment, because those are the last reasonably down-to-earth words you'll be seeing for a while. You're about to be taken on a roller-coaster ride, courtesy of one of the wildest bands in the universe. "We play what we consider to be the most ferociously emotional music there is to offer, which is hardcore funk music," Anthony warns. "It's something that isn't just listening with your ear-hole—it's listening with your butthole, with your vagina-hole, with your penis-hole, with your heart, with your soul, with your whole body, with your bowels."

Which brings us to that aural celebration called *Mother's Milk*, the Chili Peppers' fifth recorded jumble of funk, rap, radical riffing and primal rhythms. The foursome get down with their buddies from the L.A. underground on "Good Time Boys," and become a cheerleading section for the Lakers on "Magic Johnson." They also grab serious issues and take them on a slam dance. "Johnny Kick a Hole in the Sky" rails against the white man's injustices toward American Indians, and the group begs sarcastically for stardom and MTV airplay on "Punk Rock Classic." A true *Mother's Milk* classic is "Knock Me Down," a melodic, hard-hitting number about friendship and loss, inspired by the death of the group's guitarist, Hillel Slovak. There are even a couple of breathtaking covers—Hendrix's "Fire" and "Higher Ground" by Stevie Wonder. The Peppers bring the two tunes ecstatic rushes of new life. No matter what this quartet chooses to embrace, they spin it around and toss it playfully in the air.

The album almost didn't happen. When Slovak died of a drug overdose in June '88, it put the Chili Peppers' future in serious doubt. The loss of their guitarist, says Anthony, "Utterly left me in a state of shock, and left me with a giant, shotgun-sized hole in my soul. I don't think there'll ever be anybody like Hillel Slovak on guitar, because he was one of the most unique and powerful guitar players that I ever heard—and he was also that way as a friend." Drummer Jack Irons left the group shortly thereafter. Nevertheless, the singer points out, "Flea and I recognized the fact that the Red Hot Chili Peppers actually represented life to us, gave us purpose, and gave us an outlet for all of the feelings that we had inside us; we needed to hold onto that outlet."

So, Anthony and bassist Flea were left to find two guys who understood the philosophy behind the Chili Peppers. This wasn't an easy thing, because it goes far deeper than music. "The Red Hot Chili Peppers are based on a foundation of friendship," Anthony relates. "That's one thing that just really catapults us into the higher stratospheres of musical integrity: the chemistry of the people in the band—how they relate to each other, how they love each other, how they hate each other, basically how they're married to each other through this bond of friendship."

Enter John Frusciante, a native of Chatsworth, California, in the sleepy San Fernando Valley—"a really miserable place," as John describes it. The only way he could escape his environment was to hide in the world of six-string bliss. "I would ditch school and practice ten, 15 hours a day or more," he recalls, "and to get out, I would go into Venice for the weekend and visit this guy. He introduced me to all kinds of shit, like Funkadelic. He showed me Frank Zappa videos—at the time, I couldn't get enough of anything having to do with Frank



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by Janiss Garza

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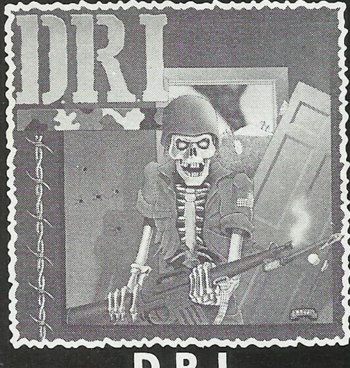

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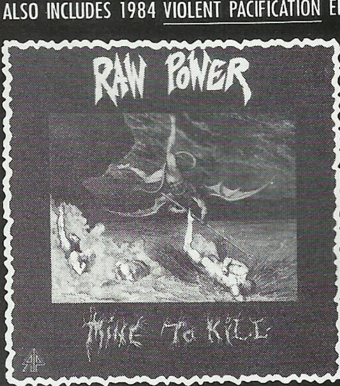

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Zappa. He played me the Chili Peppers, I guess, when I was 14."

And thus started John's obsession. "It was really quite extreme," Anthony remarks. "People would go over to his house, and he would subject them to our videos, to our records. He would buy all his friends tickets to our concerts."

Says John, "By the time I got heavily into the Red Hot Chili Peppers, I knew all the guitar solos off the records, I knew all the bass lines on guitar, I knew all the guitar parts, I knew all the lyrics—I just knew the music completely inside and out."

When he turned 16, John turned his back on the Valley and spent a couple of years jamming around Hollywood's underground scene. Eventually he met Flea, and a group of their mutual friends, Thelonious Monster, auditioned John for their band. Flea insisted that Anthony come down and check him out too. "I saw him audition," the singer relates, "and I said, 'No way. This can't happen. He can't be a Monster; he's got to be a Pepper.' " With that, John's lifelong dream came true.

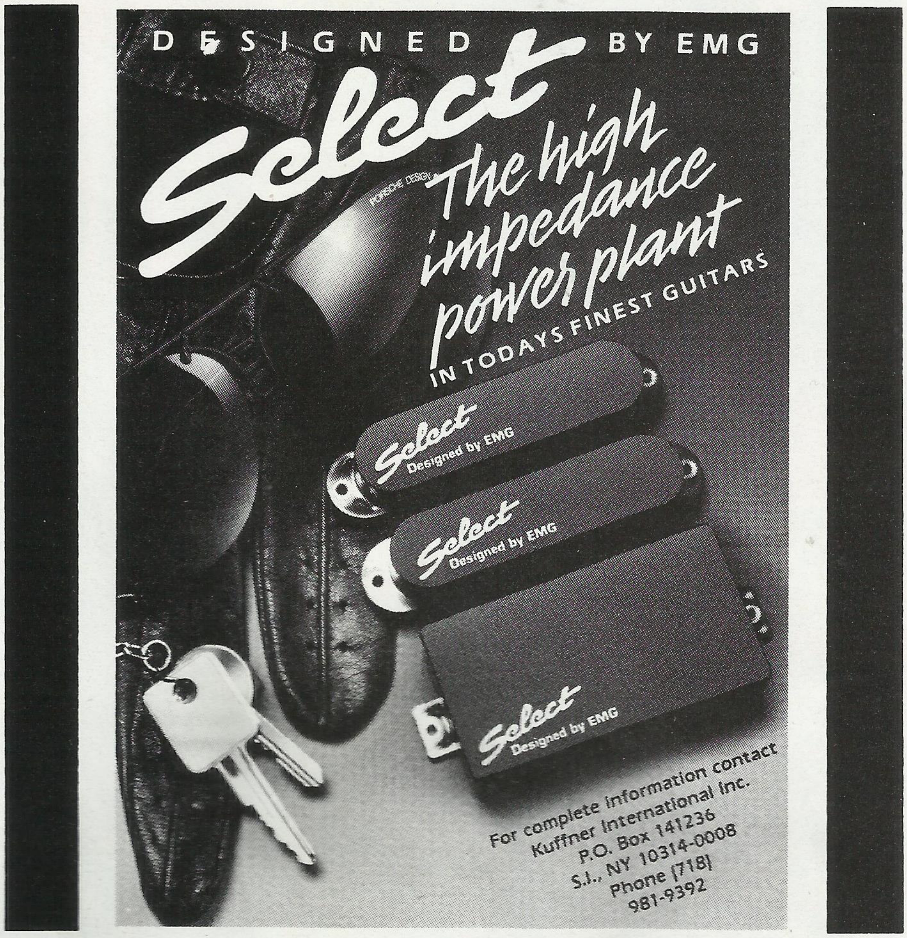
Finding the right drummer, on the other hand, was tough. "We had auditioned about 30 or 40 drummers, none of which seemed to be quite powerful enough for the Red Hot Chili Peppers," explains Anthony. Then they met Chad Smith. "He walked into the room, and although he appeared to be an oversized geek from the Midwest, what he was in actuality was a very soulful drummer who pushed us to greater boundaries than we had ever been pushed to before. He made us play harder, work harder, and be more intense, because he was explosive. He was like a herd of gorillas behind a drum kit." Unlike John, Chad had been completely unaware of the Chili Peppers' existence. "Here, we had one guy who knew exactly what we were about, and the drummer, who had never even heard the Red Hot Chili Peppers and had no idea what we were about," says Anthony. He describes the new members as "two very fresh, funky injections from a completely opposite end of the spectrum."

The chemistry inherent in *Mother's Milk* has overflowed into the bandmembers' personal lives. "John has become one of my very closest friends," relates Anthony. "I spend a lot of time with him, doing other things besides playing music—you know, going out partying and playing pool and talking about girls and having breakfast together, exchanging our memories and experiences. He's only 19 years old, and it's really great to have him as a friend, because he really reminds me of the reason that we started this band in the first place. He offers me that youthful exuberance." As for Chad, he says, "He really maintains his own personality, and he doesn't change anything about himself to please somebody else. Like he walked into the Red Hot Chili Peppers, who live and eat and breathe the Lakers, right? They're one of our biggest nonmusical inspirations. He's from Detroit—he's a Pistons fan. He walks into rehearsal every day with a Bad Boys T-shirt on. He's got a goofy haircut, he wears a bandanna, and no matter how often I tell him to shave his head and come to rehearsal like a Pepper, he won't do it. I respect that about him."

It's useless to discuss musical influences with the Chili Peppers, because their search for inspiration goes far beyond their ears. Life itself is music to this group, and Anthony refuses to downplay the bad against the good. "Life without sleaze is imbalanced," he advises—especially when it comes to the Peppers' hometown of Los Angeles. "You have to accept the sleaze for what it is, accept the industry for what it is, and look at the beauty of those aspects, and accept that also. We've got the Pacific Ocean, we've got the desert winds blowing in, we've got the Hollywood Hills, we've got palm trees, we've got creativity oozing out of the cracks in the sidewalks. It's all there. I just try to keep my head completely open to everything, whether it's disgusting or whether it's beautiful. That way, I have more information and more ideas to play with when it comes to writing music." However, the band's vision goes way past the parameters of the city. "Before we recorded *Freaky Styley*," recalls Anthony, "Flea and I went away to the southern tip of Baja California for a week, just to hang out on the beach and go climbing through the mountains. I found that very inspirational, to get away from society. If you get far away from it, you have a much wider vantage point. It enlightens you, gives you a different perspective."

It has taken many record buyers six years to catch up with the Chili Peppers' wide-eyed, yet aggressive, view of the world. Perhaps it's because this group of white boys grew from black roots—such as rap, long before it became popular. In addition, black hard-rock bands are further muddying the racial lines in music. "I think bands like Living Colour are helping to make people more receptive of music for sound, and not for color," Anthony reasons. "When you start setting up racial barriers for music, it's a very negative, confining concept that I choose to destroy." After all, rock 'n' roll began with black blues, a fact that Anthony feels was taken advantage of by early white rockers like Elvis Presley. "There were a lot of black people out there doing rock 'n' roll that had a lot more sincerity and meaning behind what they were saying than Elvis," he asserts. "To me, he was more of a white figurehead that just represented the possibility for commercial success."

Although this band is finally receiving widespread recognition with *Mother's Milk*, commercialism has nothing to do with it. The Chili Peppers' music, according to Anthony, "doesn't really fit into what the industry has set up as the categorization theory. Music has to sound like this, or it has to sound like that, to get on the radio. The Red Hot Chili Peppers? They play hardcore, bone-crunching, mayhem, psychedelic sex funk from heaven, and there really just isn't a category out there available for that sort of music." That's never bothered this freewheeling bunch, however. Success, to them, is the kind you earn on your own terms. And, like very few others, they seem to be getting it. Anthony thinks he knows why: "We play honest music that we believe in, that's coming direct from our life experiences and the truth and soul from inside us." The Chili Peppers' unique outlook on life creates music that is stratospheric, to say the least. †



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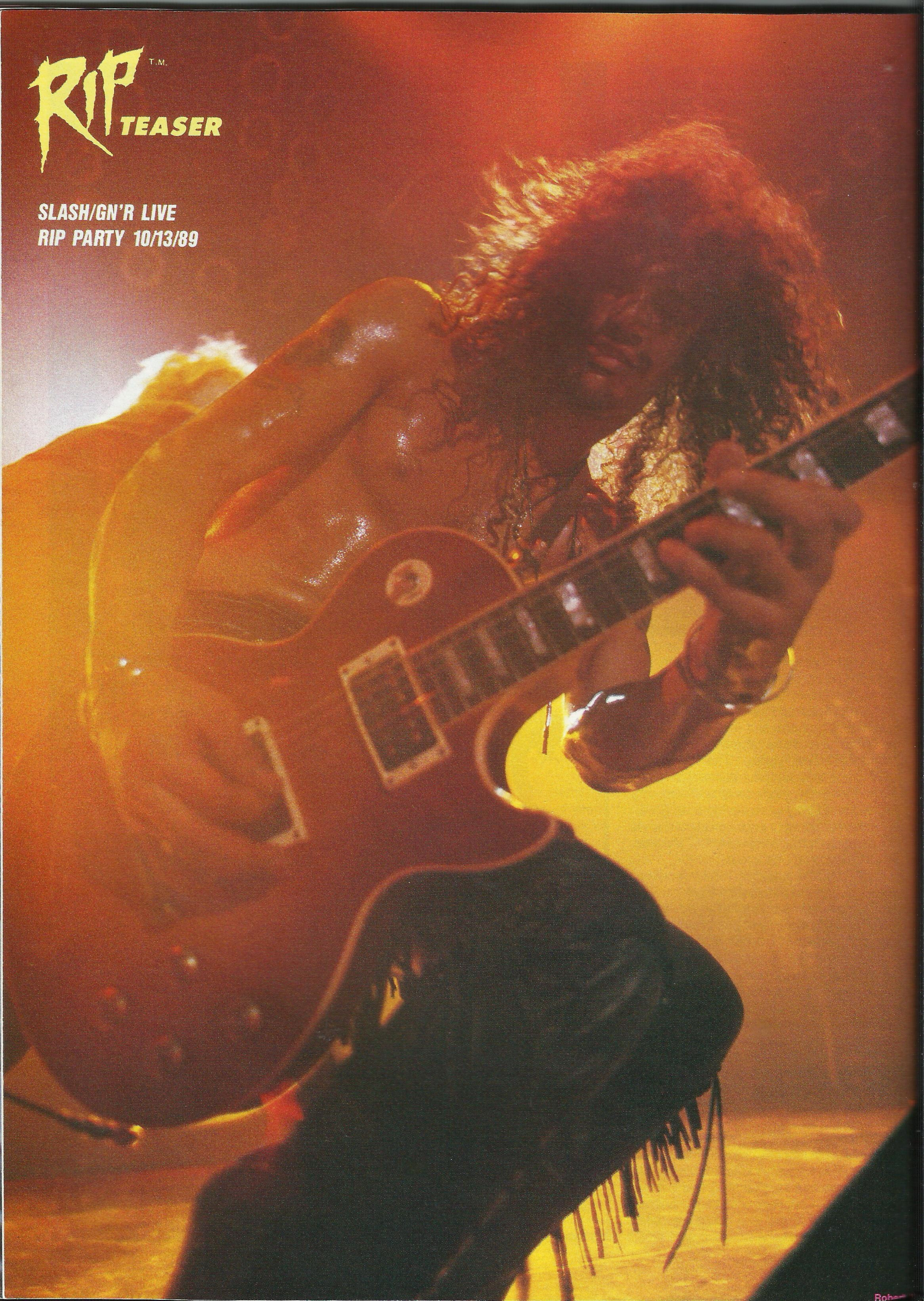
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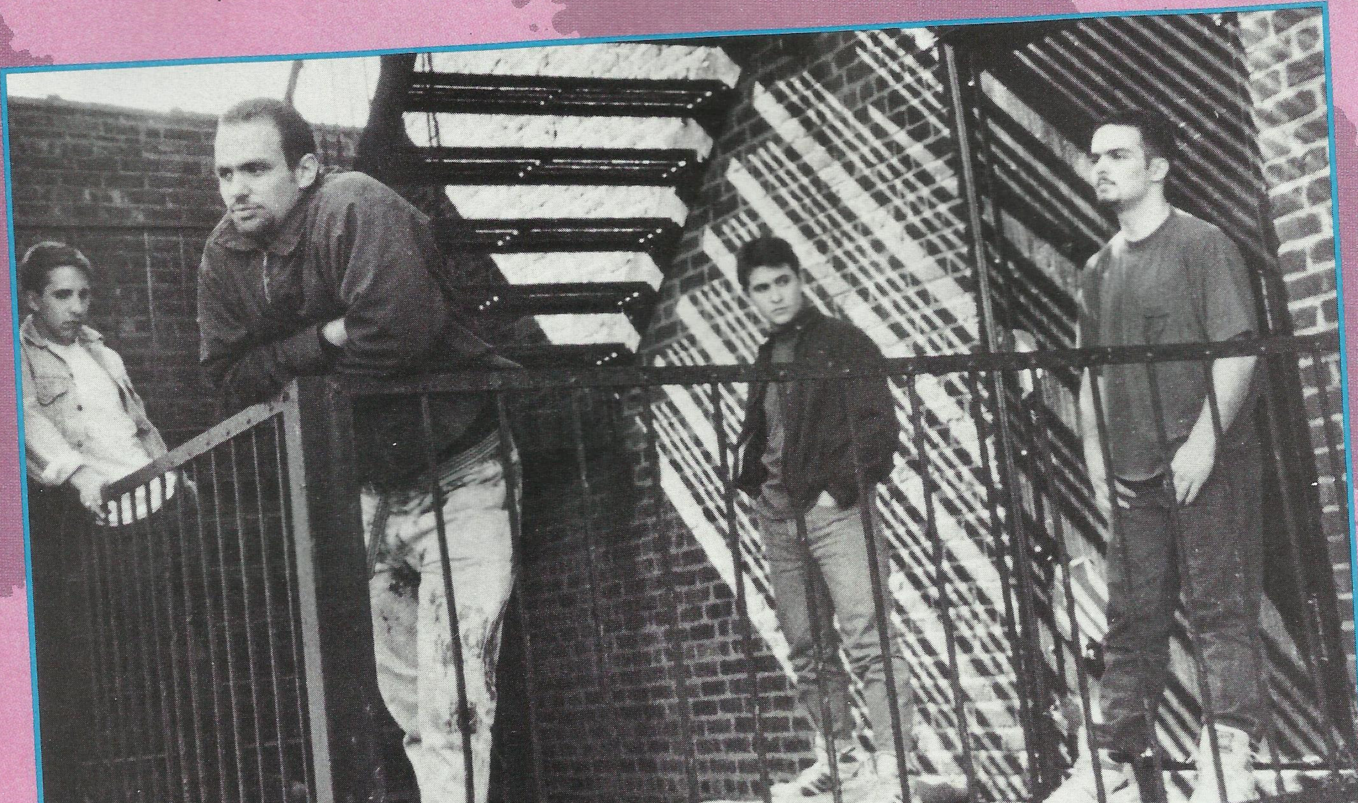


KILLING TIME

Thug metal. The sound of extremely large, extremely angry fuggers with hair on their backs, 2×4s, nail guns and ugly attitudes. Up the testosterone! The creature we've got here is a vicious, angry beast; a mutant strain of CBGB's post-hardcore underground charging head-on into the most ferociously undisciplined Sabbath shibboleth.

"Killing Time. . .it's what you do when you're young, how you make use of your energy," says Anthony Comunale, Killing Time's brutish, hulking frontman. The band's original moniker, Raw Deal, would have been more appropriate, more descriptive of the sweaty, grunting, unkempt aggro unleashed on their In-Effect debut, *Brightside*, where Anthony brutishly declaims just why "I'm so full of hate" ("My Reasons"). Y'see, they had the name swiped from them by a pack of leather 'n' lace-clad Limeys also called Raw Deal, who, upon hearing of the Apple 'core unit, copyrighted the name on both sides of the Atlantic. They'd be advised to remain on their own side of the ocean for, err, health reasons.

Formed in mid-'87 by ex-Token Entry frontman Comunale, guitarist Carl Porcaro, drummer Anthony Drago, bassist Rich McLoughlin (all ex-members of the now-defunct Breakdown) and since-departed guitarist Mike Sentkewitz, it didn't take long for the band to rise to the top of scene, playing to both sold-out CB's hardcore matinees and stealing the show at various Ritz thrash extravaganzas. Whilst elevating 'core formula with brutal metallic flourishes, Killing Time represented a return to good, old-fashioned, circa-'82 hardcore values. "For a while they were calling us *hate edge*," mentions straight-edger Comunale, who neither drinks nor drugs. "That's fine. If we come off negative, we come off negative; that's just how people perceive us. Who invented all these rules on what hardcore's supposed to be, anyway?" *—Mike Gitter*

At the time we got signed, we were not going after a record deal. In fact, we decided to take some time off to work on new material and some extra things for our show,'' says Terry Ilous, French vocalist extraordinaire and frontperson of the new, now very familiar name about town owned by Enigma/Capitol, XYZ. ''I'd given one of our tapes to a friend of mine, who in turn gave it to a girl he was dating. He was Italian and had no idea this girl worked in the music industry. He told her we were playing a show that night at the Whisky, and she came to see the show. The very next day I got a call from Curtis Beck at Enigma, who asked me to come to the office to talk. That was when we began negotiations. I thought he wanted to talk about a small publishing deal for a couple of songs, so naturally I was pretty relaxed,'' Terry continues. ''After talking for some time, it turned out he wanted to sign us to a recording contract. Not too long after we signed the deal, we did a showcase at the Country Club, and I swear the entire label showed up!''

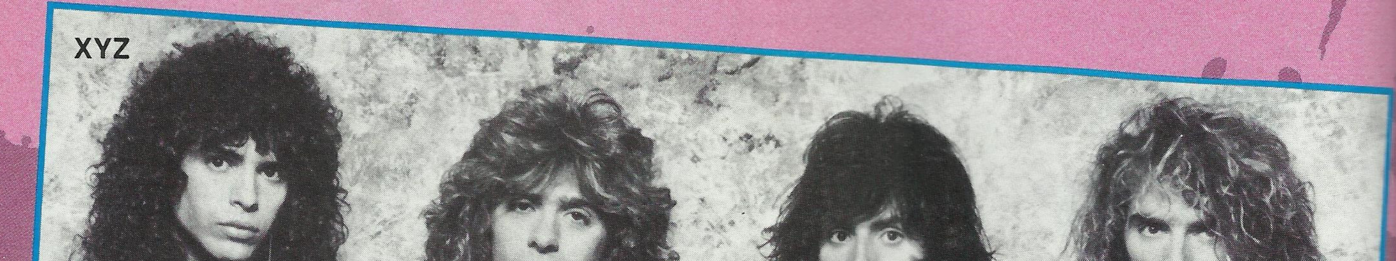
And that, my friends, is how it all began. That record deal turned out to be the biggest deal Enigma has given any band since the company has been in existence. Quite a package for a new group, coming, as it does, complete with a video budget, guaranteed tour support and a publishing and merchandising advance. It looks like Enigma Records' top priority is about to pay off.

XYZ consists of Terry Ilous on vocals, Marc Diglio on guitar, Patt Fontaine on bass and Paul Monroe on drums. The group was formed in 1985 in Hollywood, with members from all over the big, blue marble, and has been Hollywood's top-drawing band, selling out every show they've ever played in town. Yep, these are the guys who so thoughtlessly broke Motley Crue's attendance record at The Strip's Whisky A Go Go.

XYZ's self-titled debut album was produced by Don Dokken at Total Access Studios and is very true in the way it represents this super band. From the first single, ''Inside Out,'' to the mellow ''Souvenirs,'' you are going to like this, man.

Terry says there's more pressure now that they're a signed band because, in the early stages, not everyone can experience the thrill of seeing a sold-out XYZ performance, and all people have to judge them by are the ten or 11 songs the band has to live with on an album for the rest of their lives. Make sure you always put your best foot forward.

—Shari Sloane



XYZ

SHARK ISLAND

If you're gonna copy somebody, the biggest problem with it is that there's somebody in the world who's gonna do it better than you. I mean, if you're copying Steven Tyler as a singer, you can do a good imitation of it, but Steven Tyler's gonna do a better job of it than *you* can *ever* do."

Richard Black, Shark Island's mysterious frontman, should know. Aspiring vocalists have been ripping off the L.A. native's dramatically distinctive moves for years. Some of those singers got record deals. In fact, one of those guys fronts a multiplatinum act and would scream heated denials if accused. But Richard, and many other Angelenos, know better. It may have taken Shark Island a bit longer to grab that golden record contract, but this passionate group of hard rockers is ready to show the world that there's nothing like the real thing.

Richard and guitarist Spencer Sercombe met ten years ago, when they were still in their teens. Both were hard-rock fanatics, but the going was rough. Remember, this was even before Motley Crue struck pay dirt. "I had to go through the punk scene," the singer relates. "It was a frightening time for me. I didn't know what was going on. All I knew was I just wanted to play." And that's exactly what Shark Island—then known as the Sharks—wound up doing. "Every night we had a different club," Richard explains. "Friday and Saturday were our Gazzarri's nights, Sunday was usually off, then Monday we'd play in Monrovia, Tuesday in Pasadena and Wednesday at Ichabod's in Orange County." It sounds like a grind, but he points out, "I'd rather work in a band than have to sell hot dogs or clean people's carpets."

The band financed a couple of self-released albums as the Sharks, changed their name to Shark Island, then got a development deal with A&M. "They sent me as far as London to write with people," says Richard. It was during this time that Shark Island stabilized its lineup by finding bassist Christian Heilmann and drummer Greg Ellis. However, the label decided not to make a record. Case closed? No, thanks to producer Randy Nicklaus. He befriended the band while they were with A&M, and encouraged them to showcase for other labels. They did, and got several other record companies fired up. Epic finally took hold of Shark Island, and the resulting LP is *Law of the Order*.

Shark Island's music goes directly for the heart. "All my songs draw from some kind of experience I've had," comments Richard. "It's hard to fabricate an emotional experience in your head." Listening to Shark Island is like eavesdropping on an intimate conversation. Perhaps it's a heated argument, or a desperate long-distance phone call, or a sad commentary on the losers of the Hollywood star-making machine. Whatever the situation, Shark Island makes you feel like you're there. Move over, copycats.

—*Janiss Garza*

BUZZ

Edited by
Shari Sloane

DEAD HORSE

EAST COAST:

New Jersey's **Ritual** have released a four-song EP titled *Evil In Your Heart* as the follow-up to their independent release *Let the Metal Play*. . . . Congrats keep coming in for Chicago's **Defcon**, who we would like to thank very much for their new photo. Recent history includes the guys landing at #1 on superstation WMMS's *Power Chord*. If you haven't yet had a sneak peek at these guys, write immediately to DKP Productions, P.O. Box 1337, Addison, IL 60101 . . . . **Axe Minister** from St. Louis have released a new demo titled *Evil Grows*. . . . Pennsylvania's **Washed** have just released 11 new songs available on CD and cassette through Sami A. Younes Management, P.O. Box 4462, Allentown, PA 18105-4462 . . . . **Dead Horse**, in Houston, Texas, is doing extremely well with their album *Horsecore: An Unrelated Story That's Time Consuming* on Death Ride Records. This heavy band got that extra push over the top with their song "World War Whatever," which was featured on the Concrete Marketing compilation cassette released at the Foundations Forum last year. You can contact Death Ride Records at P.O. Box 262741, Houston, Texas 77027. . . . **Demolition Hammer**, that formidable thrash foursome from Yonkers, New York, have released a new demo titled *Necrology* to follow up *Skull Fracturing Nightmare* . . . . **Heart of Darkness** is releasing a 7" EP featuring three new songs on colored vinyl. Give 'em a yell at 100 W. Hamilton Ave., State College, PA 16801 . . . . **The Lost**, from New York, have been signed to Robinson/Epic Records.

DEFCON

WEST COAST:

Kudos to L.A.'s fave purple-haired crazies, **The Zeros**, on their signing to CBS, and the AC/DC-influenced **Rhino Bucket** on their deal with Warner Brothers. . . . Technically they're a little too large for this column by now, but how 'bout **The Front**, eh? . . . Southern California's **Not-Us** are in the middle of recording their second album for Wild Rags Records. Their first LP, *Think What You Want*, sold considerably well. In the meantime they're also featured on a Wild Rags compilation EP. Also on the record are cuts from **The Outcasts**, **Infamous Sinphony** and **Bloodcum**. You can contact Wild Rags Records at 2207 W. Whittier Blvd. Montebello, CA 90640. . . . Z-Rock, Woodland West Studios and *Banzai* magazine are releasing a compilation CD featuring nine of Kansas City's hottest bands. Some of the groups to be included on the tape are **Monster**, **Chyna Whyte**, **Mortal Reign** and **Atomic Cocktail** . . . . **Byte the Bullet**, from Hollywood, have signed a record deal with Charisma Records, an old label being turned new, owned and operated by Virgin Records. . . . **DV8** is having a great deal of success in the area of movie soundtracks. They have a song in *Halloween Five* and three on the vinyl for Tommy Chong's new movie, *Far Out Man*, one being the title track. They also have songs in *Stella Dallas, Deliver Us From Evil, Angel Town* and *Back Street Strays*. . . . **Horde of Torment** has two songs on the *U.S. Thrash Assault* compilation out on Black Box Records. . . . Timothy Gaines of Stryper has been busy producing and engineering an 18-song demo for his brother Steve, formerly of Abattoir and Bloodlust. The demo will be shopped under the name of **S.G.B.** (Steve Gaines Band) while auditions are being held for guitarists and a drummer. . . . Keith Gale's Parallel Universe have changed their name to **The Gone Jackals**, while Keith himself has changed his name to Keith Karloff. Also, drummer Curt Waltrip has joined the San Francisco-based band after stints with Diana Ross, Robin Trower and Alex Call. . . . **Mind Over Four**'s cassette, *The Goddess*, is some of the hardest, borderline-alternative rock and roll in the vein of Soundgarden. Junkyard's David Roach and Brian Baker make cameos on the tape. Cool Stuff!

A LITTLE NOTE FROM CANADA:

With a little booking help from Guns N' Roses bassist Duff McKagan, Canada's **T.T. Racer** tore up the Hollywood club scene during an exciting but all-too-short stint. Hurry back, dudes. . . .

CLOSEST TO THE INK:

Actually, the band in question, **Mind Funk**, is the latest signee of Megaforce Record's mega-mogul, Jonny Z. Mind Funk consists of ex-M.O.D. members guitarist Louie Svitek and bassist John Monte, former Celtic Frost drummer Reed St. Mark, guitarist Jason Coppola (formerly of NJ's Chemical Waste) and vocalist Pat Dubar (formerly of L.A.'s Uniform Choice). Although Mind Funk as a unit are relatively new, the experience each member brings to the band is invaluable. RIP recently caught Mind Funk rehearsing tracks in a New Jersey studio, and they scorch! Mind Funk should shred the top layer of your CD player sometime this summer.

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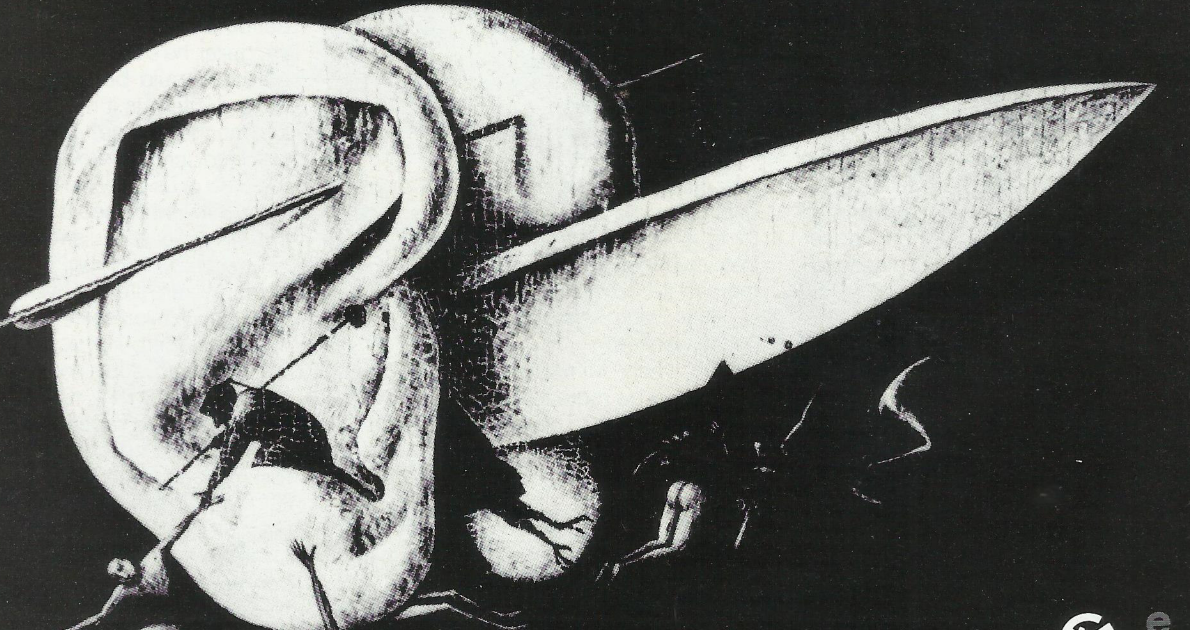

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ON TOUR TOUR WITH

TORA TORA

BY JUDY WIEDER

Four sweet, barely 20-year-old boys from Memphis, Tennessee, are roaming the back roads of America in their cramped tour bus with (hardly enough) pocket change for junk-food meals; ripped jeans; T-shirts; girlfriends or girlfriend problems; outbursts of gosh-and-golly country-boy enthusiasm; fart-lighting contests; and lotsa regrets over lost laminated passes and cool sunglasses. Tora Tora is the story of young American rock 'n' roll breaking loose. Sandwiched on a bill between Dangerous Toys and L.A. Guns, Anthony Corder (vocals), Keith Douglas (guitar), Patrick Francis (bass) and John Patterson (drums) are seeing America through a perpetual state of amazement. Their debut album for A&M, *Surprise Attack*, has already launched two hit singles, "Walking Shoes" and "Guilty." But it's the album title itself that's beginning to take on a whole new meaning for the band. Perhaps the surprise attack is really on Tora Tora.

"It's like we're in Wonderland," Patrick Francis says between bites of breakfast at two in the morning at a dive outside Rockford, Illinois, where the band has just tried to shove their lively set down the throats of kids too polite to scream and yell.

Anthony Corder, Tora's great-looking frontman, knocks over my tape recorder in a wave of typical grinnin' energy. Looking closer to 17 than the 20 years he swears he is, Anthony can sing like the Mozart of rock 'n' blues. His soulful inspiration clearly comes from somewhere far beyond his young years. And every night he inadvertently makes that fact clear by trying to talk between songs. His voice literally cracks with adolescence. Some members of L.A. Guns have actually taken to eavesdropping on Anthony's between-song patter, so they can laugh themselves into comas and later tease him mercilessly.

"What was wrong with those kids tonight?!" Anthony drawls self-critically. "Was it me? Do I move around too much onstage? Maybe they don't like that. Maybe it scares them? Maybe. . . ."

"Anthony," I caution, "don't be ridiculous. What if Axl Rose had questioned whether or not he should 'move around'? Just be who you are. They'll catch up."

He smiles like a pumpkin with blond bangs. "Yeah? Yeah! Right. Maybe tomorrow night will be different. Where are we going tomorrow, Paul?"

Tour manager Paul Spriggs rolls his eyes. He knows it's Tora Tora's first major tour, but he can't believe the things they ask him. "I answer the same questions over and over every single night. I don't know. I guess they just overload and zone out. If it isn't tied to them, they lose it. Every day Anthony buys a pair of sunglasses. Every day he loses them. Do you know how many laminated Tora Tora passes they've lost? That's why they don't have any more. We stopped giving them away. They're young. Everything is terrific with them. They'd wander into anything, if I let them. I have to be on them all the time. But I sure like them . . . ."

Gene Ambo

"Hey, Paul, where. . .?"

"Milwaukee!"

"Oh, yeah, Milwaukee. Maybe the audience will be more into it there," Anthony hopes wistfully. "The Guns told me they couldn't get that much out of the kids in Rockford either. Maybe Milwaukee will be better for us."

It isn't. Another batch of well-behaved Midwestern rebels stand wide-eyed in front of their seats and watch Tora Tora try everything they can to bring them to life. Walking the streets in search of pawnshops with Anthony the next day, we discuss what's going wrong. "I don't care if they're polite," he says, holding up a white T-shirt with a large blue peace sign on it. "We should be able to shake them up. What do you think?"

"Well, not necessarily, if that's not how their upbringing has been."

"No, what do you think of this T-shirt for me to wear onstage?" Anthony's blue eyes sparkle behind soon-to-be-lost new sunglasses.

"A peace sign? Sure, I like peace."

Behind the counter, a young girl recognizes the lead singer. "Somewhere in the storage room we have an iron-on Woodstock logo. Would you like that on the back of the peace-sign shirt?" Anthony looks at her as if she had dropped from heaven. She blushes, disappears and returns with the logo pressed on the back of the shirt. As he slips it on, she whispers, "You guys were wonderful last night. We loved the show." Anthony blinks, amazed.

Outside the store he puzzles, "Why didn't they show that to us?" I launch into a lecture about how the band must learn to read their audience, no matter what the local customs may be. He listens sweetly, catches a glimpse of an acoustic guitar in a Wisconsin pawnshop window and stops suddenly. "Look!" I peer in the window. Typical of his youthful stop-and-start thought patterns, as soon as my attention shifts to the guitar, he's back in my face with, "Yeah, but we should be able to get these kids more excited. Is it me? Do I jump around too much onstage? Do we. . .?"

A loud screech drowns Anthony out. Neither one of us wants to turn around, but we do, just in time to see a young girl leap into the air while a car swerves beneath her, miraculously missing her blue-jean-clad frame. We are literally hysterical. "My God! My God! Did you see that? She almost died right there in front of us," Anthony sputters. We try to recover by leaning against a nearby building.

As our hearts race frantically, the nearly creamed teenager snaps her fingers and rushes towards Anthony, boasting, "I made it!" The truth hits the Mississippi-born singer like a sledgehammer. Watching her charge at him with a black-felt marker to autograph her jeans, Anthony realizes that this near hit-and-run disaster took place because the girl is a Tora Tora fan. "I just saw you, Anthony, and, uh. . .went for it!" she tells him casually.

Anthony refuses to sign her pants. He is too upset. We stagger away together, contemplating how horrible it would have been had she been hit. "Maybe they *do* like us in Milwaukee," he concludes.

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"Maybe." I shiver.

Gratefully, the big, brown "Memphis" tour bus with band and crew members aboard discovers us fussing about the streets. "Would you mind getting aboard?" Paul says, many undelivered communications written across his face.

"Where are we playing tonight, Paul?" Keith calls out from the back of the bus, where he and everyone else is watching a hideous gore movie called *Re-Animator.*

"Where are we playing tonight?" Paul shakes his head in despair. "We're playing Chicago. It's a big night for you guys."

"Can we stay overnight in Chicago and have our day off there, like the [Dangerous] Toys get to?" Patrick asks.

Paul stonewalls. "Absolutely not. We have to be in Dayton, Ohio, after Chicago."

"Awwww," Anthony whines. "Come on, I want to hang out on the Toys' bus. They said I could ride with them."

"Never, ever!" Paul hisses. He turns to me. "That'll be the day. I let one of these guys onto the Toys' bus, and I'll never see him again!"

"That's not true!" Anthony howls indignantly. "Come on, man. . . ."

"No! No! Never! We leave right after the show tonight."

As the bickering continues, I mistakenly turn my attention to the bus video screen, just in time to see a bloody head (with no body in sight) kissing a screaming, tied-up girl while her helpless boyfriend throws up. Charming. Someday I'm going to understand the rocker's lust for sick, gory movies. However, tonight isn't the night. Fixing my thoughts instead on the dark, winding highway out of Wisconsin, back to Illinois and the mighty Chicago, I hear John Patterson, the band's drummer, wondering out loud why his Memphis girlfriend has triggered a rage in him he hardly knew he had.

"She's feeling lonely with me out on the road," he mumbles, "so she's going out with other guys. I was so mad tonight, every time I hit a drum, I saw her face! Bam! Bam! We had a good thing, her and me. Now it's history. Maybe someday we'll get back together, but not now."

"We just got the hotel damage bill," Paul interrupts, showing John a bill for $500. "They say the room was destroyed."

"That's not true!" John wails. "All I did was. . . was. . . well, I tore the TV off the stand completely. I broke a lamp, and I . . . I poured a Coke into the bed!"

"Ohh, that's all you did. I see," Paul sighs. "Well, the bill's all yours, fella."

John stares at the bill, then at me. "I've never seen myself like that before. I was so mad, my whole body was shaking. $500? I should send her the bill. I didn't know I had that much rage in me."

I suggest the amount of anger he's feeling is a measurement of how bad he hurts. "She hurt you. Losing someone hurts!"

He looks at me slowly. For the first time since I climbed aboard Tora Tora's bus, John is smiling. He actually looks relieved. "Yeah, I *was* hurt. I *still* hurt." We both stop talking and stare at the highway. In the background, someone is being stabbed to death in their eyeballs. Lovely.

Guitarist Keith Douglas, whose Memphis girlfriend has joined him for the past two gigs, is remembering when all he would listen to was Elvis and Donna Summer. 'Remember 'Bad Girls'?" he asks his high-school chum, John.

"What about Kiss?" John responds. "I was so stupid; I gave away all my Kiss albums. I could kill myself. I wish I could get them back. I used to sing their songs on our porch, kinda freak out the neighbors."

"Remember when I dressed up my four-year-old sister to look like Gene Simmons?" Keith asks Patrick, whom he has actually known since they were both seven years old.

"Sure I do, man. I have pictures of her. Do you remember when you dressed up as Alice Cooper for Halloween?"

"I never got into Alice Cooper," John laments, "but I sure wish I could get my old Kiss records back. Remember when we first saw Motley Crue? I remember when my sister and I used to spend hours singing 'Snoopy and the Red Baron.' God, how did it go?" John is definitely feeling better. As we roll into Chicago, he moves from choruses of "Snoopy" to a bizarre demonstration of the one place on your body where you have no nerve endings and nothing hurts. Holding his arm out straight and grabbing the loose skin on his elbow, the man whose heart literally aches with romantic disappointment invites me to try and hurt him by pinching his "chicken meat." When I refuse, Paul (strong as an ox) grabs John's elbow and pinches the living shit out of it while John grins proudly.

(continued on page 93)

Marshall
Marshall
Marshall

Eddie Malluk

FREEZE FRAME

Edited by Janiss Garza

AEROSMITH: ***''Janie's Got a Gun''***
(Geffen)

Rarely does RIP review video clips, but in this case, special attention is warranted. The song ''Janie's Got a Gun'' takes a hard left turn away from Aerosmith's usual attitude of lighthearted, kick-ass blues. The group takes a controversial issue, parental sexual abuse, and plays with intense, controlled passion. This is the second single off of the highly acclaimed *Pump* album, and for the video, the band has gone out of its way to do its subject matter justice. $400,000 was spent to create a movie within a five-minute song, and the result is artful and gripping.

The editing is superbly executed. The shadowy vision of Aerosmith performing in a downtown L.A. warehouse is intercut with scenes from the life of a troubled Beverly Hills family. Tension builds as the husband's eyes roam from his beautiful wife—played by the perennially sensual Leslie Ann Warren—to his nubile young daughter. Steven Tyler's all-or-nothing delivery strikes a chilling chord when combined with the father's attack on his child. The girl's frightened, angry retaliation comes during the solo—glass smashes, Joe Perry's guitar crashes, and with Joey Kramer's explosive drums. . . the gunshot. As Aerosmith bring the song to an end, the police cover up the body and take away the devastated daughter. The clip is nothing less than compelling.

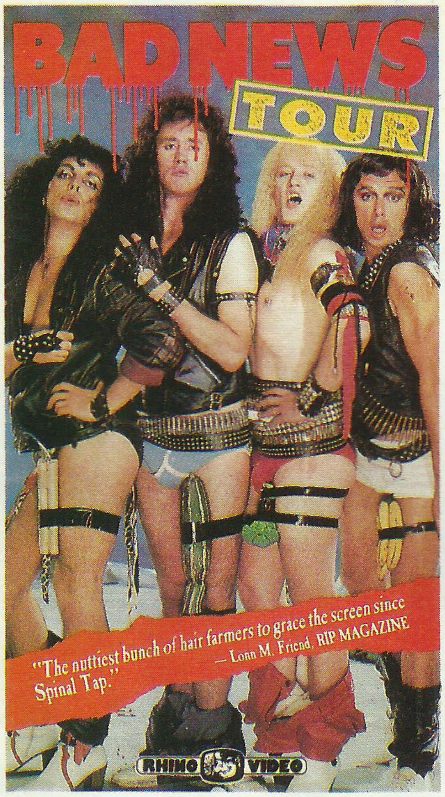
Gene Kirkland

Director David Fincher, who has also recently done videos for Madonna and Don Henley, has kept the violence as low key as his lighting. There are no graphic scenes. The storyline is conveyed by subtleties—the mother's tight-lipped suspicion, the father's guilty nervousness, the girl's terrified face, blood dripping off a door. Everything else is left to the viewer's imagination. This approach is far more effective and dramatic than if Fincher had been allowed full rein with the gore. The disturbing images created by ''Janie's Got a Gun'' are guaranteed to haunt the deeper recesses of your mind for a long time to come.
—Janiss Garza

BAD NEWS TOUR
(Rhino Home Video)

There are going to be those who will claim that *Bad News Tour* is nothing but a knock-off of 1984's classic *This Is Spinal Tap*, and to a certain extent, that's true. It is, however, also a frequently hilarious look at the fictitious metal group Bad News, and their rocky road to non-stardom. Taken from the ultra-hip British TV show *The Comic Strip*, and featuring three of the stars of *The Young Ones* (Adrian Edmondson, Nigel Planer and Rik Mayall), *Bad News Tour* is a two-part rockumentary that mercilessly ribs the world of heavy metal.

Vim, Colin, Den and Spider are the members of Bad News, metal men without a clue. The first part follows them around on their tour bus, actually a dilapidated van, as they scratch for gigs and recognition. Much of the humor comes from Den's complete stupidity and tone-deaf incapabilities, while life on the road and a nosy rock journalist help to make matters worse. Spider likes groupies, Vim likes himself, while Colin calls home to make sure his library books have been returned. The second part traces what happened after Bad News's inevitable breakup and reunion, and winds up with the boys performing at the Monsters Of Rock concert, a fatal mistake. In between, there's a priceless scene where the group fights over which members of the Who they want to be as they're about to trash a hotel room, and a visit to a record store where Barry Manilow gets decapitated. Although it's not as consistently clever as *Spinal Tap* was, *Bad News Tour* still pegs the dim-witted rockers perfectly. It should be required viewing before anyone ever thinks of putting on six-inch heels, donning hair extensions, and strapping on a guitar. *—B.Y. Randall*


BAD NEWS
TOUR
"The nuttiest bunch of hair farmers to grace the screen since Spinal Tap." — Lonn M. Friend, RIP MAGAZINE
RHINO VIDEO

JETHRO TULL: ***20 Years of Jethro Tull***

(Virgin Music Video)

Metalheads will forever hate Jethro Tull after they stole the Grammy away from Metallica last year, and this bloated and boring homevid covering their career will further stoke the flames of Tull-bashers everywhere. Granted, Jethro Tull was one of the most influential of the progressive groups of the '70s, and this video contains 14 of their classic songs, including "Aqualung," "Thick as a Brick" and "Heavy Horses," but the presentation here just makes Tull dull.

Sure, Ian Anderson *is* Jethro Tull, but where are the interviews with anybody else who has ever played in the band? Anderson is given lengthy interview footage, and deservedly so, but the other people they talk to are record-company lizards and besotted twits who hang out in pubs. Not one of the musicians who played with Anderson gets screen time. Instead, we have to hear about how some loser spent all his money to follow Tull around on tour. After watching this, Grateful Dead fans will know they have stiff competition in the Most Fans With the Least Amount of Gray Matter contest.

The best material comes from the live stage shows, where the wild-eyed Anderson is captured at his most manic. Hopping around on one leg as he plays the flute with virtuoso aplomb, Anderson is a marvel to watch, even when the songs are dragged out beyond endurable lengths. "Lap of Luxury" signals Tull's arrival into the video age (although they made concept videos as early as the mid-'70s), and their later material finds Anderson turning into a Mark Knopfler soundalike. Their videos are innovative, to be sure, but also exceedingly unexciting, like the majority of this pompous tribute to a ground-breaking group well past its prime. *—B.Y.R.*

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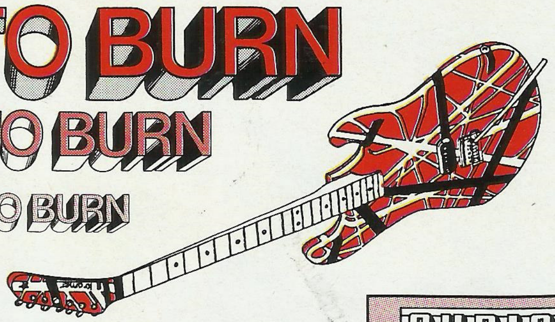

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☐ **SCORPIONS:** Bad boys running wild - No one like you - Blackout - Big city nights - Rock you like a hurricane - I'm leaving you - Rhythm of love

☐ **WHITELION/EUROPE:** Wait - When the children cry - Tell me - All you need is rock and roll - The final countdown - Rock the night - Superstitious

☐ **METALLICA:** Fade to black - Four horsemen - Master of puppets - Sanitarium - Battery

☐ **JUDAS PRIEST:** Love bites - You've got another thing coming - Some heads are gonna roll - Electric Eye - Parental Guidance - Heavy metal - I'm a rocker

☐ **AC/DC:** Hell's bells - Back in black - T.N.T. - For those about to rock - Shook me all night long - Who made who - Highway to hell

☐ **CINDERELLA/GUNS N' ROSES:** Nobody's fool - Shake me - Gypsy road - Somebody save me - Welcome to the jungle - Paradise city

☐ **POISON:** Talk dirty to me - I won't forget you - Cry tough - I want action - Fallen Angel - Nothing but a good time - Every rose has its thorn

☐ **BON JOVI:** Wanted, dead or alive - You give love a bad name - Living on a prayer - Raise your hands - Runaway - Only lonely - Bad medicine

☐ **MOTLEY CRUE:** Too young to Fall in love - Live wire - Looks that kill - On with the show - Red hot - Ten seconds to love - Merry-go-round - Take me to the top - Smokin' in the boys room

STYLES

☐ **EDDIE VANHALEN:** Panama - Hot for teacher - Ain't talkin' 'bout love - Eruption - Somebody get me a doctor - Running with the devil - You really got me - Jamie's cryin'

☐ **RANDY RHOADS:** Crazy Train - You can't kill rock & roll - Sato - Believer - Over the mountain — Flying high again - I don't know - Dee

☐ **YNGWIE MALMSTEEN:** You don't remember, I'll never forget - I'll see the light tonight - Little savage - Heaven tonight - Queen in love - Rising force - Farewell

☐ **GEORGE LYNCH:** Alone again - Dream warriors - Into the fire - It's not love - Tooth and nail - Breakin' the chains - Heaven sent - In my dreams

☐ **WARREN DEMARTINI:** Lay it down - Round & round - You're in love - Back for more - Wanted man - Slip of the lip - Dance

☐ **STEVE VAI:** Goin' crazy - Yankee Rose - Shy boy - Tobacco road - Hog Dog and a shake - Just like paradise - Stand up

☐ **JAKE E LEE:** Bark at the moon - Shot in the dark - Killer of Giants - You never know why - Journey to the center of eternity - Lightning strikes - The ultimate sin

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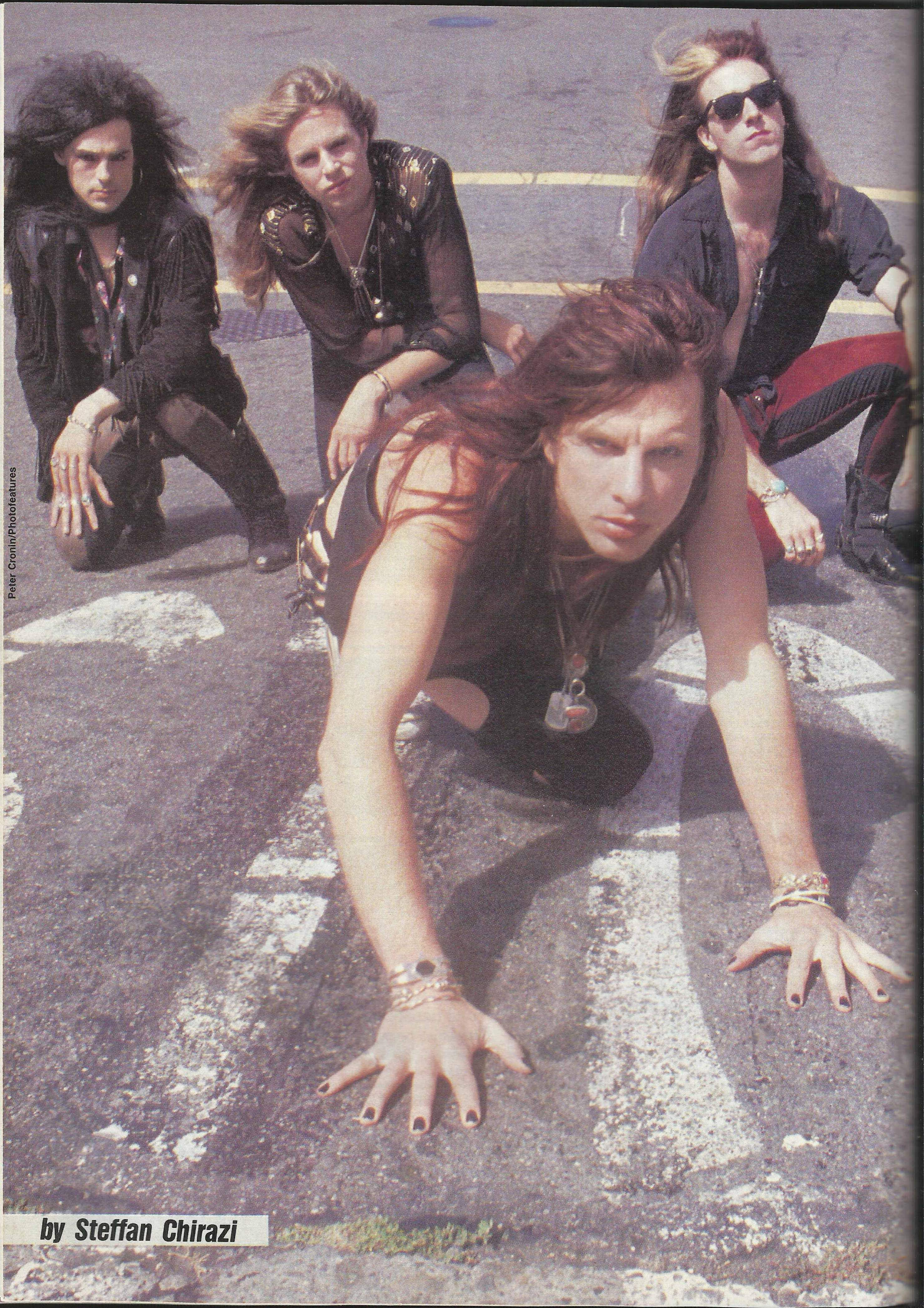
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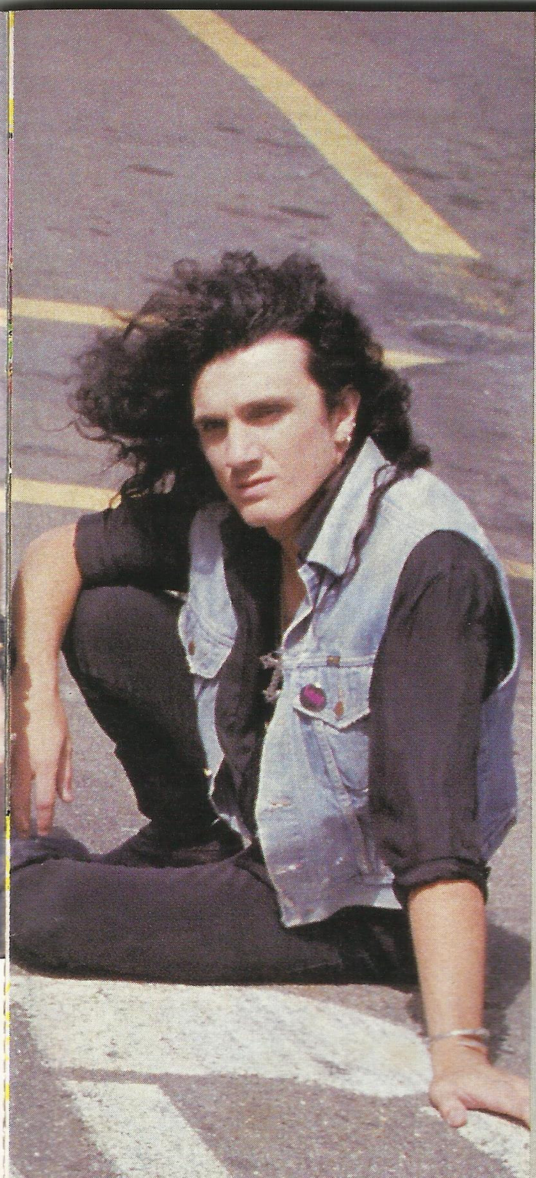

Vain and Skid Row—on tour together in Britain. And through the magic of long-distance metal reporting, YOU ARE THERE!

VAIN

NO SLEEP TILL SHEFFIELD

You pass through the streets of London, and just about everywhere you look there are these great, dirty, full-color Vain posters screaming "Beat the Bullet" and "On Tour With Skid Row" at you in the rudest fashion. Ha! Rude fashion for a rude tour, I suppose; as from what I've heard about Skid Row, we aren't dealing with an ordinary bunch o' pussies here. And Vain? Well, let's just say that Vain are happy to have some fun. No sleep till Sheffield.

Sheffield City Hall, where the Skid Row/Vain sell-out British tour commences, is a vast, cavernous affair with enough stage space to have a riot and about 3,000 kids willing to help. Behind the stage is a balcony, and I wander out with Vain bassist Ashley Mitchell to watch some of the Skid Row soundcheck. Immediately, and without knowing who the hell we actually are, members of the Skids turn around, wave and offer a general, "Hey, what's up and what's happenin'?" Don't believe whatever you read: Here was a tour that was obviously gonna go just fine—all harmonious and what have you—with Skid Row confident in their wave of mega-stardom, and Vain hungry to prove to an appreciative British market that they could back it all up and more.

Whilst Vain have done around 100,000 sales without a huge immediate bang in the U.S., Europe and Britain have taken to them like flame to gasoline; indeed, many were the times that the band was approached by 50 to 100 kids outside halls at four in the afternoon. But I should really get back to Sheffield, and maybe tell you a touch more about Vain, seeing as this is the first some of you will have heard of them. A San Franciscan five-piece comprised of Davy Vain, vocals; Ashley Mitchell, bass; Tom Rickard, drums; James Scott, guitar; and Danny West, guitar, they currently have a debut album titled *No Respect* out on the Island label, and have seen the U.K. react favorably to its catchy, well-written groove. Davy Vain himself is not only a total character, but a supremely gifted musician who writes the songs as well as sings them, and lends the odd Les Paul lead break too.

Now, whilst many bands write about women and sex and what have you without actually indulging too much, Vain are a band who genuinely do write from personal experience. It's not something they'd mouth off about too much, but these very eyes have seen many, err, liaisons of this nature. One in London even ended with Davy being asked to sign the poor girl's arse. . .you get what you ask for, I suppose, and away the happy lady went with ink in the right places.

Actually, I really must concentrate on getting us out of Sheffield now that you know a little more about Vain. The typical open-

T.M.

RIP'S WINT

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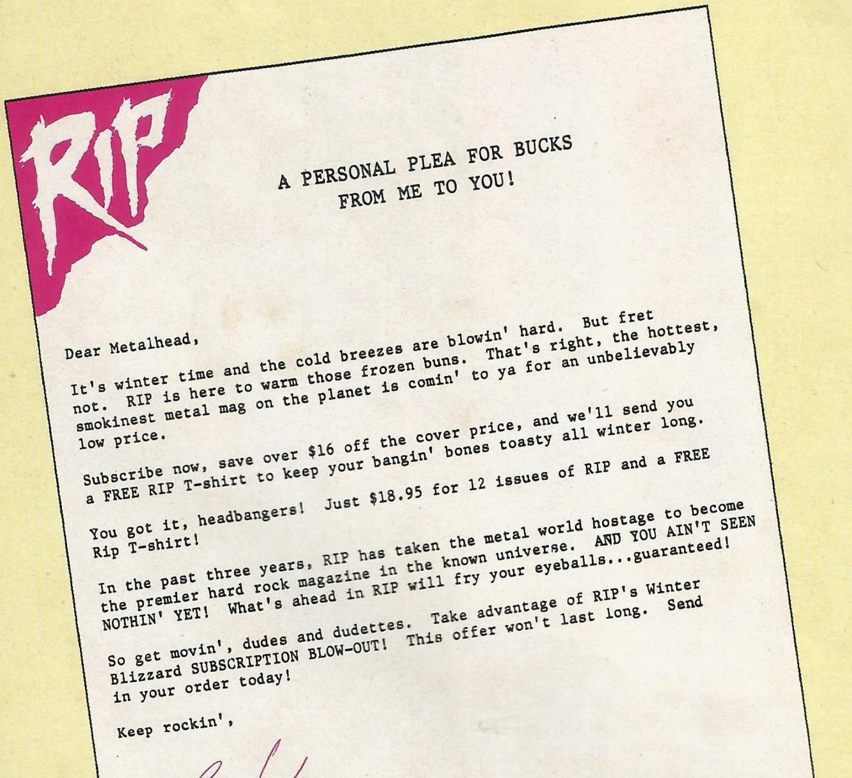

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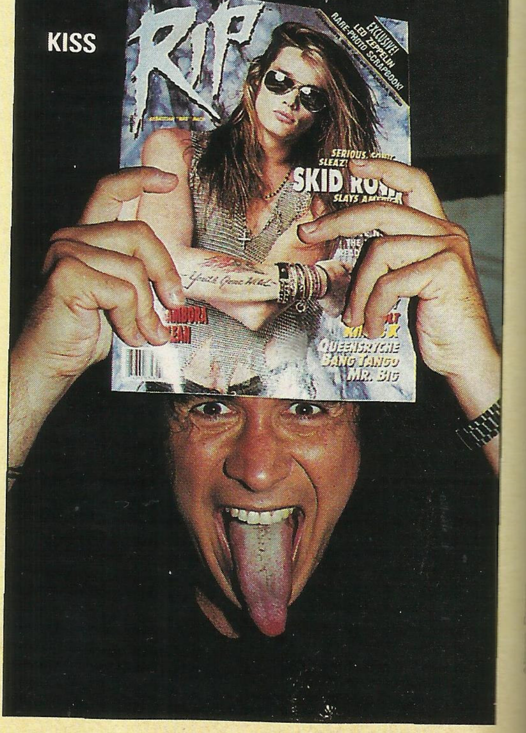

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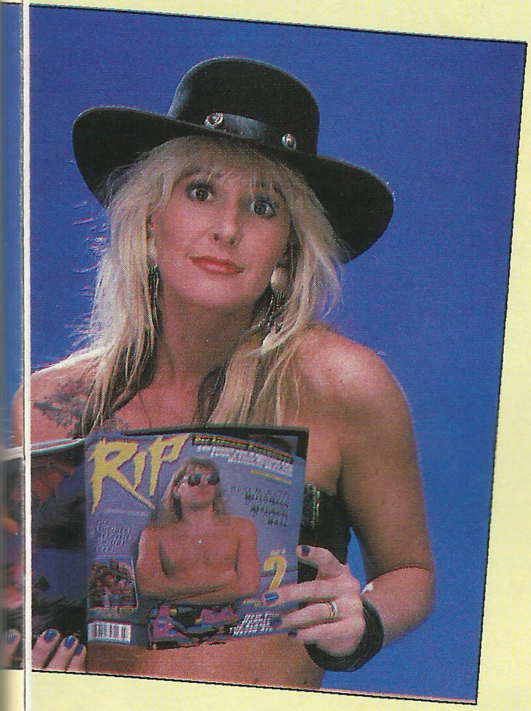

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ing night, the typical sound problems. Usually this results in a freeze but, hang on, there's a full house waiting for Vain, and there's a full house going ape-shit to Vain's 45-minute set, despite the fact that half the music is coming from anything other than monitors. "You don't mind if I just play my geetar, do you?" cries Davy, and 3,000 cheers roll back into his face as Vain top off their set with an instrumental and the burst-out of "Ready." Of course Skid Row go out and carry on the demolition of Sheffield City Hall with the sass and class of a band that knows what they are, but early on the pace has been set.

For Skid Row, touring has become a way of life, whilst this is Vain's first time out treading the world's boards—indeed, they broke off from a club tour in the States (recommencing as you read this) to take up the chance of shows with the Skids. For Davy Vain, touring really is an eye opener. "You go to a town, and there's been a Blue Murder or Dangerous Toys concert there the night before, and there'll be another band right after. It's funny: In some of these towns there might be two or three tour buses in the parking lot, and only 150 kids in the club—not because the bill is bad, but just because that's the extent of that town's rock audience. You really are playing, in some cases, to a small amount of kids, yet there's so many bands out there for a kid to spend their money on, and kids only have so much money. It's not a situation I'm moaning about," emphasizes Davy. "It's just really kinda surprising when you're out there actually seeing how many bands there really are firsthand."

In Manchester the whole show takes another lift in technical quality, and Vain once again go down a storm—and again the following night in Bristol, where one young fan outruns a posse of peers to land a place on the Vain tour bus as it pulls around the block for the umpteenth time, trying to secure a parking place. The lad must've sprinted at least four times around the bus, and as he quietly sits eyeing the band and securing autographs, I see that what was once a Motley Crue Feeldagger on his leather has been painted out. Why? "Oi saw 'em at Wembley, and they was crap! Woit Lion blew 'em ahfstage, man, and so did Skid Row. But then friends of mine said you blow all of 'em away!"

The developing trend, as we pull into Liverpool's small, atmospheric, piss-scented Royal Court Theater, is for packs of people, especially girls, to follow Vain's every show with the Skids. As we walk into our hotel, which looks remarkably like The Overlook from *The Shining*, an army of fans greets the band, and opinions are voiced with a high degree of enthusiasm. The previous day punter-power had once more been proven during busy in-stores in Derby and Nottingham, and here an impromptu visit to a local record store simply to check things out turns into a 200+ signing session, which Vain is happy to be a part of, as you have to be when you're promoting your first album—not that it would really make much of a difference: As cliche as it sounds, Vain seriously live for not too much more than their r'n'r. Honestly.

The Liverpool show is an absolute stormer. Right from the band's opener, "Secrets," the great Liverpudlians twist and turn, jump and start, to a band who have clearly smelled Britain's hospitality all along. "I wanna sing now about a girl I know. . .do YOU know her name, Liverpool?" To which a few thousand scream, "Icy," and off kicks the sharp riff to yet another excellent song. Let the point not be lost: In a time when there are too many writing a cheap harmony and passing it off as composition, Vain write real rock 'n' roll songs. They cannot be expected to compete with rubbish like Warrant, as the latter are nothin' but poor, pale pop. Vain are the real hard thing. By the time it comes to the "longest love affair" sob song ("It was the longest I'd ever been out with anyone. . .two or three days"—Davy onstage), "Ready," the crowd is foaming; a broth on the boil, a cauldron too small to handle the volume. Only a band of Skid Row's quality and popularity could've hoped to follow.

Newcastle came and went; a competent, if not blinding, show. But with the Hammersmith Odeon looming, it was to be expected. Danny West, longtime Motorhead freak, could probably tell you how many hairs are in Lemmy's sideburns, and he spent the whole day before the show listening to *No Sleep Till Hammersmith*. Of course, aside from the glory of playing there, Hammersmith is the British acid test: Go down good here, and you may well end up headlining on your next visit. Go down badly, and you may not ever be a headliner—more a deadliner.

Anticipations running high, the band pace as best they can in the small dressing room, nibbling on the fresh fruit and vegetables on their deli tray. No meats or cheese, just fruit, veg and a lot of Gatorade. Beers are for later, although Ashley often sips a can before the show, this day being no exception. As London is my home town, I don't see the band again until they bounce onstage to a packed Odeon—that in itself a feat for any support act. Vain's lithest, sharpest show of the tour is eaten up by the crowd. I'm pleasantly shocked. Having been one of those once in the Hammy O stalls, I saw many an opener pass like a nasty and uncomfortable turd. Colleagues of mine called it the best support show in years, and that isn't anything I'd argue with. You could sniff another great Hammersmith night as soon as the Skids went up to their roar.

Vain first met Lemmy Lemster the 12th, who in turn introduced the band to a hero of theirs, the charming Robert Plant. They even witnessed a good, old insult from Lem, as Plant assured everyone he'd be back in two minutes. "Planty," gravelled Lem, "yer nothin' but a big woman!" before murmuring to me that Plant wouldn't be seen again—which he wasn't. Can't teach an old dog new tricks. The Skids then called for a jam involving Vain, Lemster and Steve Harris and Nicko McBrain from Iron Maiden—two more heroes for the scrapbook. By this time, joy was running pretty damn high, and judging by the oohs and aahs when the whole thing was over, I had to look around and make sure I wasn't in some high-class pleasure dome or something. Jeez, all poor old Tommy Rickard could do was look at me, say, "I jammed with Lemmy. Steve Harris told me he thinks we're good," and get shit-faced. "I didn't think those guys could give a shit about what we do," sighed Tommy, showing that not only was that false, but that Steve and Nicko obviously still know a decent thing when they hear it.

After-show lig/party? But of course, Lemmola having to lead us all to this curry house over Hammersmith bridge where there were an awful lot of people. I got a few beers, sat down and watched Davy and Sebastian pose for everybody's cameras with the Maidens and Motorheads and others milling around, including Lou Gramm. It really was a great thing to watch a young band with a major deal get so excited and jacked up about an evening like this. Reminds us all that, regardless of what band hates the other and who's punching who at peace festivals, this whole damn thing should actually be fun.

The Skids flew back to a month off before their U.S. tour with Aerosmith. Vain? Hellooo, Cleveland . . . . "Fans are cool in places like that though," states Davy, "and in the smaller towns around there where there's nothing to do. It can be so quiet in some of these places that you wonder just what you'd do if you lived there. Even the girls. I mean, we're not this totally mindless band. We don't say, 'C'mere, bitch . . . . Okay, we're through, now get outta here.' If I spend the night with a chick, I wanna talk to her, ask about her life too. And sometimes that can be kinda depressing. You're listening to these stories from hot chicks that'd have great jobs or be models or somethin' on the West Coast, but they're in these really weird situations, and their lives just aren't geared that way. You think to yourself how wild it is that some people are in that way of life forever. I mean, we just get up the next day, get on our bus and leave for the next show. . . . But it's not all as heavy as that," Davy laughs. "Let me assure you that the chicks and sex and parties and fun to be had is absolutely everything you hear and read about." He walks off grinning the grin of a man who's investing some serious time in this research. One day you'll read the book!

Skid Row/Vain was a tour of great success, confirming the Skids' international hugeness and standing Vain as maybe the next to take that spotlight. I shit you not, and even if you still don't quite believe me when I tell you Vain will be there, you can't argue with sold-out British halls and vociferous responses. The kids' vote is always the strongest. †

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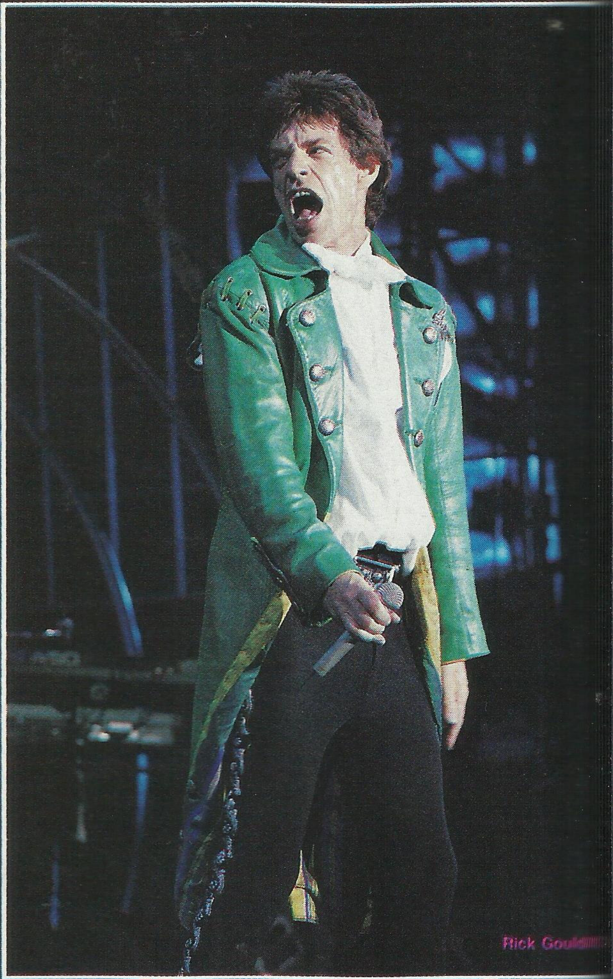
ROLLING STONES

A RIP EXCLUSIVE BY DEL JAMES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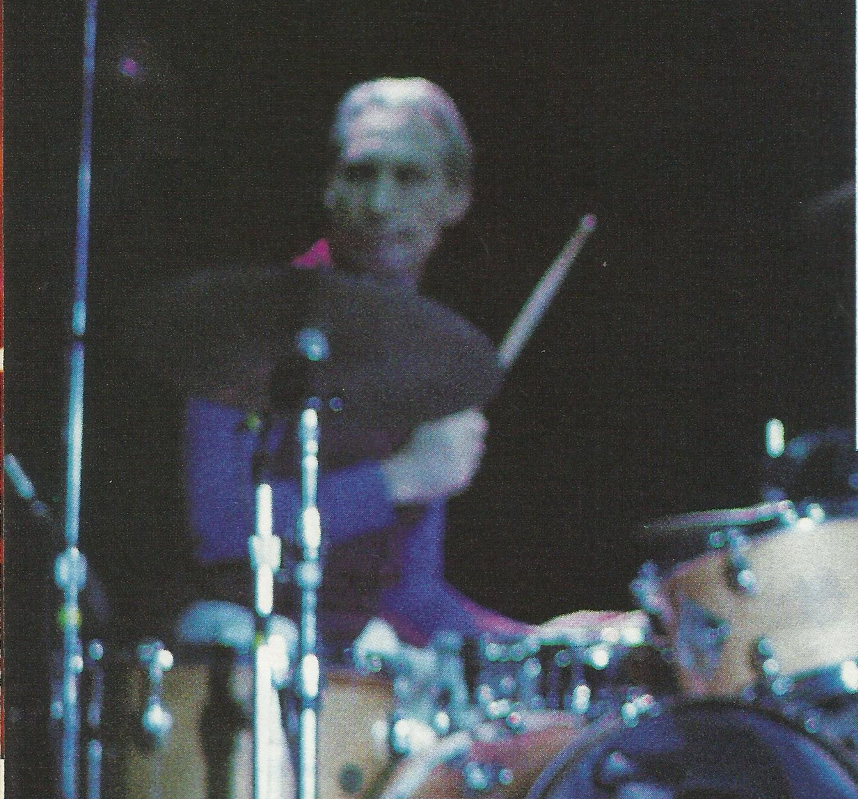
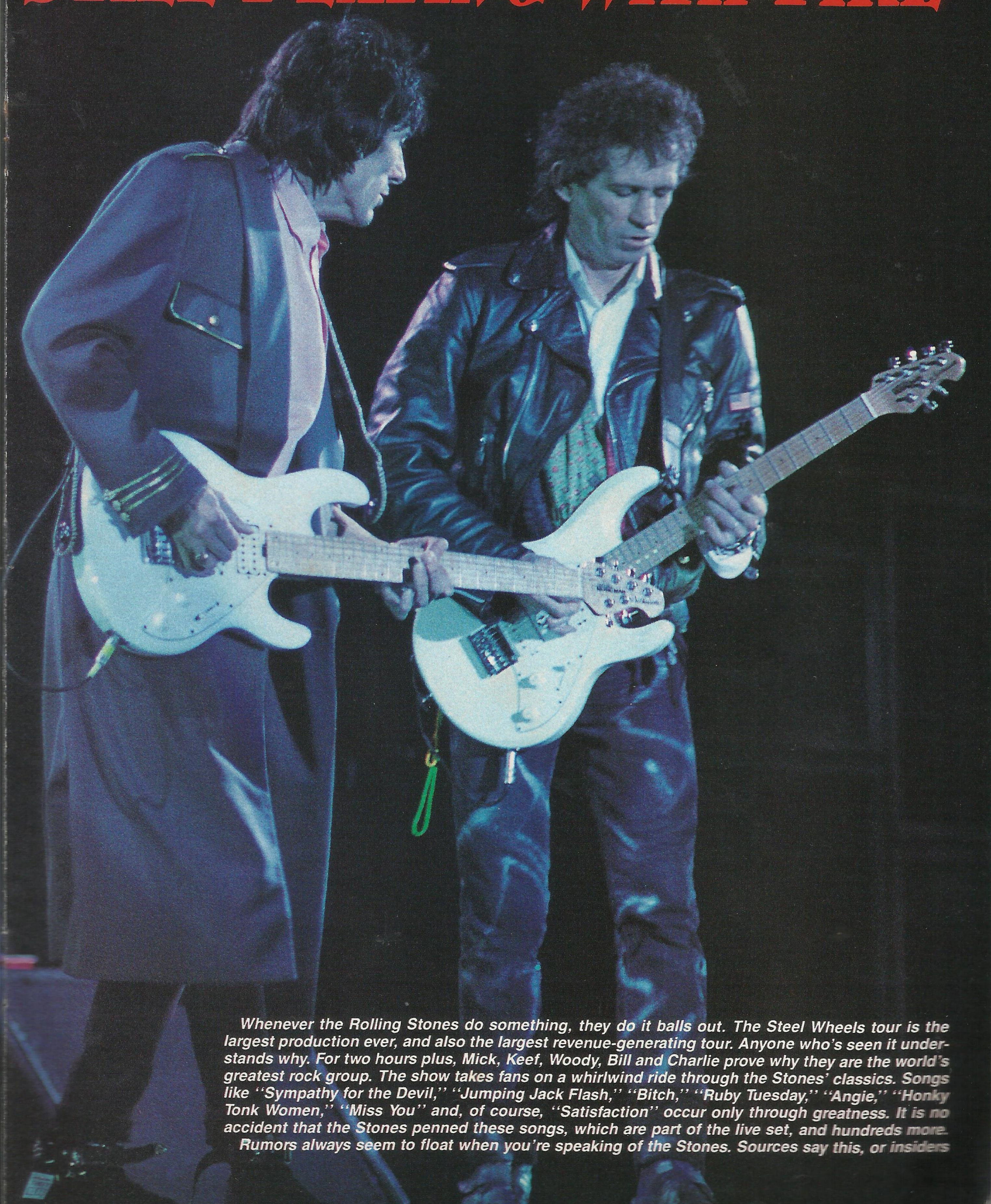


This Dallas place is strange, especially to an outsider. After spending the past five years in the heart of Hollyweird, anyplace else, with the exception of New York or London, is uncomfortable. It's too clean cut, and there's absolutely nothing here. Who cares? The plane touched down safely, and my connection came through. In a matter of hours I'm going to interview the Rolling Stones. Actually, I'm scheduled to rap with Ron Wood and Keith Richards.

The hotel is close enough to the venue to give me a chance to get out of sweats and into pants. I gotta admit I'm nervous. This is the Stones, the most important rock group to date. This is the band that set the standards, then shattered 'em.

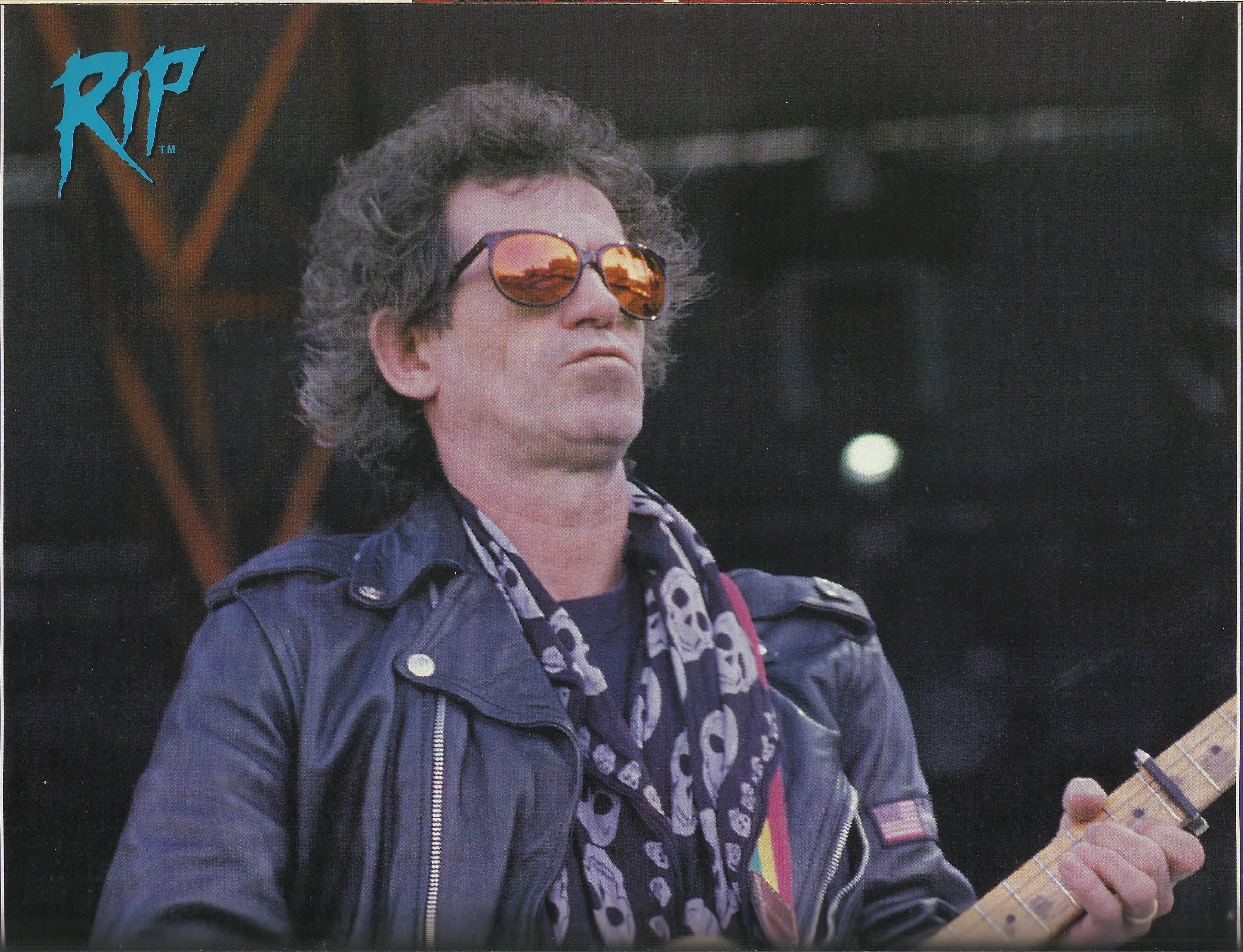
Rick Gou

STILL PLAYING WITH FIRE



Whenever the Rolling Stones do something, they do it balls out. The Steel Wheels tour is the largest production ever, and also the largest revenue-generating tour. Anyone who's seen it understands why. For two hours plus, Mick, Keef, Woody, Bill and Charlie prove why they are the world's greatest rock group. The show takes fans on a whirlwind ride through the Stones' classics. Songs like ‘‘Sympathy for the Devil,’’ ‘‘Jumping Jack Flash,’’ ‘‘Bitch,’’ ‘‘Ruby Tuesday,’’ ‘‘Angie,’’ ‘‘Honky Tonk Women,’’ ‘‘Miss You’’ and, of course, ‘‘Satisfaction’’ occur only through greatness. It is no accident that the Stones penned these songs, which are part of the live set, and hundreds more.

Rumors always seem to float when you're speaking of the Stones. Sources say this, or insiders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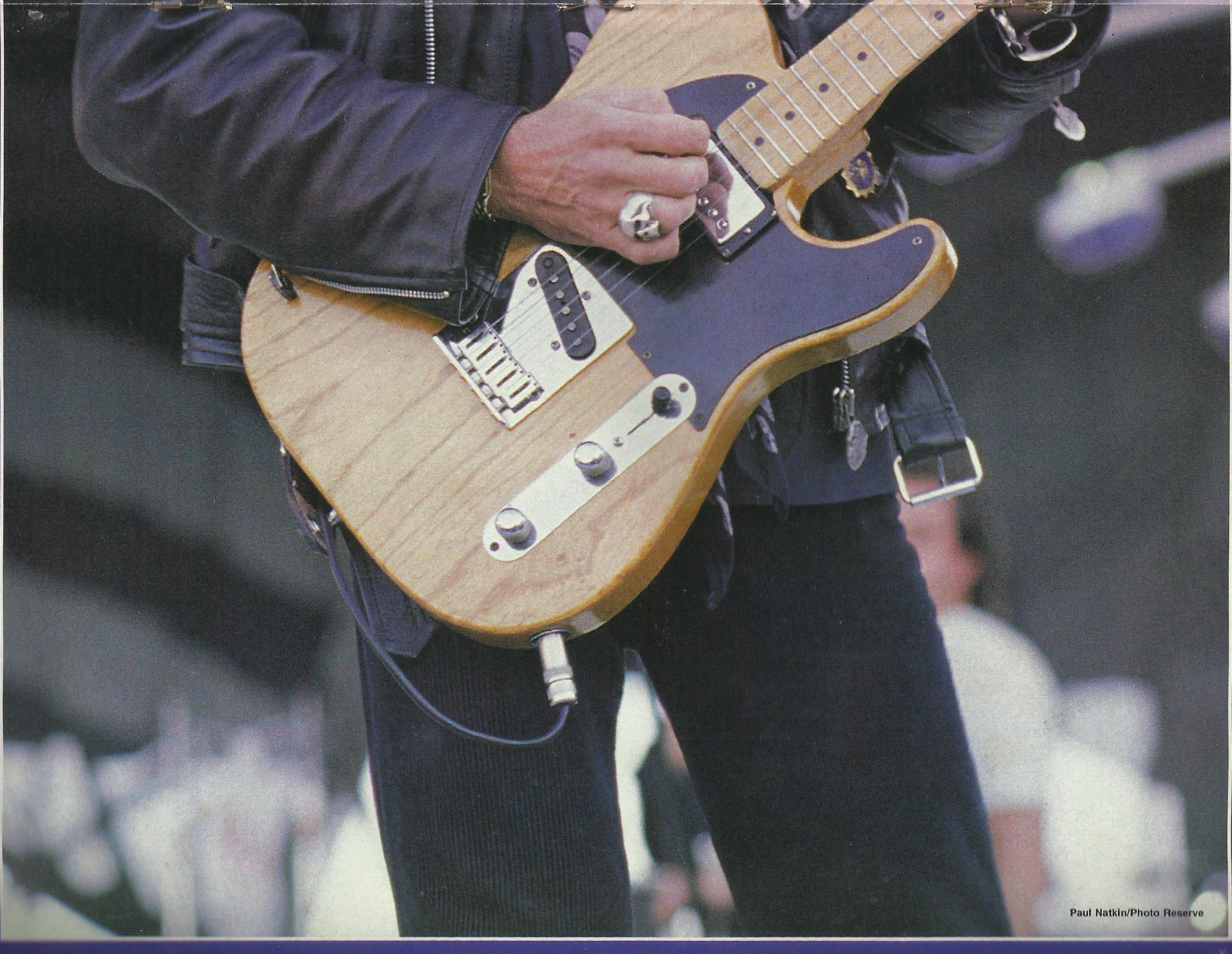

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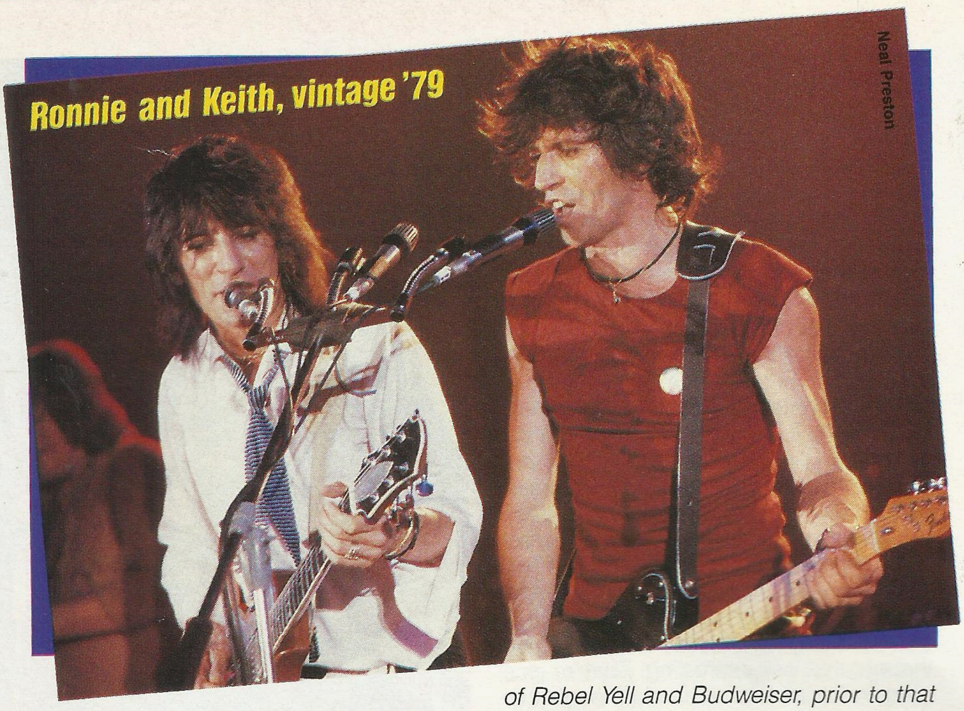

Ronnie and Keith, vintage '79

Neal Preston

say that. . . . The atmosphere backstage is casual. Jagger is off in a corner, joking with Living Colour guitarist Vernon Reid. Bandmembers and entourage are shuffling along, having a drink or smoke. Former Faces member Ronnie Lane (whom Jagger will later dedicate "Little Red Rooster" to) is present. Woody and Keith are cheating one another in pool. This is quite a contrast to the decadent image one used to associate with the Stones. This backstage party is more like a casual cocktail party with friends. Then again, these Rolling Stones are a lot more mature and have aged gracefully. The following interview was conducted in a tuning room, between sips of Rebel Yell and Budweiser, prior to that night's performance at the Cotton Bowl.

RIP: The Rolling Stones are so important to so many fans that the obvious question everyone wants to know is, What is the future for the Rolling Stones after the Steel Wheels tour?

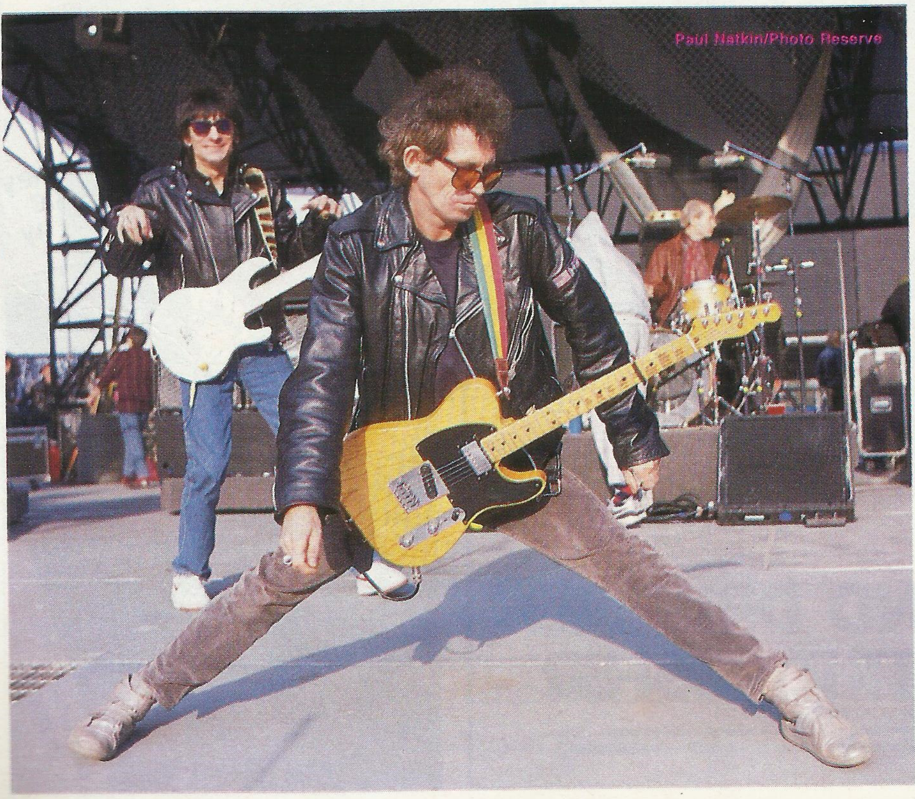
KEITH RICHARDS: Who am I? Nostradamus? [Laughs] All I can say is, I can't see us not carrying on from here. It certainly doesn't appear to me that this is a last-burst-of-glory sort of thing. It's more like chapter two. There's a feeling that the Rolling Stones are still looking for the Rolling Stones, that we can hit an ultimate somewhere. I think that the only way you can keep a band together is to go for it, and there's certainly that feeling in this band. The band's playing good. We're feeling good with each other. I've worked with these guys for 20-odd years. They've always loved what they do, but I've never seen 'em as dedicated professionally as this year. The amount of detail and the amount of work that the guys have put into this year certainly doesn't feel like it's a last fling. I can tell when this band is enjoying itself or when it's stale. I'm enjoying it, which is great.

RON WOOD: It's cookin'! I've been enjoying the shit out of it. I see it continuing to climb, grow. I feel very responsible to the kids to deliver them the best yet. It's real easy to go out an' give them a half-baked show and do it only for the money. We're not like that. We really researched—right from "Come On Up" to every track on *Steel Wheels*—at rehearsals for this tour. The potential of songs we could use consisted of about 70 songs. The songs we do use is about 29, and I think we do 27 a night. This being our second show at the Cotton Bowl, we're gonna do "Angie" and "Red Rooster" tonight. Last night was unusual, because it was the first time this tour we did "Ruby Tuesday," "Playing With Fire" and "Dead Flowers" all in one set. Sometimes we leave "Harlem Shuffle" out, which I really don't like doing. We interchange "Harlem Shuffle" with "One Hit [to the Body]." I'm very conscientious about delivering the best show possible every night to all the people who turn out, all the different generations.

K.R.: When I was 20 years old, a rock 'n' roll show was 20 minutes long. I grew up in the years of going to the Paramount and seeing Joe Tex, the Isley Brothers, Curtis Mayfield and the Impressions, and Otis Redding all in one show, in one night. Everybody would just do 15 minutes. Now I'm almost 46, and we're performing the longest show the Stones have ever done in their lives. It's weird, having watched this thing grow up all along. Of course, this year was very satisfying for me. We were able to kick-start the Stones again.

RIP: Having seen the show several times during this tour, the onstage vibe, which appears to be a good one, transcends all the way back in the largest of stadiums. It's magical. Are the Stones as happy as it appears?

K.R.: I had to go through some shit at certain points of my life, but I've been playing in a great band for 25 years. We've made some good records, and we've made some bad ones, but we've made a lot of good ones. I always loved playing "Jumping Jack Flash." It's so uncomplicated. I think "Sympathy for the Devil," "Honky Tonk Women," "Brown Sugar" and "Street Fighting Man" are great songs. There's none I don't want to play. I mean, the Rolling Stones' sound—the two guitars, that incredible-looking rhythm section [laughs]. I can't explain the chemistry of it. Now we're back playing, getting paid a helluva lot of money to play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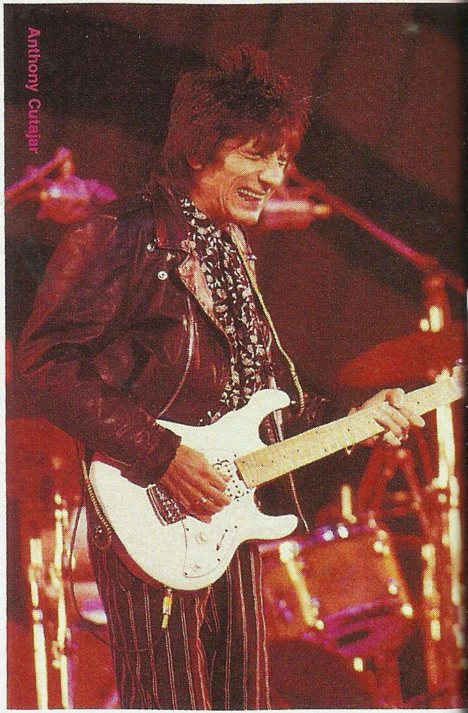
Anthony Cutajar

our songs. To be a grouch in this position, you'd really have to be an asshole.

RIP: Even with the incredible success of the tour, rumors regarding hostility or animosity between Keith and Mick always manage to find press. How are you two getting along?

K.R.: It's a funny thing. When Mick and I are working, there's absolutely no tension, except for things you'd normally expect—I'm too loud onstage or whatever. Mick and I can recognize a roll and a rumbling before it occurs. The only possible flash point would have been during the first or second day that we got together to write songs to make an album. We figured if we could get through those 48 hours together, and obviously we did, everything would work out. And here we are, getting it on.

R.W.: I must take a bit of credit for putting the two back together on the phone. Just prior to the meeting where the group decided to get back together and go on the road again, I had this call from Mick, and he was saying, "Well, how do you think Keith is?" I said, "Well, I just spoke to him. Here's the number where he is; why don't you ring him, then ring me back?" Mick said, "No, he'll just bite my head off." I said, "No, ring him up, then ring me straight back after." Anyway, sure enough, he did, and he did ring me back—which is pretty amazing, since Mick hates the phone—and he said, "It went great, Woody!" I said, "Well, that's all I can hope for, that you two get talking again." Before I knew it, they were back close again, like you can see now. What I've always loved about this band is, they don't let anything sit and fester. They always bring it out. In some bands, that's the undoing of them. They'll let things fester and rot, and you'll never see them again.

RIP: When the Steel Wheels tour rolled into the Los Angeles Coliseum for four sold-out nights, you added another band to the bill, Guns N' Roses. Why did that happen, and what was having Guns N' Roses open for you like?

K.R.: It was originally going to be three shows, then it turned into four. L.A.'s a big town, and Guns N' Roses are a really top-line act. We went with them mostly because they, to us, appeared to have been elected by the public more so than by the record companies or hype or media. They had a hard time getting their records on the radio, their videos on MTV. They got them there because the people demanded it. We thought that was interesting. They're nice guys and an interesting band. I thought that guy [Axl] better not step off the stage too many times. They sounded good and were great openers. It's not an easy thing opening for the Stones, you know. Ask Prince.

RIP: What was the period of Rolling Stones inactivity ['85-'89] like?

R.W.: That really hurt Keith, and no one heard anyone else in the Stones voice an opinion. I was hurt, but I didn't give up on the fact that we would get back together again. I always believed we had to get back together, because the Stones are not just a band—it's an institution! It has to keep going. I always believed we'd get back together about now.

K.R.: You don't find two great bands in one lifetime. I've got the Stones and the X-

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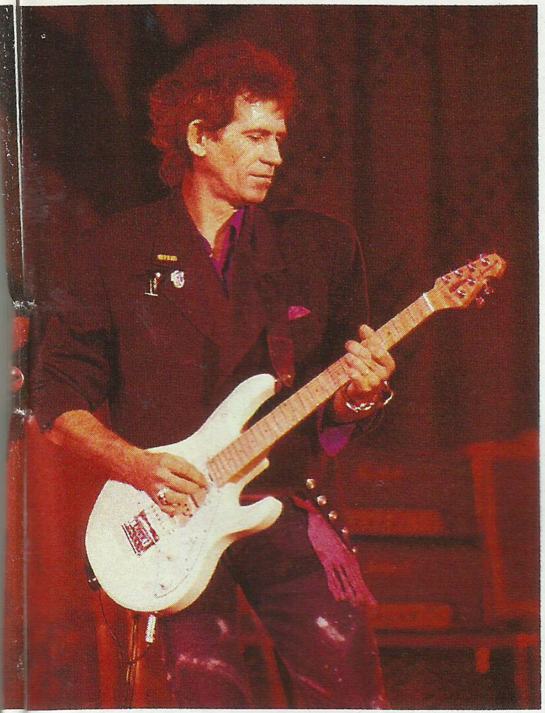

Pensive Winos. One is a miracle; two means you're truly blessed. Those guys [Winos] are part of the reason I was able to come into this thing with my chops together. I'm still contracted to do two solo records, and I want to keep that pretty much the same. They gave me a lot of confidence. Seeing things from a different perspective for two or three years helped me—helped Mick—bring the Stones back into proper focus.

R.W.: Touring with Bo Diddley helped me keep my chops together between Stones work. He's got a great sense of humor and is real easy to work with. That was so rewarding. I also did a few shows with Chuck [Berry]. I couldn't have done a film like Keith did; I wouldn't have had the patience. But I get on great with Chuck. In fact, when *Hail! Hail! Rock 'n' Roll* came out, I was in the cinema in Leicester Square for the English premiere. I'm there in the dark, and I hear, "Pssst, hey, Woody!" It's Chuck in the back row with this little white girl on his lap. He was giggling and nudging me all the way through, saying, "Oh, I shouldn't have said that." [Laughs] He was great.

RIP: The Rolling Stones is a band that, to be frank, is larger than life. There's a mystique about the Stones, and part of that has to do with the outlaw imagery of the group and, more specifically, the Keith Richards image.

K.R.: Yeah, I kind of understand it, and in a way you get sucked into it. I understand the mythology of the image. If someone tried to pretend to be like that, they'd be found out like that [snaps fingers]. There's a certain amount of truth in there [grins]. I must admit that sometimes I pull the Keith Richards act if I want to get out of something.

RIP: When can Rolling Stones fans expect to see another album?

R.W.: What do you want, blood? [Laughs] Oh, my God, let me see. . . if we can do it as quickly as we did the last one, I'd say next summer, autumn, fall, whatever you call it. What we want to do is have Christmas and New Year's off, and hopefully try to keep rolling somehow.

RIP: Rock 'n' roll now, 1990, has been shaped, so to speak, by the Stones. Many great bands have been influenced and borrowed things from you guys.

K.R.: We borrowed a lot too. We figured we were a pretty hip bar band [laughs], but that was about it. Rock 'n' roll is a matter of borrowing. In a way, all musicians ever do is pass it on. Guys come up and say, "Oh, this guy's copying you." So what? I remember when I used to slavishly copy Chuck Berry, Scotty Moore and any other guitar player I heard and loved. I didn't stop until I got the licks down, and then I'd think I was great. Eventually all of that experience comes together, and you start to develop a style of your own. Sometimes I do chuckle watching MTV. You see, oh, there's the Keith Richards model.

RIP: And finally, Woody, is there ever a feeling amongst Charlie, Bill or yourself in regards to being the "other" Stones?

R.W.: When you're dealing with the Glimmer Twins, you have to give them that [laughs]. Yeah, we always have that feeling, and we always live with it. †

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GIG OF THE MONTH

Motley Crue/White Lion/Skid Row

Wembley Arena, London, England

Cold outside, hot inside. Wembley Arena, London, on a wintry night in November. Four years later, they're back—Motley Crue. The last time they were seen prancing around on an English stage, Nikki Sixx was still wearing the war-paint and taking drugs.

Times change. The last time, in fact, Motley Crue played in London, they were regarded as the newest guns in town come to shoot the place up and drive the old folks crazy. These days, however, post-rehab, Motley have acquired the unlikely status of squeaky-clean pros, and the Baddest Doods In Town award has gone to Skid Row.

by Mick Wall

With the exception of "Youth Gone Wild" and "18 and Life," the *Skid Row* album is never going to win any prizes for originality. But live, Skid Row burn like a band only can when they're still young and hungry enough to really not give a shit.

They looked and performed like headliners, and the wildly appreciative audience treated them accordingly. Next year, they *will* be headliners.

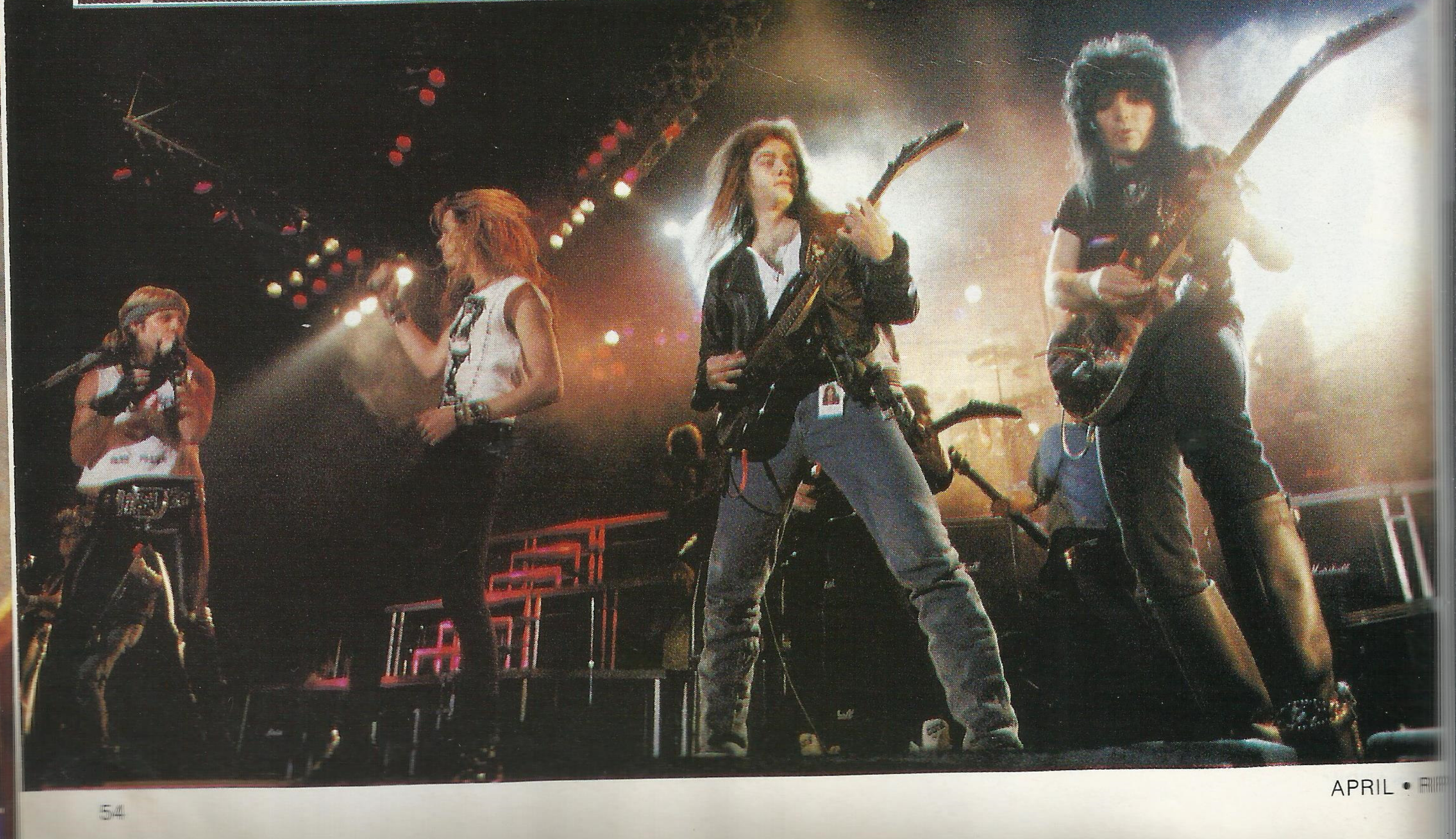
The same, unfortunately, cannot be said for White Lion. A weak new album and a dwindling reputation as a live force (at least in this country) meant they would really have to kill at Wembley to redeem themselves in the eyes of the critics. They didn't, and it's hard to see where they go from here.

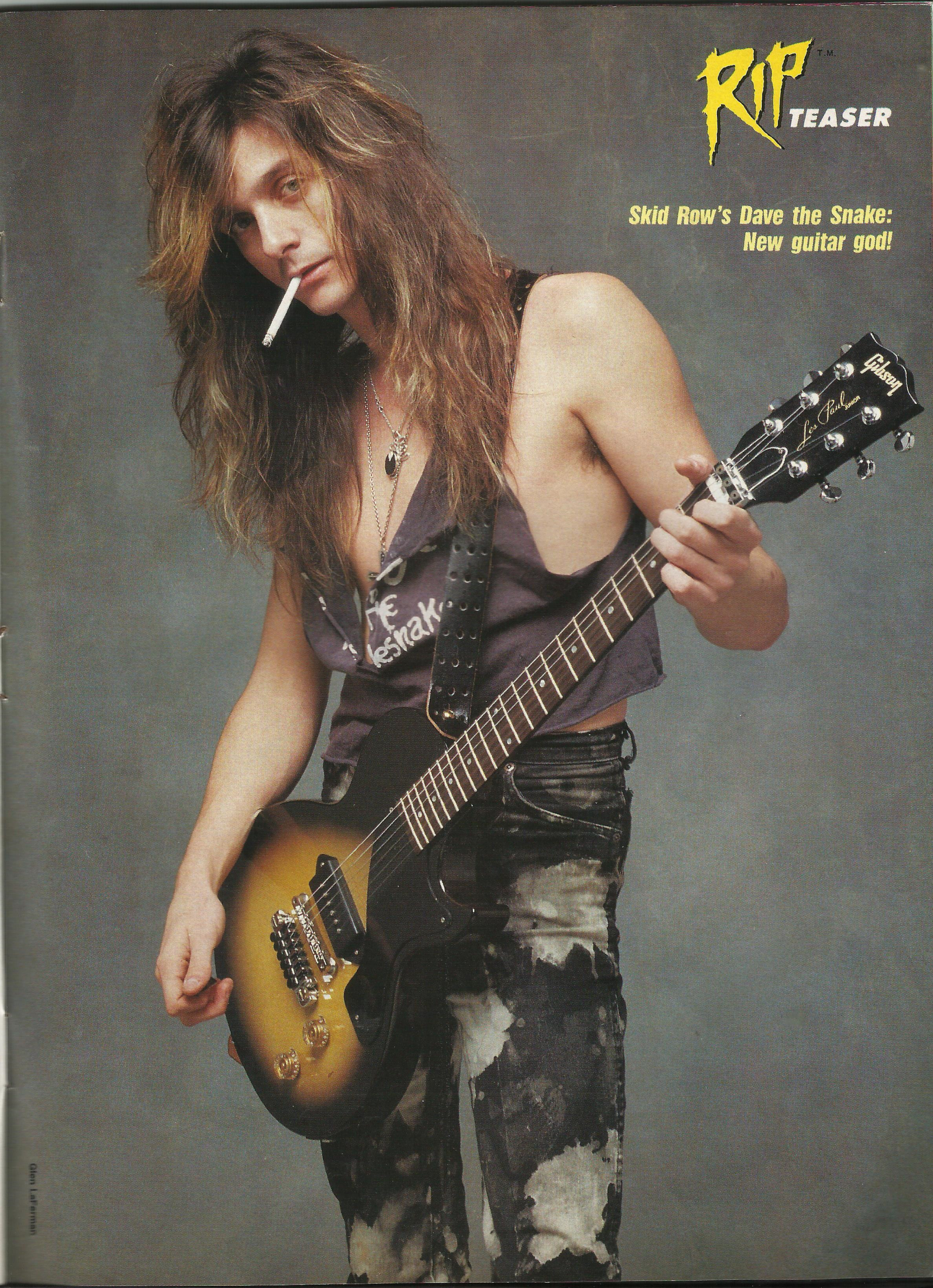
Motley, of course, were slick and professional—though it still feels kinda weird to actually say it. The set is understandably made up mostly of material from *Doctor Feelgood*, with a few choice reminders of how things used to be with down-and-dirty renditions of "Live Wire," "Red Hot" and "Shout at the Devil."

Best bit: the appearance of the Nasty Habits overdressed in skimpy white nurse outfits during "Doctor Feelgood."

Nurse, the screens. . . .

Ross Halfin/Vereecke

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RIP T.M. **TEASER**

**Skid Row's Dave the Snake:
New guitar god!**

Glen LaFerman

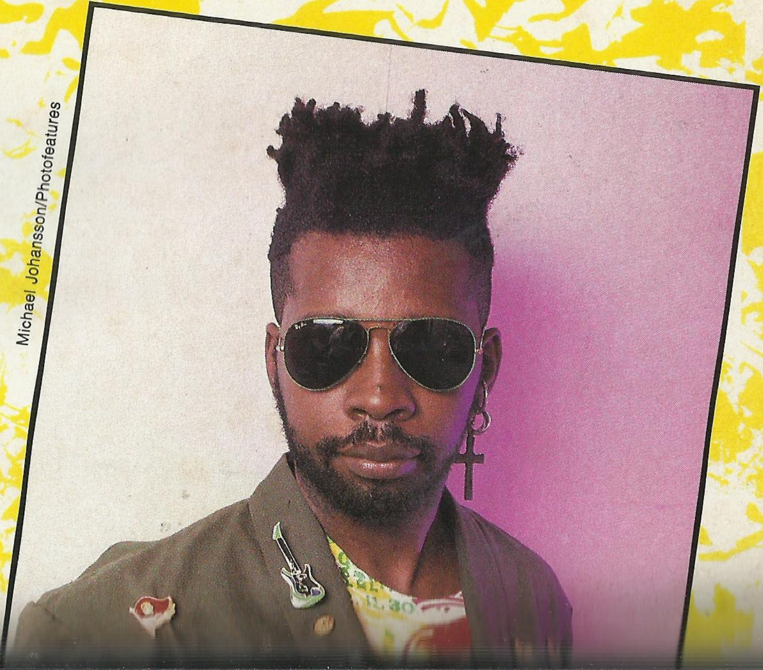
RIP

Frank White

King Diamond's Conspiracy tour is a horrorfest that can be enjoyed by the whole family. In fact, King features both his mother and his grandmother in the show. Perhaps they're not the ones he was born with but, nevertheless, he treats them like true kin—the haunting specter of Grandma inspires his murderous ways, and he chops Mom in half. King himself dies in flames at the end of the show. Does this mean we're seeing the last of King Diamond? Don't think that for a moment—just as King rises from the ashes every night to perform once again, so shall his ghostly recording career. For now, however, the Conspiracy tour is continuing in Europe, and King's second American leg will be coming in the spring.

Gene Kirkland

Fans are fans are fans, right? Not if you're GN'R's **W. Axl Rose**. Seems Mr. Rose has a rather loyal, if not downright devoted, selection o' fans. Problem is, while most of them are just anxious to write their favorite rocker, some feel Axl owes 'em something. Case in point: While hanging' at the office, RIP received a call from a semi-hysterical Axl, who was going through his fan mail. Ol' Ax could hardly control his laughter regarding a letter from "The Fly" in North Carolina. The epic letter made reference to another letter he'd written Axl, and said, "I'm sorry I asked you to buy me a Porsche. I see how ridiculous it was now." Fly, dude, you are truly a Guns N' Roses fan!


Michael Johansson/Photofeatures

RAP

Mark Leialoha

World history. . .dontcha just love it! Back when the Berlin Wall suddenly became no more than a climbing frame, and freedom for thousands to pass back and forth was finally granted, our California heroes, **Faith No More**, were present. Early reports state that the whole event was actually started by Jim Martin and Bill "Vicious Eye" Gould, who threatened another of their ten-minute, two-note hell solos unless freedom was given. Nothing but a filthy rumor as yet unproven, however Martin did have this to say: "It was pretty wild. Took us three hours to get back to our hotel from the club, and when we got there, it was just like 4th of July. Free beer, the whole shit. . . ." What some people will do for a drink. Lucky for Berliners that Jim was thirsty. The band's management have strongly denied that the band was immediately dispatched to collect pieces of the wall for a future stage set.

Every now and then the question arises, "What's happening with **Van Halen**?" Well, we were lucky enough to run into #1 VH, Eddie Van Halen, at the recent Jeff Beck/Stevie Ray Vaughan guitar onslaught at the L.A. Sports Arena. When asked what's shakin' with *his* band, Eddie sorta changed the subject. "I'm real busy producing the new Private Life LP and occasionally sitting in on guitar when the band plays local gigs," he told us. We'll continue to sniff around for *any* legit news on a future VH project. . . if there is one. . . .

You might have noticed that a lot of rockers today are concerned with the problem of racism in rock—especially the socially conscious members of **Living Colour**. When the Stones tour hit L.A., the band was forced to share the opening slot with Guns N' Roses, and some real funny vibes were exchanged on and off stage.

Living Colour's objective guitarist and founder, Vernon Reid, admits to digging GN'R in the beginning: "They were a band that I thought were really innovative in hard rock. . . and I still think Slash is a great guitarist." In the same breath, Reid voiced his disapproval to us on the PMRC's theme song "One in a Million": "Axl has a right to put what he wants on record. . . I don't like it, but I have the right to respond, and that's freedom of speech! I also believe that freedom of speech does not excuse an artist to denigrate people's humanity. . . but at the same time, I don't believe in censorship." Now, peace, y'all!

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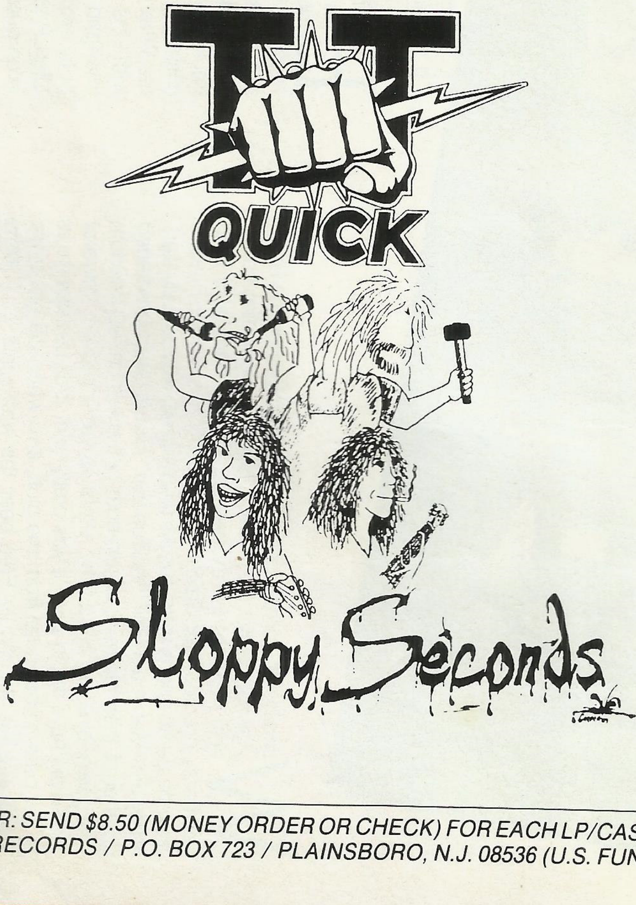

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TALKING 'BOUT A REVOLUTION

Kristin Callahan

"All I can say is, 'Living. . .who?' " joked Cro-Mags drummer Petey Hines moments before the sweaty, overpacked walls of New York City's massive Ritz exploded into a tidal wave of bristling, unkempt, naked power. The filthy towers of Babylon shook in reverence. The errant youth fell to their knees in fervid, palpitating worship. The Lion of Judah had roared once again.

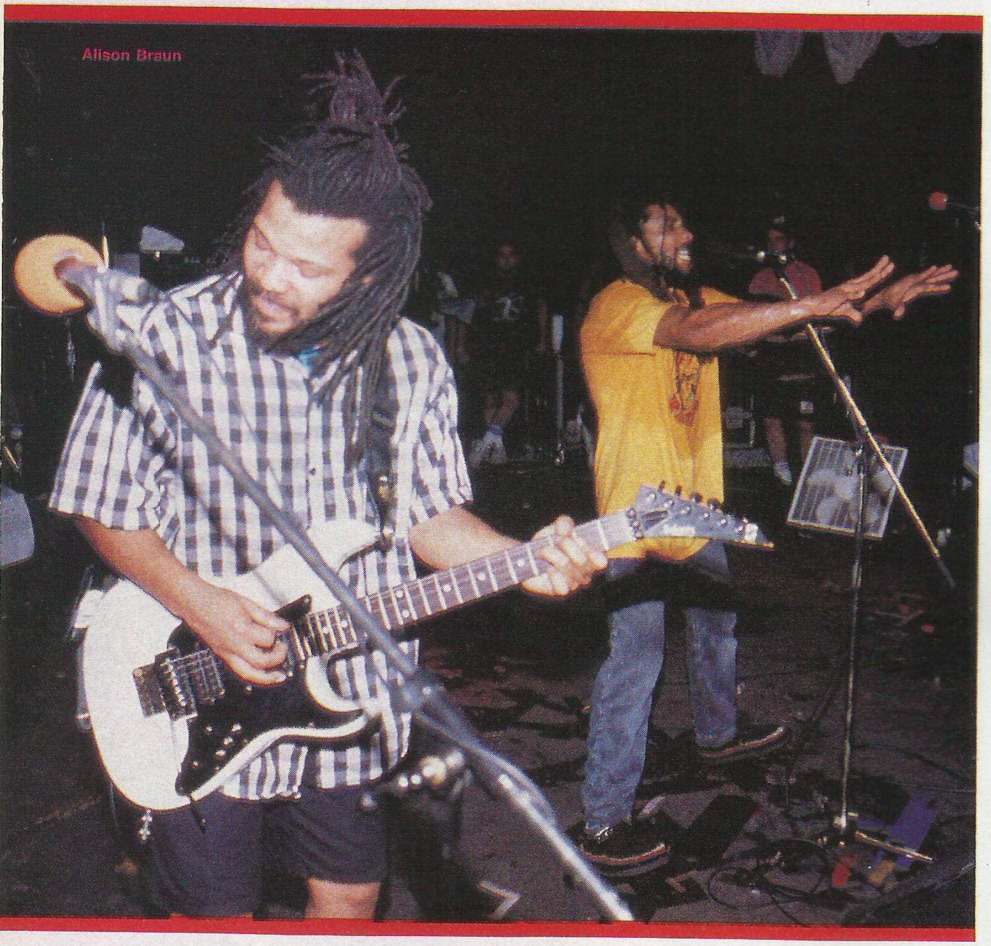
The Bad Brains had come home.

bad brains

by Mike Gitter

At long last their time has come.

If there's ever been a band, a force, to go so long unrecognized, so uncredited for shaping the face of American rock, it's them. Four jazz-rock fusionists trampling the then-tired and brittle backbone of some refurbished punk set, minus any particular attention paid to any sort of rules. Four black youths from the suburbs of Virginia who saw the ghettos of D.C. burn while life on Capitol Hill continued unblinkingly. A fierce Rastafarian battle cry; Jah-fearing gospel enshrouding the almighty PMA (Positive Mental Attitude). Roots, reggae and unblemished rage. Yeah, mon, mash it up!


Alison Braun

And the vibe, the overt influence, has certainly been felt: Fishbone, 24-7 Spyz, the Cro-Mags and, yes, Living Colour. There's an odd, perverse irony to witnessing Platoon Corporal Corey Glover leading Living Colour's unassuming crowds through a so-so rendition of ''Sailin' On''—a classic from the Brains' generation-shaping '82 *ROIR* cassette—and just a few weeks later joining in the palpitating, stagediving crowd at a L'Amour (Brooklyn) Bad Brains gig.

As intoned quite frequently by none other than Living Colour main man Vernon Reid, the foursome that gained their reputation for being ''Banned in D.C.'' are the standard, the throne, to which all others must forever bow. ''It was funny, almost gratifying, to see Corey at the show last night, moshing it up hard,'' mentions guitarist Gary ''Dr. Know'' Miller a few hours before the Bad Brains are to embark on the first leg of a tour that will span the globe and mark the release of *Quickness*, the Bad Brains' latest unfurled banner of preconception-shattering, multifaceted majesty. ''We really like Living Colour and, in fact, had them open up for us on many occasions.

''It's a compliment to hear other bands play our songs. Living Colour does 'Sailin' On'; the Spyz do 'Re-ignition.' That means us, as musicians and artists, had some kind of profound effect on other people's musical canvases. Our spirit is working through them. But what I think is more important is for others to contribute their own life experiences. We all come from different places—like Vernon says, 'Each one, teach one,' but then go your own way.''

Quite simply, why aren't the Bad Brains a household word; an impassioned, vital unit selling records up the ying-yang? By rights, and talking in a strictly utopian sense, they should be quite massive, and pshaw to the imitators, charlatans, riff-pillagers and attitude-coppers. Suckling babes, precocious upstarts in the shadow of true greatness.

Gary remains humble. ''I don't know, man, I just don't know. Everything comes in time, as Jah wills it. It hasn't been time yet and, honestly, it might never be time. My reward is having the success and influence we've had and being blessed for Jah to work through us. As far as the physical, materialistic end of things, He works it out. He takes care of His people—a little money here and there, whatever. I'm still livin', my kid's still eatin', so, hey, that's the way it works.''

They've had their share of major-label offers: once from Elektra in 1983, and from Island in '87, when vocalist HR stepped out to the bathroom and never returned moments before pen was to hit paper. No remorse at all. Y'see, the impetus, the magic ingredient in their musical maelstrom, is, quite logically, desperation.

Witness their history: They formed 'round '78 with Miller, bassist Darryl Jenifer, drummer Earl Hudson, and Paul ''HR Joseph I'' Hudson on vocals, jamming fusion and Steppenwolf covers in the proverbial basement under the moniker Mind Power. A friend introduces 'em to Sex Pistols records, and they decide to go 'em one better. By '79 they're gigging around D.C., only to get banned a few months later for inciting so-called ''riots'' among their swelling throng of fans. 1980: They release the ''Pay to Cum''/''Stay Close to Me'' 7" and discover Rastafarianism—veritable salvation for then-junkie HR. By '83 they've relocated to New York City, released the legendary *ROIR* cassette and are working on the Ric (Cars) Ocasek-produced *Rock for Light* LP while rumors persist that they've called it quits and re-formed as an all-reggae aggregation, Zion Train. In '84 they do indeed split, with HR and Earl forming the decidedly ''more spiritually inclined'' Human Rights band. By mid-'86 they re-form with a vengeance and record *I Against I* for SST. '88 sees HR and Earl once again leaving to be unsatisfactorily replaced with vocalist Taj Singleton and ex-Cro-Mags/Urban Blight man Mackie. In early '89 work commences on *Quickness*, with the departed members returning just in time to redo vocal takes. Instability is indeed their forte. Who knows, it could be what keeps the Brains so fresh, so vital, with each respective reemergence.

Yeah, the Bad Brains aren't honestly expecting anybody to roll out the proverbial red carpet. With *Quickness*, they remain true to form, signing with one of America's most-respected independent labels, Caroline. ''The majors are, for one reason or another, skeptical,'' admits Gary. ''With *I Against I* or the new record, when we were in the process of doing it, the big guys were not interested in hearing it—a lot of it had to do with them not exactly knowing how to market us, since we've never exactly been considered mainstream music. What can I say? We've always been a bit ahead of the ballgame. Luckily, we've been at this so long that we know our business and felt it was more worthwhile to deal with people on our level. Caroline just had the right sort of vibe for us.''

Quickness? What are they talkin' 'bout? The all-out attack brand of 100% undiluted USDA-approved thrash destined to make the likes of Slayer look sluggish in comparison? Nope, they did that years ago.

(continued on page 93)

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____ **NEW KIDS ON BLOCK** ____
____ GRAFFITI ____
____ GROUP ____
____ LIVE ____
____ ROADSIGN ____
____ COLLAGE (XXXL only) ____
____ GROUP-TRAIN TRACK ____
____ SNEAKERS (NEON) ____
____ TUXEDO PHOTO ____
____ CHRISTMAS SNAPSHOTS ____
OZZY
____ THORNS-NO REST... ____
____ THRONE-NO REST... ____
____ OZZY IS... ____
____ GUITAR PLAYER ____
____ **OZZY & LITA** ____
OVERKILL
____ HERE COMES CHALEY ____
____ WORLD TOUR ____
POISON
____ SCREAM ____
____ SAY AAH ____
____ BLOW YOUR MIND ____
____ GROUP (WHITE) ____
____ GROUP (BLACK) ____
____ WHISKEY BOTTLE ____
____ POSSESSED-HORROR ____
POWERMAD
____ ABSOLUTE POWER ____
QUEENSRYCH
____ MIND CRIME ____
____ GROUP ____
RIGOR MORTIS
____ DIE IN PAIN ____
____ DON'T SKIMP ON MEAT ____
RATT
____ GROUP-REACH FOR SKY ____
____ REACH FOR SKY LOGO ____
____ **SUICIDAL TENDENCIES** ____
____ **LOGO** ____
____ **JOIN THE ARMY** ____
SKID ROW
____ YOUTH GONE WILD ____
____ PIECE OF ME ____
____ **SCORPIONS**-LOGO ____
S.O.D.
____ MACHINE GUN ____
____ LOGO ____

QTY SHIRT SIZE
SACRED REICH
____ SURF NICARAGUA ____
____ **SCORPIONS**-LOGO ____
SCHOOL OF VIOLENCE
____ SKULL GRADUATE ____
SLAYER
____ DEMON HEAD ____
____ SOUTH OF HEAVEN ____
____ IWO JIMA ____
____ SLAYTANIC WEHRMACHT ____
____ **SWORD**-LOGO ____
____ **SEA HAGS**-MERMAID ____
STONES
____ STEEL WHEELS ____
____ TONGUE ____
____ T.N.T.-LOGO ____
THE ACCUSED
____ MARTHA SPLATTERHEAD ____
TESTAMENT
____ DISCIPLES OF WATCH ____
____ PRACTICE-PREACH ____
TESLA
____ LOGO ____
____ TOUR-GROUP ____
VIXEN
____ ALBUM ____
____ GROUP ____
____ LOGO ____
____ **WASP** ____
____ SKULL & BAND ____
____ FOREVER FREE ____
WARRANT
____ STINKING RICH ____
____ GROUP ____
WINGER
____ LOGO ____
____ GROUP ____
WHIPLASH
____ INSULT TO INJURY ____
WHITE LION
____ PRIDE TOUR ____
____ ROCK N ROAR ____
____ BIG GAME ____
____ CHESS ____
ZEPPELIN
____ PHYSICAL GRAFFITI ____
____ BLIMP ____
____ STAIRWAY ____
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____ CONSPIRACY ____
____ **LA GUNS** VAMPIRES ____
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____ EXPRESS TOUR ____
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____ ALBUM ____
____ **HANOI ROCKS** GROUP ____
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____ GUITAR ____
____ **TOXIC** THINK THIS ____
DARK ANGEL
____ CAFFEINE MACHINE ____
____ **THE FRONT** LOGO ____
ANIMAL LOGIC
____ ALBUM ____

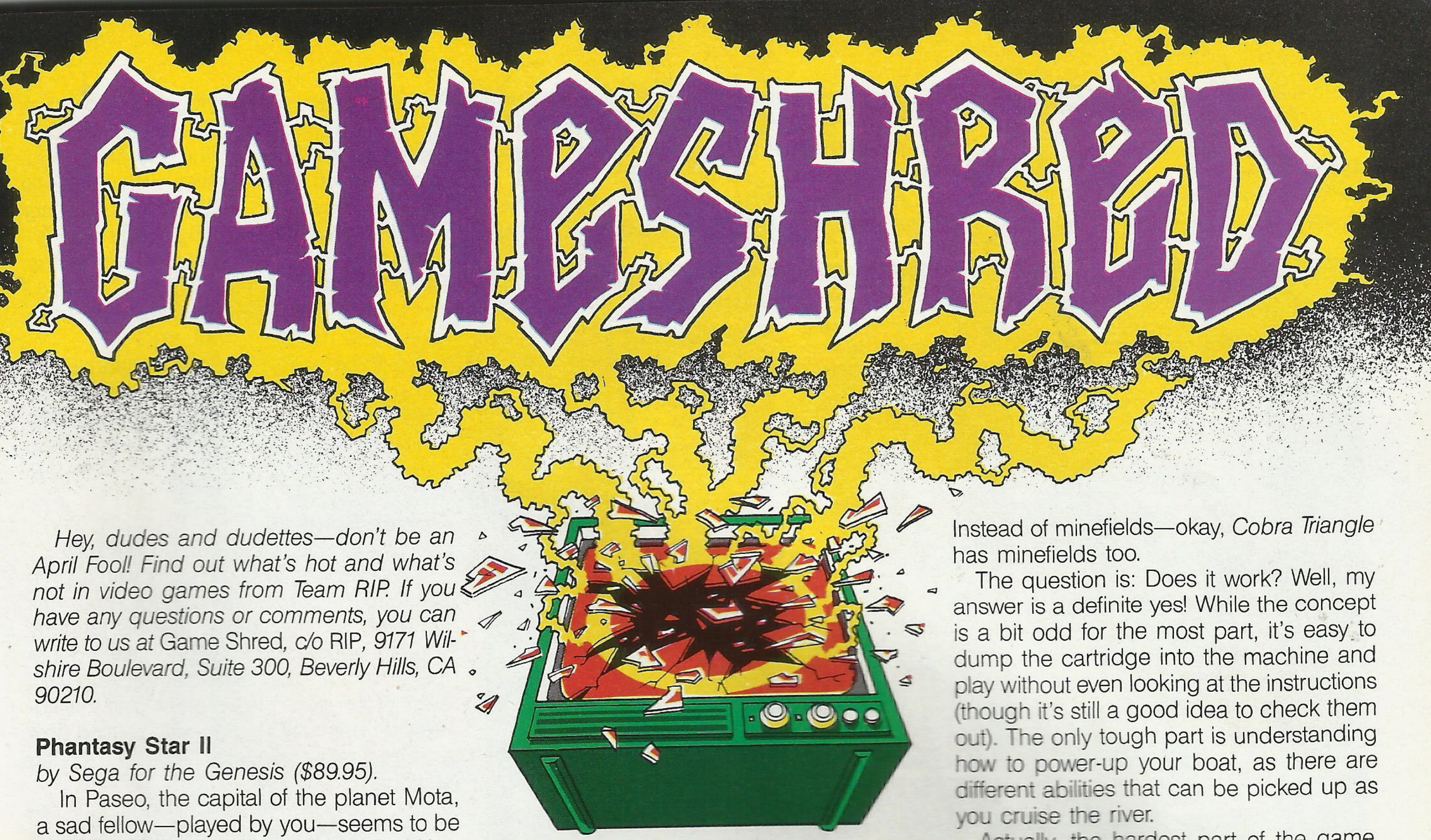
RIP T.M.

TEASER

Coverdale:
A man for the '90s.

Peter Cronin/Photofeatures

GAMESHRED



Edited by Team RIP

Hey, dudes and dudettes—don't be an April Fool! Find out what's hot and what's not in video games from Team RIP. If you have any questions or comments, you can write to us at Game Shred, c/o RIP, 9171 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.

Phantasy Star II

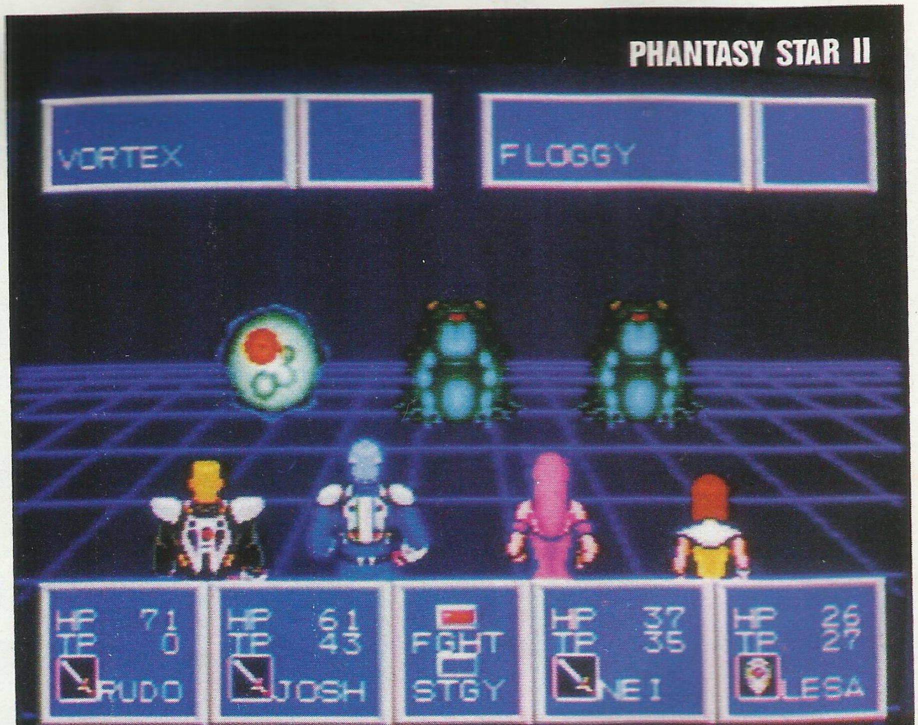
by Sega for the Genesis ($89.95).

In Paseo, the capital of the planet Mota, a sad fellow—played by you—seems to be having bad dreams every night of a girl being attacked by a nasty beast. Surely The Mother Brain, the master computer that looks after all the residents of the futuristic Mota, takes care of things, but recently your world has been filled with misfortune and monsters: no rainfall, bad guys who steal money and giant bugs that attack you. Your mission is to find the Biosystems lab and retrieve the data contained there to see what is causing all this.

Sega Master System owners will no doubt remember the epic *Phantasy Star*, one of the few FRPGs (Fantasy Role Playing Game) that have been released for the latest videogame consoles. But this new chapter in the Genesis story will grab FRPG players' attention.

The creatures you battle along your trek—bees, wasps, mosquitos, poisonous snakes and fire ants, among others—are gnarly-looking, and it's up to you to gather a party of combatants, build up your strength and money reserve (to acquire weapons and protection) and complete the mission at hand. *Phantasy Star II* will take some time to solve, so the cartridge contains battery back-up to allow the saving of up to four different games for reentry. The main character in the battle is also personalized with whatever name you choose to give him.

If you are into arcade blastathons, then you'd be better off with Genesis games like *Truxton, Thunder Force II* and *Golden Axe*. But if you like to sit back to strategize your way through various puzzles, then pick up a copy of *Phantasy Star II*. —*L.E.*



PHANTASY STAR II

Cobra Triangle

by Nintendo for the Nintendo Entertainment System ($34.95).

This one is a little weird, gang. While most of the games released for the NES are shoot-'em-ups—usually involving some alien attack or the previously mentioned royal-family kidnapping—Nintendo's *Cobra Triangle* puts you behind the wheel of a Cobra Class speedboat. Instead of laser blasts and black holes, it's whirlpools, swamp dragons and enemy boats bent on your destruction through 25 different levels. Instead of damsels in distress, you've got swimmers threatened with being kidnapped from the water. Instead of minefields—okay, *Cobra Triangle* has minefields too.

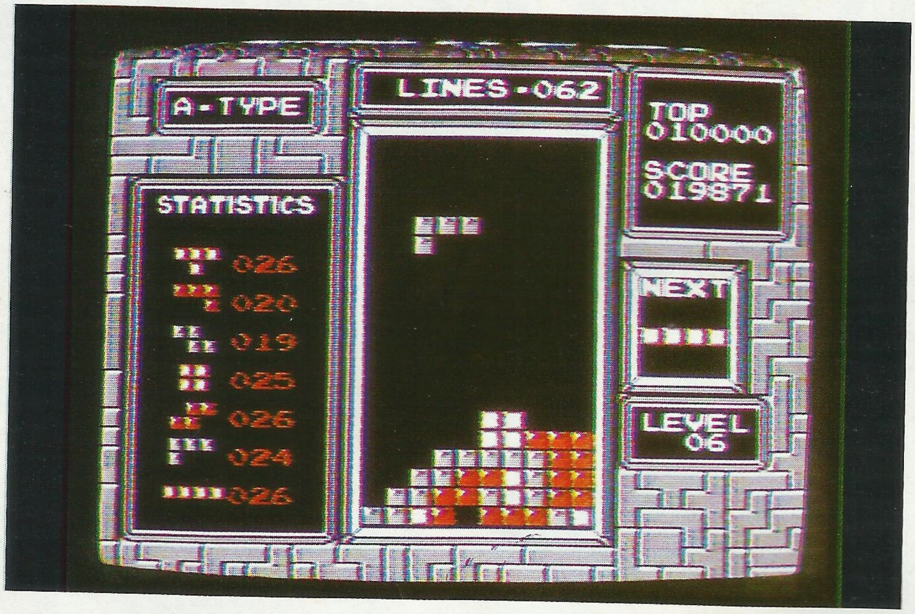
The question is: Does it work? Well, my answer is a definite yes! While the concept is a bit odd for the most part, it's easy to dump the cartridge into the machine and play without even looking at the instructions (though it's still a good idea to check them out). The only tough part is understanding how to power-up your boat, as there are different abilities that can be picked up as you cruise the river.

Actually, the hardest part of the game, once you understand the gameplay, is how to control your boat. The "B" button is the accelerator, and the "A" button fires weapons—but have you ever tried holding down one button and firing with another while steering with the directional control? It's not easy—in fact, it's just about impossible with the standard NES control pad. It's a lot easier using a joystick like the NES Advantage.

Beyond that, *Cobra Triangle* is a decent cartridge with a ton of action. But the best feature is that it's easy to play, without a shitload of reading first. —*L.E.*

Tetris

by Nintendo for the Nintendo Entertainment System ($34.95).



If you haven't heard the name *Tetris* by now, you must've spent your last year in a cave. This innovative puzzle game from Russia has appeared on all computer and video-game systems since its introduction in 1987, but has also sparked lawsuits between Nintendo and Tengen over licensing rights for the NES version. Though the Tengen version hit the streets first, Nintendo took the issue to court and won a preliminary decision that took the Tengen cart off store shelves and cleared the way for Nintendo's own *Tetris* to come out.

To quickly explain the gameplay, *Tetris* involves seven geometric shapes dropping into a bin. Your job is to rotate and move the pieces in an effort to complete rows of blocks, which will remove that "line" from the board. As the game goes on, the play speeds up, pressing you to make quicker decisions. This is not the type of game that you want to play after a night of partying—you want to be at your best.

While there isn't much that you can do with the game of *Tetris* to make it stand out, Nintendo seems to have done all that they can to make their version major-league suck. While the computer versions added pictures to the edges to lighten the appearance, Nintendo has put *Tetris* pieces together as a background. Hang on a sec—it's hard to type while I'm yawning. . . .

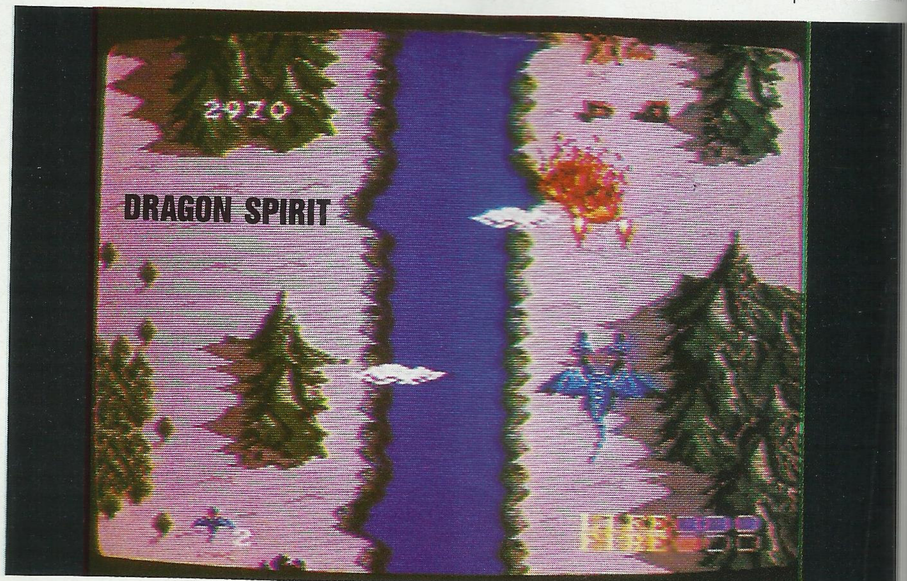
They also make it hard to play for any length of time by speeding up the falling of the pieces after you complete a few levels. It's not long before you get a severe brain cramp trying to put pieces in place, rather than leaving all sorts of holes in your stack. Also, most other *Tetris*es color-code the pieces so you can tell at a glance what is dropping, but Nintendo screws that all up by changing colors at the ends of rounds.

There is a term in the computer world that refers to a program that's easy to understand, learn and use: user-friendly. Nintendo's *Tetris* isn't user-friendly, but is what I'll call *loser-friendly*. A word of advice: If you can find Tengen's *Tetris* anywhere, pick it up, throw it in your machine and see what *real* NES *Tetris* is all about. —*L.E.*

Rescue

by Kemco/Seika for the Nintendo Entertainment System ($39.95).

Terrorists are on the loose and have taken hostages. What'cha gonna do? Blast 'em!



And Kemco/Seika's *Rescue* gives you every opportunity to do just that, in glorious living color. This game isn't a mindless shoot-'em-up, but instead puts you in charge of a SWAT team that must be deployed around the perimeter of the embassy. This first step is difficult enough, as you dodge searchlights and bullets by hiding in the doorways of the surrounding buildings. After that is accomplished, a chopper comes down with reinforcements who must rappel down the side of the embassy and in through the windows.

Finally, a map is shown so you can canvass the three floors for the bad guys. Plugging one of these nasties with your rifle actually shows him crumbling to the floor with a bloodstained wound. When you finish the game—having rescued all the hostages and eliminating the terrorists—you'll get a rating based on how quickly you completed the mission and such.

Now, we aren't the faint-at-heart, so a game like this really gives you the chance to blast the living crap out of some baddies. Take my word for it: *Rescue* is lots of fun. —*L.E.*

Dragon Spirit

by NEC for the TurboGrafx-16 ($45.00).

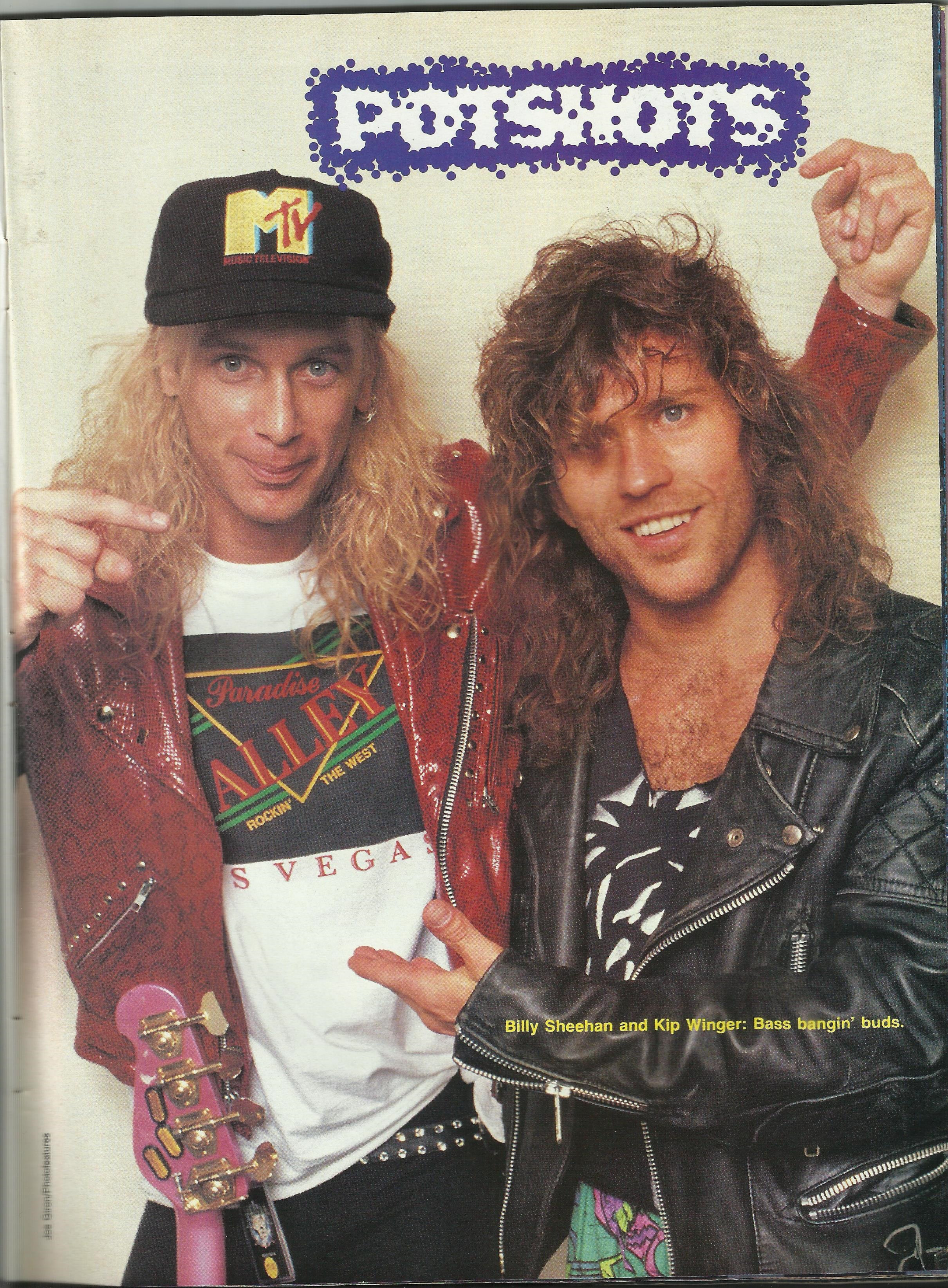
Okay, we'll let NEC get away with a lame scenario for *Dragon Spirit*. Poor Amur has suddenly awoken to find that his formerly youthful appearance has been altered into the form of a flying blue dragon. And we'll even let them use the worn-out "find the kidnapped princess/king/queen" routine (this time it's another princess, Alicia, who's been snatched).

The reason we're so light on NEC is because *Dragon Spirit* is a totally ripping game that shows off the capabilities of the TurboGrafx-16 console: It has hot music, loads of color, smooth animation and a difficulty level that keeps improvement just in reach. But most of all, it's a tough game that should test the mettle of a hard-core gamer to the max.

As you cruise the skies, you have to blast air targets (like the firebird and pterosaurs) with your dragon breath, and eliminate ground creatures (like the poisonous begonias and c-serpents) with fireball bombs. Additionally, you can find power-ups in flashing enemies and ground-based eggs that will increase your firepower and add up to two more heads to your dragon!

This eight-level contest will provide a lot of challenge to all gamers, though some impatient players will get frustrated at *Dragon Spirit*'s harder sections. —*L.E.*

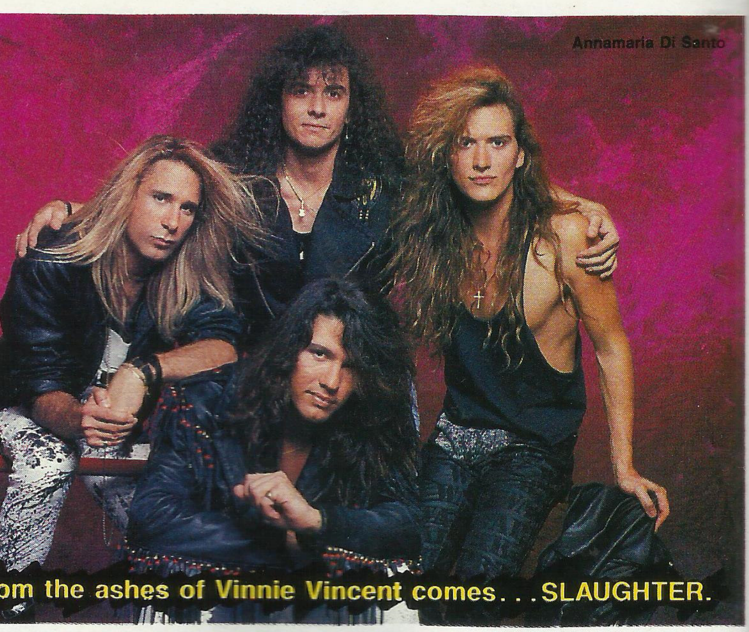
POTSHOTS



Billy Sheehan and Kip Winger: Bass bangin' buds.

Joe Giron/Photofeatures

POT SHOTS


Annamaria Di Santo

From the ashes of Vinnie Vincent comes. . . SLAUGHTER.

EXPLOSIVES
Nick Charles

Warrant's Joey Allen gets bombed again.

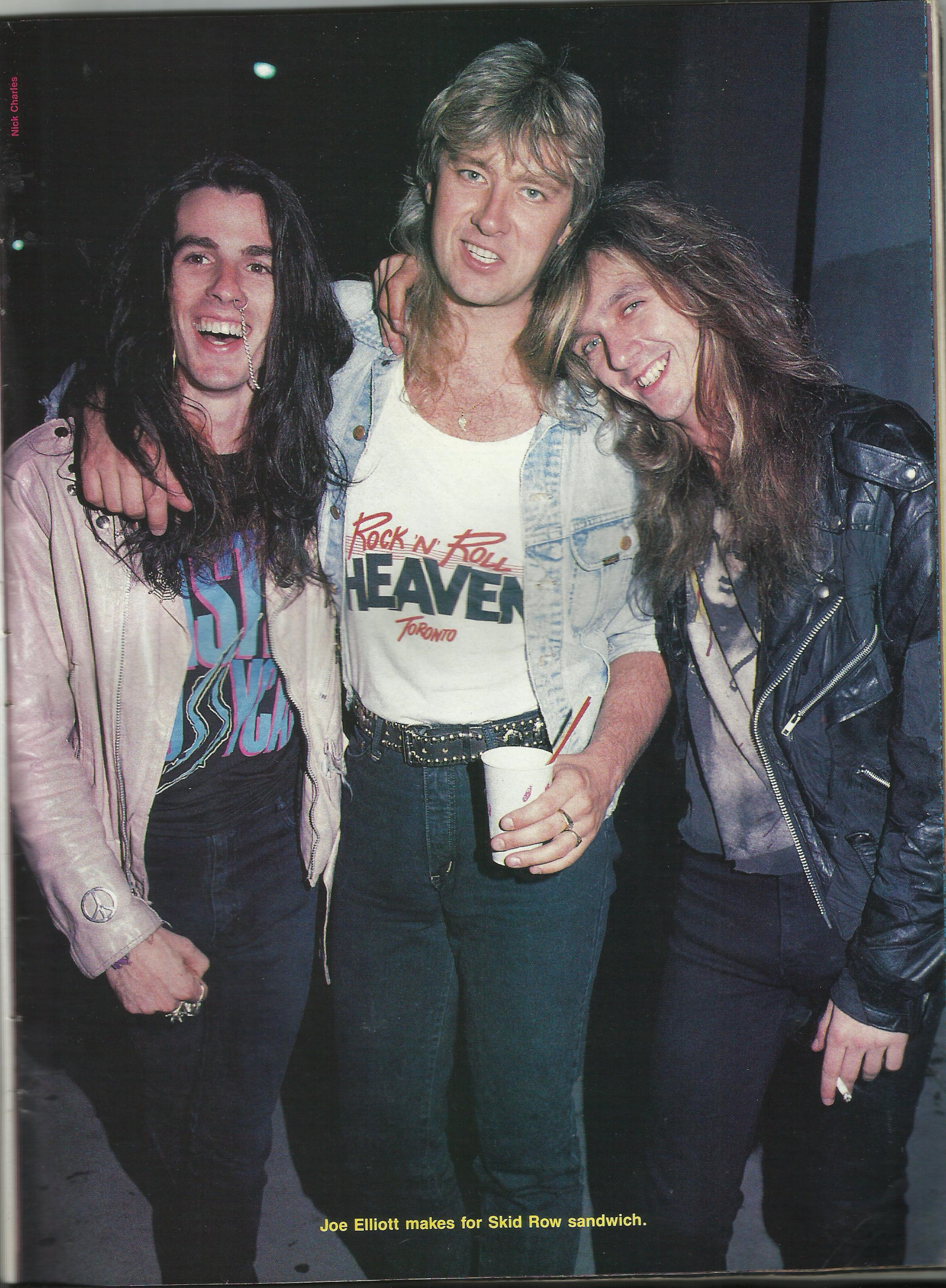
Gene Kirkland

Geffen mogul John Kalodner flanked by "sons" Tyler and Coverdale.

Mark Weiss/MWA

Sebastian Bach tries out his new wheels.

Nick Charles


Rock 'n' Roll
HEAVEN
Toronto

Joe Elliott makes for Skid Row sandwich.

TEARING DOWN
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NOISE

ROCK VAULT

edited by S.L. Duff

If it isn't my li'l rock 'n' roll children of the night. Oh, such glum expressions on your tiny countenances. Wipe those lugubrious grimaces from those rosy cheeks right now. I mean, hell's bells, it's not as if this were a trigonometry exam. It's just a new installment of everyone's favorite brain scrambler, the Rock Vault. *So, don your thinking cap and chomp down on these morsels of rock enlightenment. If you should stumble, I'll catch your fall, as the answers are on page 93.*

SKiD ROW

1. Before Sebastian Bach became a menace to society, there was an early-'70s Irish band called Skid Row that recorded two LPs for CBS. What famous guitarist led the band?

2. Which rock star made and starred in the abstract semi-autobiographical feature film *Digital Dreams*?

3. In 1979 Brenda Spencer inspired what song by doing what?

4. Rush's Geddy Lee was a guest singer on the single "Take Off." Who was the actual recording artist(s) that Geddy sat in with?

5. How does the date September 27th, 1986, fit into metal history? Where did the incident in question take place?

6. Bobby "Boris" Pickett wrote and sang what timeless rock standard?

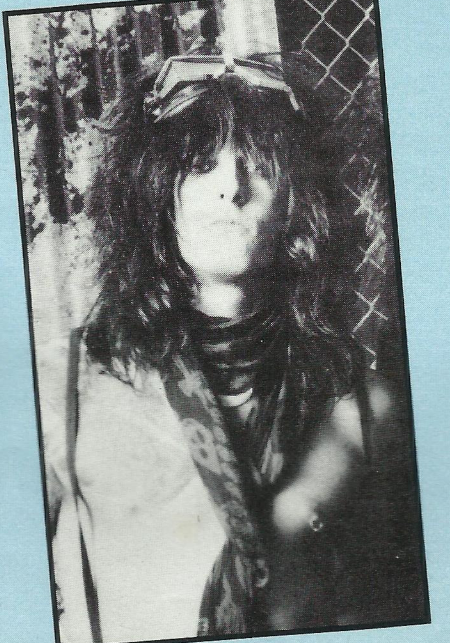
7. True or False: Lynyrd Skynyrd's sixth album, *Street Survivors*, was released one week after their plane crash in an attempt to cash in on the tragedy?

8. What band was Vivian Campbell originally in? What band is he in now? With what band did he initially rise to prominence?

9. And now, a question of epic scope. Match the following rock stars with the wild stage antic/atrocity they are associated with.

A. G.G. Allin
B. David Bowie
C. Arthur Brown
D. Alice Cooper
E. Keith Emerson
F. Ace Frehley
G. Rob Halford
H. Screamin' Jay Hawkins
I. Jimi Hendrix
J. Blackie Lawless
K. Tommy Lee
L. Keith Moon
M. Mothers of Invention (Zappa)
N. Stig Pedersen (D.A.D.)
O. Iggy Pop
P. Gene Simmons
Q. Nikki Sixx
R. Fee Waybill (Tubes)
S. Wendy O. Williams
T. Angus Young

1. Lighting face mask on fire.
2. Riding motorcyle onstage.
3. Covering self with peanut butter.
4. Stabbing keyboard with knives.
5. Onstage hanging.
6. Arising from coffin to begin act.
7. Burning, then smashing, guitar.
8. Defecating onstage.
9. Sending baby dolls, assorted props and sundries down a wire to the stage.
10. Mooning audience.
11. Knocking over drum kit.
12. Vomiting blood.
13. Chainsawing a Les Paul guitar in two.
14. Shooting fireworks from guitar.
15. Shooting fireworks from codpiece.
16. Shooting fireworks from helmet (on head).
17. Lighting own boots on fire while wearing them and playing instrument.
18. Playing instrument while strapped into a seat positioned 180 degrees upside down.
19. Sucking lead guitarist's guitar.
20. Singing during simulated bondage act.



Dokken

DISSECTING THE

Photography by Glen LaFerman

Exclusive Interview by Lonn M. Friend

*The summer of 1988 was an historic season for heavy metal in America. It was the summer of the Monsters—the Monsters Of Rock; a three-and-one-half month concert tour featuring five groups, a couple dozen stadiums, millions in merchandise dollars, bad press, great shows, bad shows. There was controversy—some say several concert promoters went out of business due to lack of ticket sales—and there was fan elation, with thousands of kids in each city claiming that it was the greatest rock event they'd ever seen. It was, for one band, Metallica, the birth of superstardom. For another, Van Halen, it was the pinnacle of a metal decade they owned lock, stock and barrel. It was, for an L.A. band called Kingdom Come, an unprecedented shot at the big time (a short-lived shot, however, for the band has since disbanded). But for one veteran metal act, it was a grueling 100 days of largely poor performances, constant infighting, personal illness, professional exhaustion and just plain burn-out. For Dokken, the Monsters Of Rock was the kiss of death. Though much has been written about the band, its enigmatic and stunningly talented lead guitarist George Lynch, animated bassist Jeff Pilson and powerful drummer Mick Brown, its founder, lead singer and chief songwriter, Don Dokken, remains, to the public, a seriously misunderstood artist. Metal tabloids salivated for years over the Dokken/Lynch feud stories, feeding on quotes from friends and people in the industry as fodder for their sensational articles. Sure the LPs sold—*Tooth and Nail, Under Lock and Key, Back for the Attack *and the live effort,* Beast From the East, *all went platinum. But the success was always tempered with the bitter pills from the press, the "Don Hates George" pieces; the "Don's an asshole" comments from behind-the-metal-scenes muggers who crave a good slice of industry gossip like they do a fat line of cocaine. "You will be hard pressed to find a quote from me saying I don't like this or I don't like that," Don claims. "It's always other members of the band or other people saying, 'Don said this, and Don said that; Don did this, and Don did that.' Show me anything in a magazine taken from me verbatim. I never said anything. It was all off the record. Ah, my big mouth!"*

Don Dokken hasn't done an interview in almost two years, and talks very little, even privately, about the breakup of Dokken and the members of his former band. This interview is the first on-the-record conversation since the group's dissolution. Healthy, rested, happy and primed for a new release with a new band and a new record label, Don Dokken is ready to put his past into proper perspective.

RIP: Let's get back to the Monsters. Dokken was deteriorating badly then, wasn't it?

DON: Dokken, the band, and Don Dokken, personally, were both deteriorating. I was physically sick, screwed up. And the worst thing was, I didn't realize how screwed up I was until I got home and looked at videotapes of some of our performances. I was terrible. I looked fat and sloppy. I looked stressed, and my performance sucked. Seriously, with all the shit going on, I was losing my mind. That's why I left the band. It was either leave or die.

RIP: What led up to this condition of complete exhaustion?

DON: I'd been on the road for eight months without a break. My brain was empty. I'd spent five months in America with Aerosmith, and three months in Europe with AC/DC on a hellish tour. Then it was off to Japan and the subsequent pressure of doing a live album. And then came, after all this, the Monsters. I was finished. I'd had it. My voice was shred-

BEAST

ded, I had jet lag, and I couldn't pull it together. Our first three shows on the tour were horrible. And it was embarrassing. We were supposed to be the polished ones on the bill. Metallica hadn't toured in a year, the Scorpions in three, and Van Halen hadn't played live for two years. We'd been on the road for eight months. Everyone expected us to rock! What a joke. But the problem was, we were spent, worn out, finished.

RIP: Did you get flak from the other bands on your performance?

DON: Oh, yeah. Rudolph from the Scorpions—whom I've been very tight with for years—said to me after one show, "What are you doing, Don? You guys look terrible. You're singing bad, your band's playing bad, your guitar player's off on another planet. What's going on? This is unfair to your audience." I said, "You're right," and felt guilty about not pulling our end. Then I saw Eddie Van Halen one night at the hotel bar. We were talking about how things get to you. You drink and do drugs or whatever, you know, and how hard it is on the road, the pressures. Eddie is one of the greatest guitar players in the world; that's got to be a lot of pressure, even though he's pretty humble about how great a guitar player he is. We talked for hours, and he said at the end, "God, you know, everybody says you're a real asshole, but I don't see it at all. I haven't talked to you much on the tour. I just figured you were a little David Lee Roth-type ego singer. Everybody told me, 'Watch out for Don Dokken; he thinks he's it!' " Eddie invited me up to his room, and we jammed on guitars until four in the morning. But Eddie said the same things about the band that Rudolph did. He said, "You guys need to go out there and kick some ass. You shouldn't even be on this tour, the way you're playing. George has no excuse for his lack of energy." And I remember reading, I think it was in RIP, Jeff [Pilson] saying it was *my* fault—all the personal pressures—that George wasn't kicking ass onstage. For Jeff to say that George couldn't play because Don was upsetting him is the biggest bunch of crap I ever heard in my life. You go onstage and play your ass off because those kids worship you as a guitar hero. I wasn't feeling well or singing good, but I gave 100% of what I had—that just wasn't very much.

RIP: So you knew the end of Dokken was coming when the Monsters was over?

DON: Definitely. It happened after the last show. I remember the president of our record company flew in to see the last gig. Everybody was there. I got off stage after our last song, didn't even take a shower. I walked 150 yards to a hotel next door, where they had a conference room set up with a long table and chairs. I never saw Van Halen perform. I got to the room, waited for everyone to arrive—the label people, my managers, the band. Someone asked the question, "What does the future hold for Dokken?" Everyone kind of turned their head, and looked at me. I said, "Well, it's been seven great years, but I can't make any more records with George. It's just not working out. Our musical differences are widening, and I want to retain the Dokken sound. I just can't make any more records with George." My manager then said, "Okay, Mick, Jeff, what are you gonna do?" Mick said, "I'm staying with George." Jeff said, "I'm staying with George." I said, "Okay, then, it's over. Dokken is officially over. I'm gone."

RIP: Was there hostility within the band?

DON: Yeah. One member of the band got up and shouted, "You can't do this to us!" But I responded, "Nobody is doing anything to anybody. We did it all to ourselves." I guess they were shocked when I actually ended the thing for real. There were always rumors, but I wasn't really threatening anybody, and it wasn't me saying, "I'm quitting the band." It was just, pure and simple, "I can't make any more records with George."

RIP: Why did the three of them stick together against you?

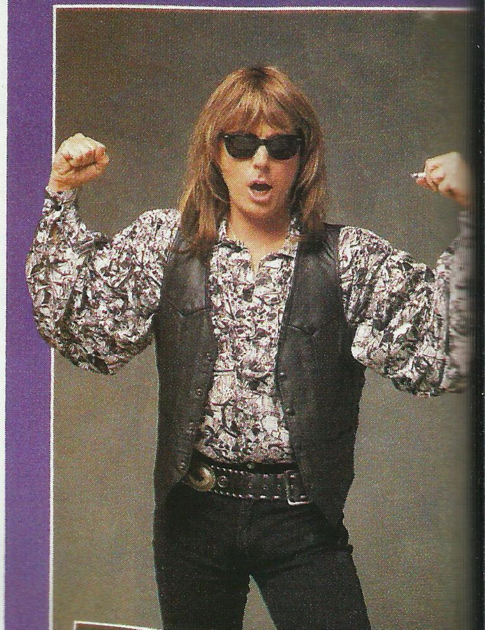
DON: Well, you know, when people have something in common with one another. I didn't have certain things in common with them. Let's just say everyone was snowblind, but I wasn't. So that was it. I went home. I guess Jeff stayed with George and Mick for about two months, but he couldn't hang either.

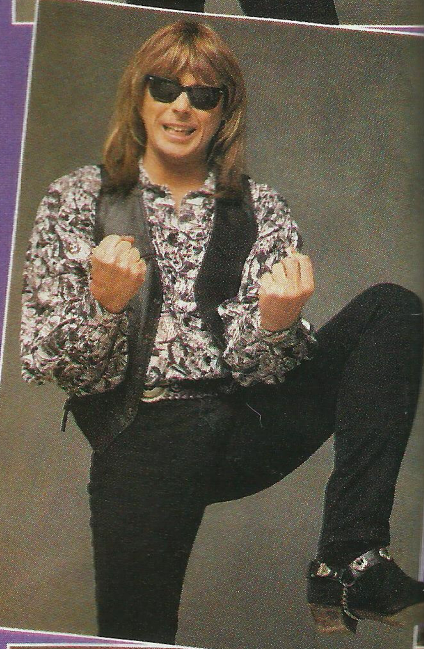
RIP: Why isn't Jeff playing with you, then? You were pretty close, weren't you?

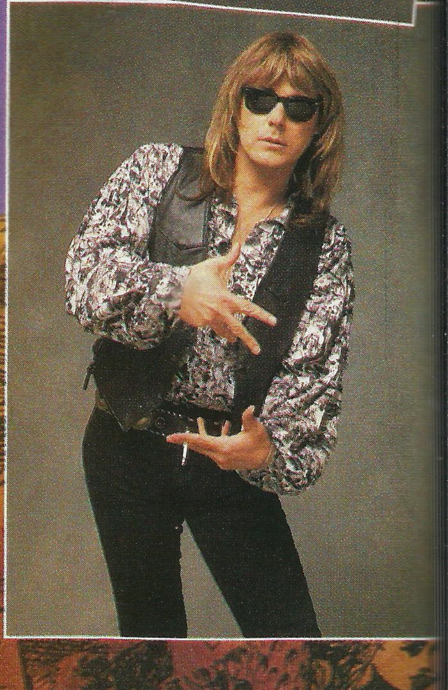
DON: I don't think Jeff wants to play bass anymore. He wants to be a lead singer. I asked him to stay with me. I asked Jeff if he wanted to play bass and sing. He said no, he wanted to take a crack at it on his own. I said, "Good luck, I wish you the best." My biggest regret is that I really like Mick and Jeff. I liked playing with them. I liked being on the road with them. They were great guys. I was disappointed they made the decision they did. Maybe Jeff'll play with me again. I dunno right now. As for Mick, I saw him at a Beatlefest gig at the Roxy last year. He said, "Hi, Don," and I said, "Hi, Mick," and he walked away. Seven years, and he said, "Hi, Don." I guess some people forget where they came from.

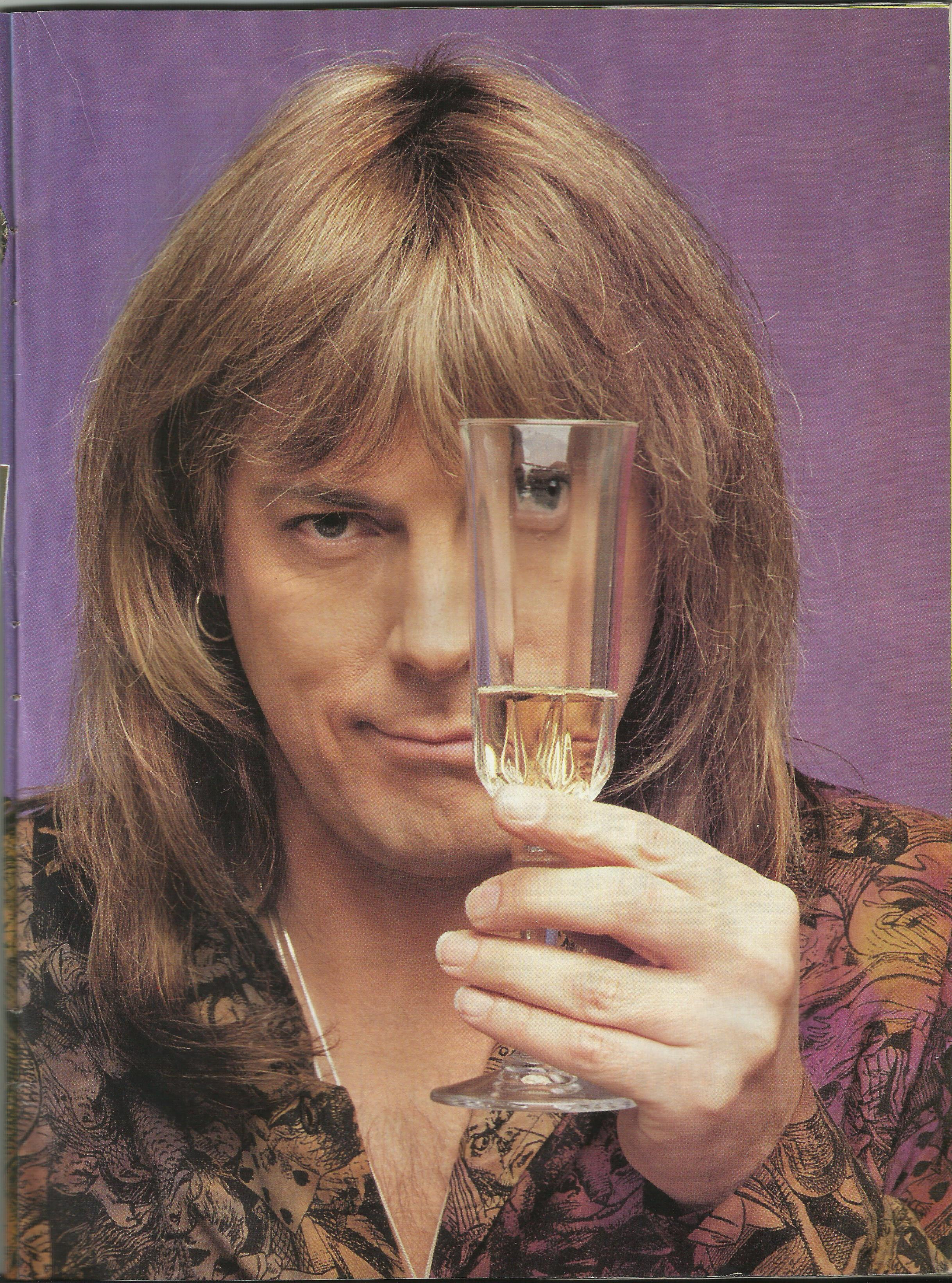
RIP: Where did it go wrong between you and George?

DON: It started the day the band was formed [laughs]. No, really, we just didn't get along right from the start. Our only bond was my respect for George as a guitar player. He's a great guitar player. I used to play lead in a band, and I was one of his biggest fans. I knew great guitar playing when I saw it, because I'm a guitar player. I knew when George was rippin', and when he was, he was completely phenomenal. I could never figure out why George never asked me at the end of a night whether he had a good night or a bad one. He never asked me, "Was I good?" He asked everyone else, but they'd just tell him anything he wanted to hear. I dunno. I guess we just had a rocky relationship, like a bad marriage.









Dokken

RIP: Didn't George say something unflattering about you in a guitar magazine recently?

DON: George can say whatever he wants but, and this will probably piss him off, I don't dislike him. I respect him as a guitar player because he's great at it. I'm sure his band, the Lynch Mob, is going to be killer. I have no doubt. I know George. He's a driven man. But I don't want to say anything bad. What purpose does it serve? Look, George and I were not a match made in heaven. We come from different philosophies about how you should live your life. Hey, maybe I *am* a jerk. Maybe I *am* unbearable to get along socially with. All I know is that, socially, I've spent more time with my new band in seven months than I did with Dokken in seven years. We're like peas in a pod. We have dinner together. I can call my guitarists, John Norum or Billy White, up in the middle of the night and say, "Come on down to the studio. I'm writing a song, and I want you guys to check this out." They give me feedback. I have talented people to bounce ideas off of. That's bitchin'. We even go on vacations together. I never went anywhere with Dokken. The last tour before Monsters and AC/DC, I hadn't seen Mick in almost seven months. I didn't even know his phone number! Somebody just contacted him and said, "Dokken's on tour," and he said, "Okay," and dusted off his drums and hit the road.

RIP: So you're excited about the new Dokken LP?

DON: My label, Geffen Records, is excited, and I'm really happy to be back with Tom Zutaut. I love everyone at Geffen; they're like family. But I'm not sure whether it's gonna be Dokken. My old band is fighting me on the Dokken name. It's mostly George. He feels that he's Dokken. We tried to call the LP *Dokken II*, and they fought me on that. My new band thinks we should call it *Don Dokken*, but I don't want it to sound like a solo album. I'm not interested in doing solo projects. I've got a new band. Everybody's written material on it, Mikkey Dee [from King Diamond] is one of the hottest drummers on the planet. This is a band. I told my bandmembers, "Call it whatever you want." Okay, *Don Dokken* is cool. Hey, it'd be foolish if I couldn't use my own name, wouldn't it? Right now it's in the hands of the lawyers, but whatever it's called, it'll be a band with the Dokken sound, you can bet on that.

RIP: Dokken, the band, had a lot of success, but never really broke it big. In retrospect, where do you think you went wrong?

DON: When it came to producing records, choosing songs and stuff, we were always butting heads. I think that did us in on *Back for the Attack*. I wanted a ballad on the album. If we'd had a ballad on that record, it probably would have gone the distance. After "Burning Like a Flame" and "Heaven Sent" did so well, a ballad was the next natural step. But George didn't want a ballad on the album. He said ballads were for wimps. I said he was crazy. Just look at "Alone Again." That's a standard on rock radio now. I hear it played in different cities more now than when it came out. But I was always fighting the rest of the band for the songs I wanted on the records. And every time, George, Jeff and Mick would get together and say, "This is how it's gonna be." It was three to one; I had no support. Even the record label and my managers said, "You guys fight it out amongst yourselves." On *Tooth and Nail* they tried to reject "Into the Fire," and they fought me on "Alone Again." I said, "These songs are on the record, or I quit." They basically said, "Ahh, we'll give Don a couple songs. Why not." Those songs carried the record. But that was Dokken. What a way to run a rock band, huh? †

Coming next month, George Lynch gives his side of the Dokken affair. Stay tuned!

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DEAR MAMA FORD

DEAR MAMA FORD: I'm almost 16 years old, and I already have a daughter. I want to go back to school, but I'm afraid of what people might say or think. I love my daughter very much, but if I tell someone about her, it might give me a bad reputation. All the boys will think I'm easy, and I'm really not! I'm afraid that no one will like me and I'll be alone. Should I keep it a secret, or should I tell someone? Please help me.
—Sticky Situation
California

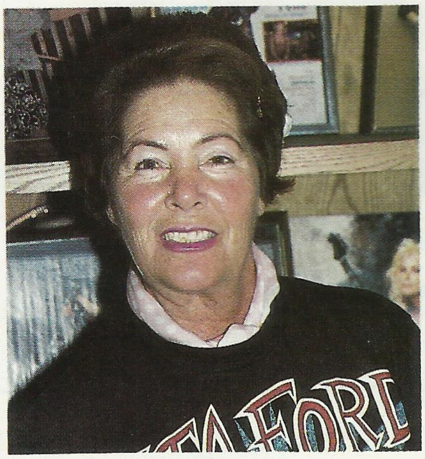
Dear Sticky Situation: If you really think it's important to your life and your career and your daughter's life to go back to school, then that should be all that matters, not what other people say or think. Be proud to be a mother. Keep your head up and go on with your life.

DEAR MAMA FORD: I am a 16-year-old girl. Recently, I started going to a Christian school. I like it, but my friends don't understand. The other day this guy made fun of me because he said he heard I was getting religious. I really don't give a damn what they think about where I go to school, but it just hurts when they make fun of me because I have a relationship with God. I haven't changed. I still party, go out and listen to the same music (Guns N' Roses, Crue, Skid Row, Poison, etc.). Do I have to be a sinner to please my friends?
—Christianized
Tennessee

Dear Christianized: People are always going to try and tell you how to run your life, but what you have to do is make up your own mind. Who do you live for? Do you live for yourself, or do you live for what other people are trying to make you out to be? Do it your own way—follow your heart.

DEAR MAMA FORD: I am 12 years old, and I have no privacy. My mom reads all of my notes and then tells my dad about them. My mom keeps telling me I should tell her things, and she won't tell my dad. But when I tell her, she goes off behind my back and tells him everything. He gets really mad and tells me my life is going to be a living hell, and that if I think it's bad now, just wait. That really scares me. I wish they would trust me. Any advice would be helpful. Thanks.
—Danielle K.

Dear Danielle: Be honest with yourself and your parents. Listen to them and compromise with them. They are just interested in your life and your future.



DEAR MAMA FORD: I'm 18, and my best friend is dating this guy. She thinks that he really loves her and that he is faithful. I know he isn't, because I slept with him. He also told me he doesn't love her (he didn't say he loved me). Should I tell her and have our friendship turn to shit? Or should I do nothing and feel bad inside?
—Needing Advice

Dear Needing Advice: I understand your feelings. As much as you really care about your best friend being hurt, the best thing for you to do is to step back and let nature take its course. Even if it's your best friend, it's not your problem.

DEAR MAMA FORD: I'm 13 years old, 5-2, and 145 lbs. I am fat. I diet and exercise, but I don't have the willpower. I'm gonna be a Goodyear blimp forever. It depresses me and turns everyone off to be around me. Plus, who wants a fat bassist in their band?
—Fatso

Dear Fatso: Have you asked your mother to send you to Weight Watchers, Overeaters Anonymous or the Nutrisystem program to help you with dieting and exercise? Also, ask your family to help you regain your confidence by keeping the refrigerator stocked with healthy food only.

DEAR MAMA FORD: I am only ten years old. I have already written many lyrics for songs. I sent my songs to a record company. They accepted them and sent me a contract. It costs quite a sum of money, which I can't afford. Please help!
—Young Frustrated Writer
Wisconsin

Dear Young Frustrated Writer: Record companies never send contracts through the mail without meeting the artist. Whatever it is that you have been billed for, I am not quite sure. Don't send any money.

DEAR MAMA FORD: I normally don't write in to these kind of things, but I'm really scared and confused. I'm 14 years old. I have a brother that's 17. I have a nice home, with both of my parents living together, but I don't think that's going to last for long. My parents are having some problems, and my mom wants to leave. Today my dad asked me who I would go with. It's Friday, and my mom says that she wants to leave on Sunday. Hopefully, that won't happen, but I know that someday it will. I don't know who to go with. I'm much closer to my mom than to my dad. My brother already said that he would stay. My dad wants me to stay so that maybe my mom will see how lonely it is out there and will come back after a week or two. But I don't want my mom to be alone or to think that no one loves her. I just can't imagine life with only one parent. Please help.
—Scared and Confused

Dear Scared and Confused: Separation and divorce are the most difficult decisions in anybody's life. Try to have a quiet talk with your mom. Your father is right; let your mother go. Give her time to think and be by herself and maybe, a few days later, she'll be home again. Lots of luck!

Dudes and dudettes, if you've got a problem that's got you stumped, write to Lita's mom. Send your pleas for help to DEAR MAMA FORD, 9171 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 300, Beverly Hills, CA 90210.

NOTE: The opinions of Ms. Ford do not necessarily represent those of RIP Magazine.

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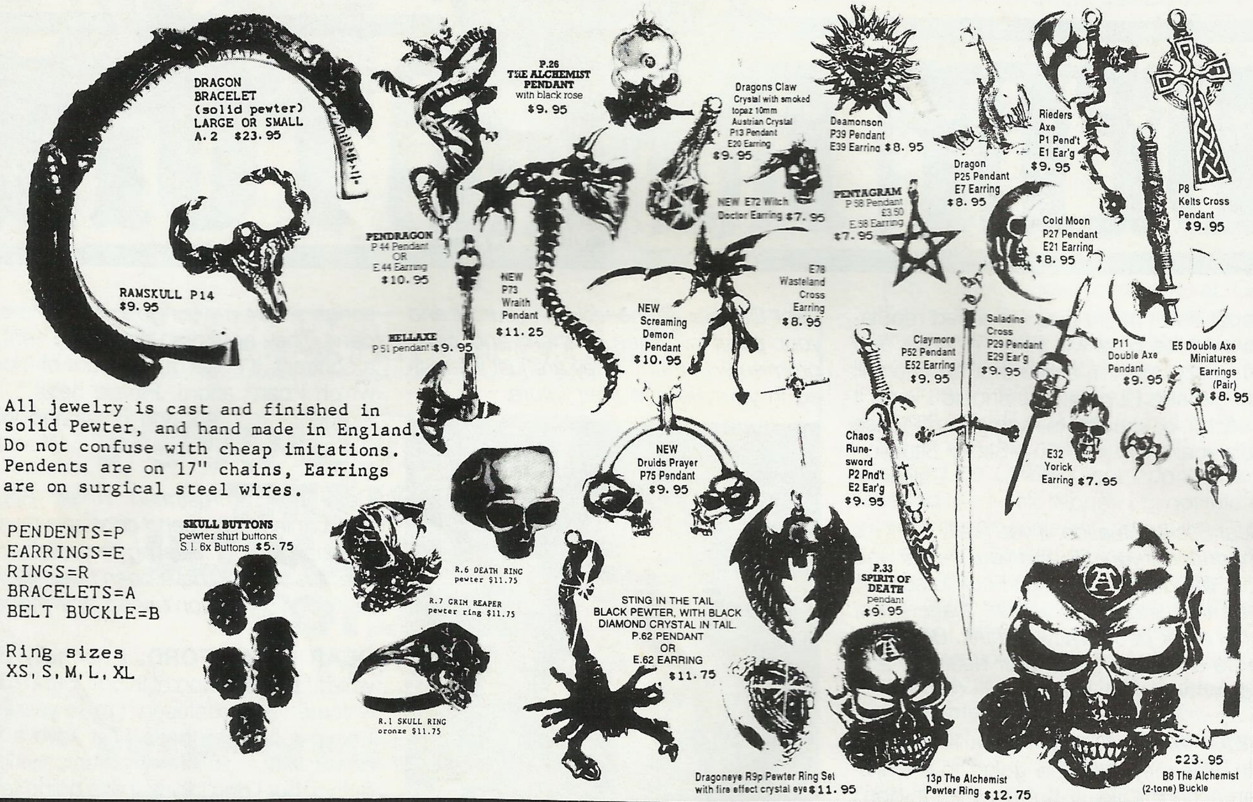
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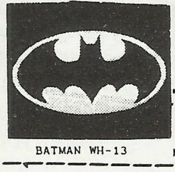

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Peavey has been manufacturing top-quality instruments at great prices for many years now. So it should come as no suprise that the Fury Custom bass is one of the best buys on the market today.

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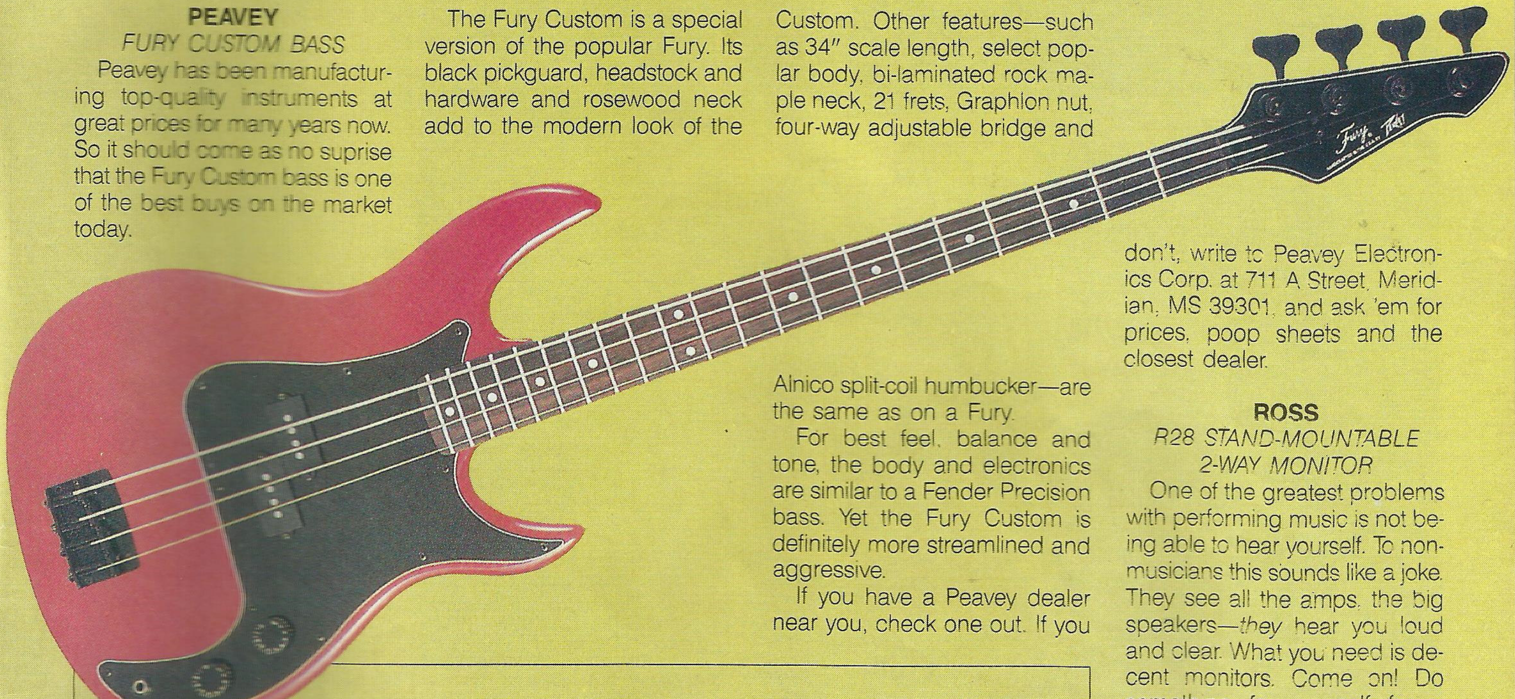
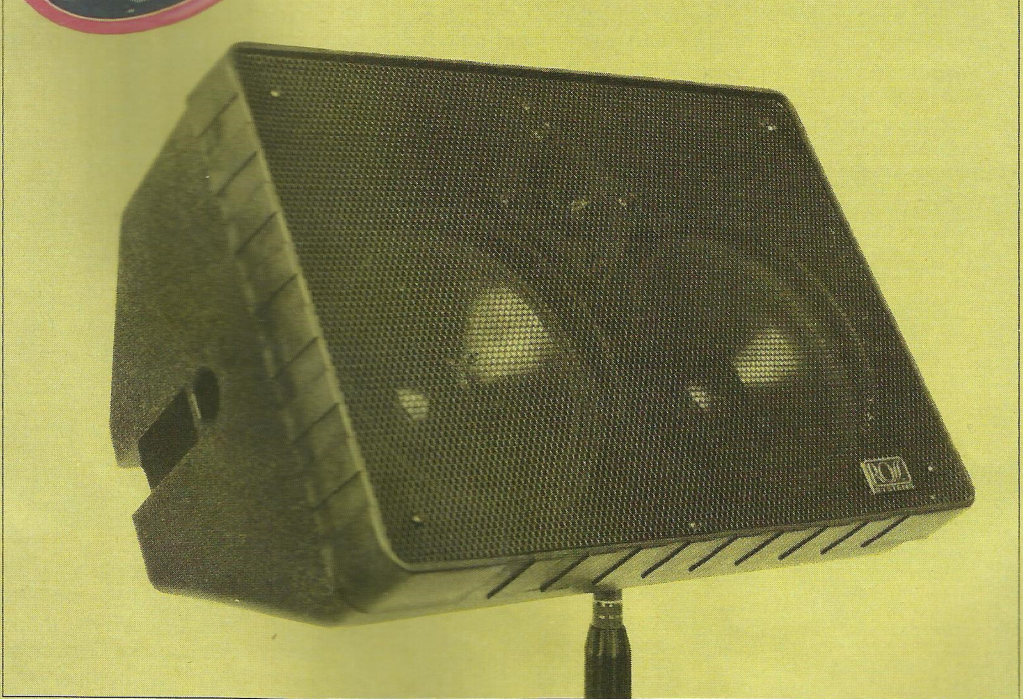


For best feel, balance and tone, the body and electronics are similar to a Fender Precision bass. Yet the Fury Custom is definitely more streamlined and aggressive.

If you have a Peavey dealer near you, check one out. If you don't, write to Peavey Electronics Corp. at 711 A Street, Meridian, MS 39301, and ask 'em for prices, poop sheets and the closest dealer.



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R28 STAND-MOUNTABLE 2-WAY MONITOR

One of the greatest problems with performing music is not being able to hear yourself. To non-musicians this sounds like a joke. They see all the amps, the big speakers—*they* hear you loud and clear. What you need is decent monitors. Come on! Do something for yourself for a change.

Ross has just introduced the R28 Stand-Mountable 2-Way Monitor. It utilizes two 8″ low-frequency drivers and one HF44 high-frequency compression driver. The R28 also features a molded styrene enclosure, rugged metal speaker grill, input and output jacks for parallel connections, a frequency response of 125Hz to 17kHz, and a mic-stand adaptor as an included accessory.

This sucker will put the sound right where you need it most—at you! It is angled for good projection from the ground, or you can stick a stand in its hole and shoot it at your ear level.

The best part about the new Ross R28 is that the retail cost is only $169.95. If you need more convincin', write to Ross Systems, 1316 East Lancaster Ave., Fort Worth, TX 76102

REPORT

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PRO-BASS II AMPLIFIER

If you're the kind of player who goes for the most bang for your buck, then you've already heard of Carvin. This company has made thousands of value seekers happy by cutting out retail price markups by shipping to you direct. Quality products at a fraction of what you'd spend at a store.

One of their coolest products is the Pro-Bass II amplifier. The 400-watt version features two 200-watt separate power amps, allowing the player to bi-amp or play in mono for the full 400 watts of boom. MOSFET circuitry means better sound quality at lower noise levels. You get great built-in compression at a 1:3 ratio—perfect for bass; an automatic noise gate that turns down the volume of your instrument while you're not playing; active tone-control circuitry with a parametric mid EQ control; and electronic crossover for cleaner, more powerful output and accurate biamping.

On this model you also get a five-band "active band pass filter design" graphic EQ. For you more gadget-oriented players there is a buffered effects loop, which will accommodate anything you throw at it.

At $499, the Carvin Pro-Bass II represents the state-of-the-art in rack-mountable bass amplification. It comes with a one-year warranty too.

You can drop Carvin a line at 1155 Industrial Ave., Escondido, CA 92025.

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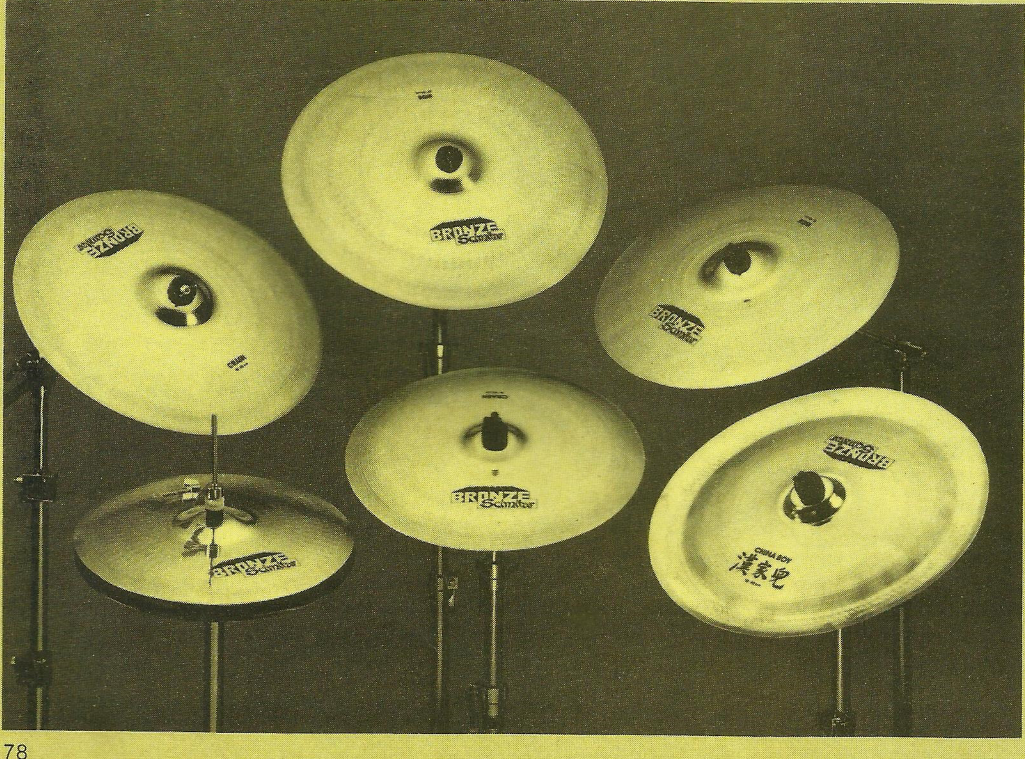
For the ultimate in sound quality without total bank account depletion, check the Scimitars out. If you need to pester someone more about this and other products, contact the Avedis Zildjian Co. at 22 Longwater Dr., Norwell, MA 02061.



WASHBURN

WT100 GUITAR

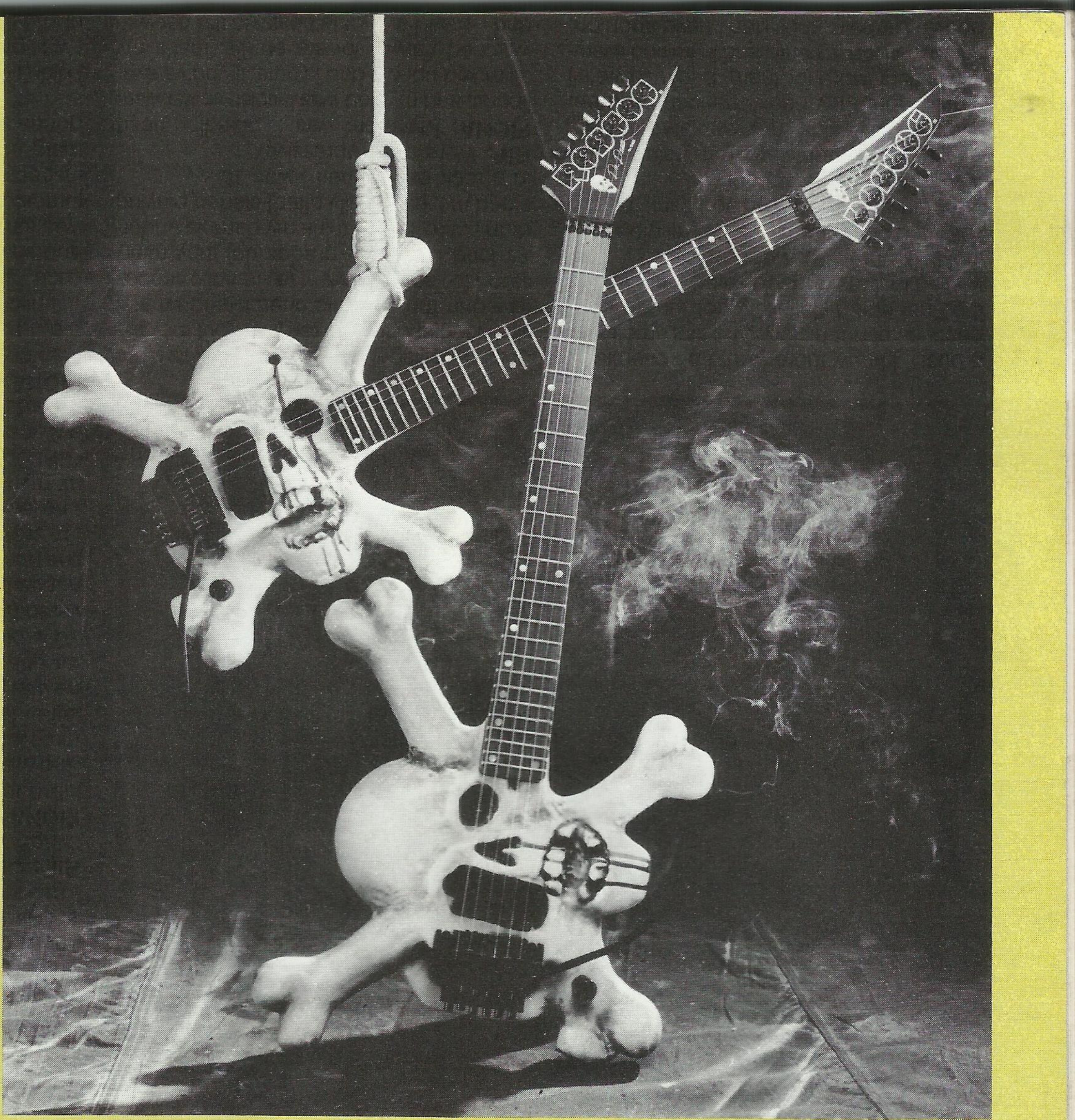
Washburn has just introduced a new, upper-end guitar to its already impressive lineup. The young axe is called a WT100, and this sucker's loaded.

It has a solid-maple body and hand-carved, flamed maple top. The fixed neck is also maple, and its 24-fret ebony fingerboard is bound. The compensated bridge allow precise intonation adjustment. Strings are routed through the body to provide the proper angle at the bridge. In a time when most guitars have black or chrome hardware, the WT100's gold hardware is classy and refreshing.

The electronics are active and feature American-made Seymour Duncan pickups as standard equipment. The bridge pickup is a "Jeff Beck," and the neck is a " '59 model."

The combination of the WT100's contoured body and finely shaped neck make it a joy to play (especially if you like Tele-shaped axes).

Although a bit steep at $1,299.90, the WT100 is top notch all the way across the board. If you don't believe it, ask Washburn at 230 Lexington Dr., Buffalo Grove, IL 60089.



ROSCOE GUITARS

SK-2000 "DR. DEATH"

Some players get weak in the knees when they see a custom-color, pre-CBS Strat; others faint at the mere mention of a '59 Gibson Sunburst. But there is a new breed of guitarist, one that rejects the traditional and chooses to seek out something unique, something like Roscoe's new "Dr. Death."

The new Roscoe SK-2000, or Dr. Death, guitar is more than just visually striking—it's a well-crafted, great-sounding, groovy-playing six-string machine.

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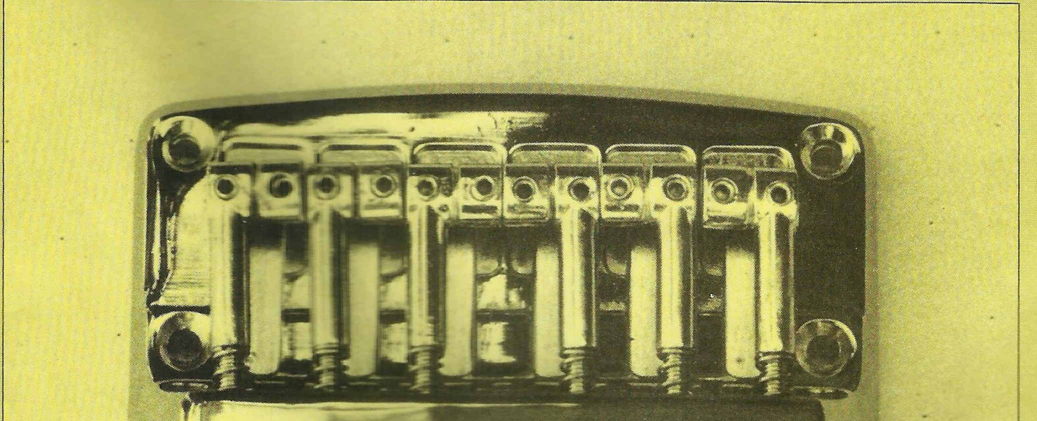

ALLPARTS

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As the fervor for string-sagging, dive-bombing wiggle bars dies down, many geetar slingers are looking for non-trem alternatives. After all, non-tremolo, stationary bridges offer greater tone, sustain and stay in tune better than their spring-loaded counterparts.

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FIONA

SHE'S SEXING YOU

Robert Matheu

"Impassioned, personal and rebellious, her music is a reflection of her life." So says the press release accompanying Fiona's latest LP, Heart Like a Gun. *Now, more often than not, such pulp proclamations are nothing more than hype, an insincere inducement for magazine types like myself to place an ear to the disc and actually check it out. Well, I must humble myself for a moment and say, in all honesty, Ms. Five-foot-nothin', 100-pounds-drippin'-wet Fiona (born Fiona Flannagan) is definitely impassioned, deeply personal and, if anything, a closet rebel.*

Riding high on the wave of her MTV-blitzing debut video, "Everything You Do (You're Sexing Me)," a crotch-tickling duet with her "old pal" Kip Winger, Fiona has bounced back from two disappointing efforts that had the rock business all but forgetting about her sweet smile and raspy tonsils. It's not that she didn't make a ripple on the water of rock music though. Her debut album spawned a moderately successful single, "Talk to Me," and a vid clip that so impressed some Hollywood types, it landed her a guest-starring role on Miami Vice. *She played a hooker who commits suicide at the end. "My father called me and asked me how I knew to play a prostitute so well," she recalls. A dubious beginning to a long acting career? Not exactly. Two years ago she made a feature film with Bob Dylan titled* Hearts of Fire, *which still hasn't seen the light of day. "Somebody important saw it and made a really smart decision not to release it." So much for acting. The bread and butter's rock 'n' roll again for the New Jersey-born daughter of Irish immigrants, and she's grabbing the new project by the short hairs and taking it, hopefully, all the way to the top. But now, the burning question: Is Fiona just another pretty face? Read on and decide for yourself.*

RIP: Okay, let's get right to it—The Winger Connection. A romantic one?

FIONA: No, not really. I met Kip through Beau Hill [Fiona's producer and live-in lover]. I hired Beau to do my last record, and he said to me, "I want you to meet this guy. He's a great bass player." We were both living in Manhattan at the time, and he was going to Juilliard. There was this little ballerina that Kip was crazy for, so he really never paid much attention to me. We've been friends for four years.

RIP: But the video for "Everything You Do (You're Sexing Me)" is very erotic. There must have been some steam there.

FIONA: Well, he did stick his hand up my blouse [giggles]. It was very fast. I think he was surprised that I didn't have anything on under my shirt. He pulled his hand out real fast. I know the title of the song is a bit blatant, but I just didn't want to do your typical "Here I am in my corset on the bed" video. I thought that would be really stupid. I wanted all the sex to come from inside. We talked about it with my record label and the director, who said, "If there isn't any chemistry between you and Kip, this video's gonna be

by Lonn M. Friend

Bob Leafe

a bust.'' I knew there would be chemistry, because of our history. The first time I saw the final edit, I definitely got turned on. I wished that maybe we'd sexed [laughs]. He looks like he'd be a good sexer.

RIP: You come from a rather religious upbringing, don't you? Did you think the clip would offend your parents?

FIONA: My parents are from Ireland, and when we were kids, they were always freaking out that they had American children. It was very weird for them, because we all had American accents, and in Ireland everybody's Catholic, they don't have abortion, divorce is illegal. I mean, my parents were like Noah and the ark religious, but they believed in the Catholic church and what it stood for, so we all went to Catholic school. As long I kept my grades up, they really didn't care. I don't think my parents understood me, especially after I started playing in a rock band when I was 15.

RIP: Were they repressive?

FIONA: My mom was a bleeding-heart liberal, and my dad was fascist; so we were all mixed up. My dad is nuts. If you've ever watched *Fawlty Towers* on TV, that's my dad—Basil Fawlty. He beats up the car with a stick and calls it a bastard. He was rather abusive, but not so much to me as to my brother. I mean, we're all okay now and everything, and we love our parents. I guess I appreciate them more now as an adult than I did as a kid.

RIP: Were you a wild child?

FIONA: My first band was a trio, and we played everything from clubs to biker bars. We did all cover songs. It was kinda wild. Then I moved to Manhattan after high school, and the music got heavier. I started dyeing my hair and experimenting with things. I listened to a lot of Genesis, Led Zeppelin and old Aerosmith. I was into psychedelic music.

RIP: Can we assume your experiments then included LSD?

FIONA: I tried it. It was weird. I saw my face turn into my parents' and my brother and sister's faces, and I saw trees turn into people. I was up for three days. There must've been speed in it. I didn't like being awake for so long. That freaked me out, because you're just waiting for it to stop, and it doesn't.

RIP: Did the drugs help you be more creative as an artist?

FIONA: No. I don't do any drugs anymore. I just drink a lot [giggles]. Alcohol helps me write music. Drinking is part of my creative process. I pour a glass of wine and wait until the sun goes down and it starts to get cool outside; the lights come on, I have a drink and start to think about my lyrics. That's my mind-set for music. And I do all of it at home. My drinking is private, and I never drink and drive. . . never.

RIP: Did you get busted once or something?

FIONA: No, much worse. My cousin was killed in 1988 because of a drunk driver. She was driving, and a guy cut across three lanes of traffic and killed her. And my father lost a hand to a drunk driver when he was 22. After being in the United States for only ten days, a drunk driver hit him 20% of his body caught fire, and he covered his face with his hands; so one of his hands burned up, and he lost it. He looks fine now, except for his hand. Anyway, what I'm saying is, if someone else isn't driving, I never have one drink. I've been like that all my life.

RIP: Do you think your image on *Heart Like a Gun* is more metal than on your first two records?

FIONA: I think the first record was heavier than any record, but the cover was so stupid. I hated it, but the girl working in the Atlantic art department at the time was a bitch. She hated me. We did these pictures, and she picked one I looked horrible in. I was jumping in the air. I said, ''Why am I jumping in the air. What am I, an aerobics instructor?'' She said, ''Do you know how many records we put out a year? You're not gonna sell any anyway.'' I got really upset and left. So they put out the record like that. I didn't have much control over things then. I was pretty green. Hell, my tour manager of my first tour left me stranded once.

RIP: What?

FIONA: Yeah. I was out with Bryan Adams. We had a day off, and we all went to this water park. I was taking some candid photos in one of those picture booths, and when I came out, they'd left without me.

Gene Kirkland

RIP: When did they come back for you?

FIONA: They didn't! I had to hitchhike back to the hotel. I should have fired that asshole that day, but I didn't. When I go out on tour again for this album, it won't be like that. I've got Kip's road manager. He's great.

RIP: Best-case scenario, who would you like to tour with this year?

FIONA: Whitesnake, because I'd really like to see the show every night. I love David Coverdale's singing. I'm a Whitesnake fan from years ago. I have all the old imports. I actually suggested to Atlantic that I do "Here I Go Again" on my first record. They thought it wouldn't be a hit. Wrong decision, huh? I'd love to tour with Aerosmith too, 'cause I love Steven Tyler's voice. I just want to be with a band that has a killer singer. That's important. The frontman's got to be hot. You have to have somebody up there with sex appeal. I like frontmen that make my blood boil. That's why I love music in the first place, you know; it turns me on. Like when you're young, and you're all uptight because your body's freaking out, what gets ya through the day? Music! That's it!

RIP: *Heart Like a Gun* is really a rocking, slickly-produced, strong record. Was it hard recording an album and having a relationship with its producer at the same time?

FIONA: It's cheaper [laughs]. No, seriously, it was hard at times. Actually, for one brief moment, things got bad during recording. This was when I was having a lot of trouble with the record, and Kip's album [which Beau Hill also produced] was starting to catch fire. There were just too many phone calls coming into the studio. It was all "Beau and Kip," and it was just too much for one week. I couldn't take it anymore.

RIP: Sounds like you were being neglected.

FIONA: Yeah, I think I was. Maybe I was jealous of the attention that Kip was getting from Beau or something like that. I just know that for one week I was miserable. But I shook it. I think it was more of me not feeling so great about myself than me feeling any animosity towards him. It's a cheap shot to blame your feelings on someone else. If you feel okay about what you're doing, then you're happy for everyone else. It was exciting to see Winger's record take off. I'd never experienced that before, because I was always the center of attention. I never really got how people could get off on other people's success. I do now. †

R1
E11
P5
E13
E14
P3
E17
P2
E20
Guitar P4
Handmade
P1
R2
E18
E21
E10
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Anthony Cutajar

BAD ENGLISH

WORTH THE WAITE

BY SHARON LIVETEN

Bad English singer John Waite is lying in bed in a hotel room somewhere in Vancouver, Canada. It's late afternoon, but he's nursing a hangover. That's okay, though, because Waite is a star. Again.

"I'm exhausted," says Waite, moaning softly and cradling his head, "Last night I was out, and the night before I went out with Neal and got really drunk. We had a great time. A really great time."

One would hope. Bad English (which includes former Journey-ers guitarist Neal Schon and keyboardist Jonathan Cain; Waite's former Babys partner, bass player Ricky Phillips; newcomer drummer Deen Castronovo; and Waite, a former solo star whose "Missing You" was a prom staple) has quickly become a mainstay of the Top-40 charts. The band doesn't exactly make wimps out of Motley Crue but, collectively, Bad English rocks a lot harder than anything any of the five members have done on their own in the recent past.

"The thing is," Waite continues thickly, "is that this whole situation is so Spinal Tap. I mean, it really is, and that's great. I don't want to have anything to do with it if it isn't Spinal Tap. But a lot of people don't see the humor in the situation. For example, last night I was with this girl after the gig, and we were walking down the street, late at night in the rain. I suppose it was kind of romantic, but I was trying to explain to her just how funny the whole thing—being in a rock band on the road—was, and that it was just like Spinal Tap. But she didn't get it. I guess you have to live it."

The members of Bad English certainly have. From the Babys, the only truly great band any of the veteran players have been in, to Journey, they've all been in the spotlight for the past 15 years. And out of it. And

Annamaria Di Santo

Annamaria DiSanto

back. Says Waite proudly, "I am [Spinal Tap's] Nigel Tuffnel. You know, a semi-educated, expressionistic, pseudo-intellectual, rock-to-live thing. Now that I'm a little older, I have perspective. When I was younger, there was a point where, honestly, it would kill me if I had not been able to go into the studio and make music. It was life and death. I hate to say that I lived for music, but I guess I did. I went through a lot of stuff just to write songs. I put myself through some awful things and in some terrible situations for that. Just to get that emotional peak, to write a song. When things were good. . .well, I don't think I understood the kind of people that came with fame. It was naive of me. My feeling was, if you want to make it, you want to make it in the ring, with the world watching. You want to show everyone. Especially after the Babys—because that was such a great band, and we were plagued with so many problems—I was bitter. I just wanted to tell everyone, 'I did it.' But after the success of 'Missing You,' I found that I had such a lot of people around me who were complete bastards, that I knew I couldn't win. So I took myself out of the game. I just felt like I was pulling the pin, and figured I would at least go out in a blaze. It was," he muses, "fairly dangerous. Self-destructive deluxe."

On the way down Waite wrecked his marriage, lost a bunch of good friends (and more losers), moved to New York from his native England, and took a long dip into the seamy side of rock and roll. It was a five-year spiral downward, both personally and musically. No massive hits followed "Missing You."

As Waite was floundering, Cain and Schon were doing the same, albeit musically, not spiritually. Their careers were soaring, but musically they were sunk. The two were part of one of the most boring bands to hit the universe with a platinum mallet: Journey. Which is how Bad English came to be.

In a completely non-altruistic move, Waite, like Batman, swooped in to save Cain and Schon from themselves. He gave Cain, who by then had his own Journey-esque band together, a call to discuss a possible band. Waite scoffs at the idea that he decided to look up his old bandmates because they were the only people he felt he could trust.

"Trust?" he asks, sounding genuinely quizzical. "Now there's a word. I don't think trust had anything to do with it at all. It just seemed to me that there were a lot of people out there doing what I could do much better. I went to see Jon play, and we sized each other up. I didn't want to make another solo record, and he was bored. He had been reduced to producing other people. He missed rocking, because Journey didn't rock—not at all, not even in the slightest way. They put out a lot of crap, but he's very proud of that band. Ugh!" Waite shudders. "What greasy, insincere crap that was. For a while he was like that; that's what he'd turned into. I wanted him back the way he was. The first few months were difficult though."

One can only imagine. The final result, *Bad English* (a bastardization of pool-hall slang that is so complex and dull, it doesn't bear repeating), is not the end-all hard-rock record—which doesn't mean it's not successful. The first single, "Forget Me Not," made it to the Top Ten, and the schmaltzy "When I See You Smile" was Number One for a number of weeks. And there's more to come.

That said, it must be mentioned that—dubious though it sounds—Bad English kicks ass where it counts: onstage.

Waite smiles. "I knew people wouldn't believe that we could rock onstage. When the band came together, everybody said, 'Oh, you're a supergroup.' We said, 'Forget it.' I've never acted like that or been a part of that scene, and I find the whole thing highly embarrassing. So to diffuse that, we went out on a huge club tour. I thought we should get to the public as fast as possible and dispel any myths about us. There's an English expression, 'Let the dogs see the rabbit.' It means, when you're rabbit hunting, it's a good idea to let the dogs see the rabbits, so they can go after them and bring them back. It's important to let the public see you—they have to share sweat with you to prove that you're a real, live band. We're a good, a great live band. I wanted people to see us in a club. I definitely didn't want to open arenas for bands that are more Spinal Tap than us. Some nights we play for 12,000 people, others we play in clubs for 600. Our first gig together," he snickers, "was in Tokyo. For 6,000 people."

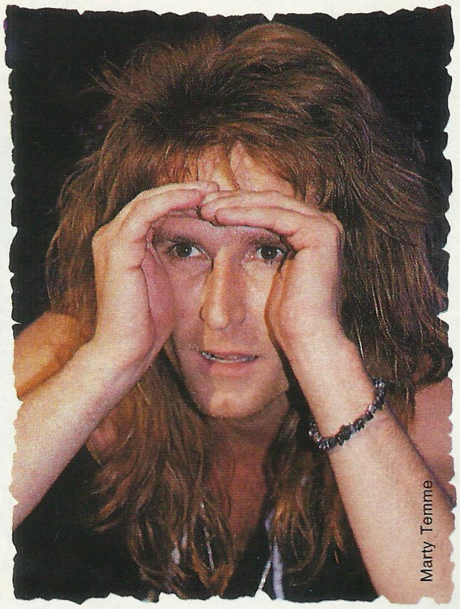
Nothing like a pressure situation to keep people sharp. Successful as each of the bandmembers were (except for Castronovo, a relative newcomer), there was a lot riding on Bad English. While Schon is very well-respected (and has probably had the most successful post-Journey career, including stints with Santana and Sammy Hagar), recently he has been in a slump. Ditto for Cain, Phillips and Waite. Which doesn't mean that anybody's ego was checked at the door.

Musicians are unsurpassed in their ability to blame failure on other people; their own judgement is impeccable. So it was with Bad English. Picture this nightmare: five guys, four of whom are absolutely positive of the correctness of their vision of their new band. Ugly picture, isn't it?

''It is different,'' Waite admits. ''The Babys was essentially my group. I used to write all the songs and handle everything. That was part of the problem. I'd deal with the record-company stuff; I'd be the one who was trying to drag us through to the finish line. Now, everybody's been in successful groups, and they come in with confidence. Sometimes I surprise myself with just how lofty I can be, but at the same time I am only John Waite, and I can only do what John Waite does. But these guys all bring in different styles of music. Of course,'' he laughs, ''if it's awful, I just can't do it—because I don't believe in it. But it does help broaden the sound. If you're in charge, or doing a solo thing, you end up doing the same things the same way all of the time. That, to me, is boring. It's like sex: You have to try a variety of positions to keep it interesting.''

There is definitely some variety on *Bad English*. In fact, if you listen closely to some of the lyrics, the record is downright bizarre. Intentionally so.

''In the beginning,'' says Waite, ''it was really hard work. We were all coming from such completely different places. But that is what makes it work, when it works. Jon will play me some riffs and things, and I sing back scat lyrics with all of these weird images. I mean, 'Forget Me Not' came out of those Anne Rice books, the vampire ones. It sounded to me like a beautiful piece of poetry. Sinister, but really beautiful. That's how I write; I do a lot of word association and scat lyrics, and it's just there. It's frightening sometimes when you get a whole song in less than ten minutes with the tape machine running, then leave it.''


Marty Temme

It's even easier when somebody else writes the songs. Though a lot of self-contained bands eschew doing songs by other songwriters, it doesn't bother Waite. *Bad English* features two such numbers: ''Don't Walk Away'' and ''When I See You Smile'' by Diane Warren, the one-woman hit factory who also wrote Cher's ''If I Could Turn Back Time'' and co-wrote Alice Cooper's ''Bed of Nails.''

Says Waite, ''I write really well. I'm not intimidated by writing. I can sit down with a pencil and piece of paper and come up with something relevant.'' Waite claims his life has been the inspiration for most of his music, ''But when I hear a nice melody, and I know I can nail it, I want to have a crack at it. I look at interpreting other people's stuff now and then as a challenge. It's like painting with a new color. There's only two covers on the record. Neal insisted we do one—the one that sounds like 'Don't Walk Away'—and I insisted on the other.''

Okay. So the members of Bad English are vindicated, at least by the music charts. But what about the music fans? When Bad English played two club dates in Los Angeles, there were lines down the street. Kids also packed the parking lot of the scenic Cinerama Dome when the band played a free show there. And still the club tour continues. It seems like a lot of work, for a, er, supergroup.

''I've heard that mentioned.'' John laughs. ''But the truth is—and everybody has said it—but when you're on the road, there are 24 hours in a day, but only one makes sense: the hour you're onstage. The rest—the pain and the pressure, the loneliness, the travel, everything going wrong, and the joy—that all makes sense when you're onstage. Hey, we're a rock band. This is what we do: We play. It's not a job; it's what we love.'' †

RAGING SLAB

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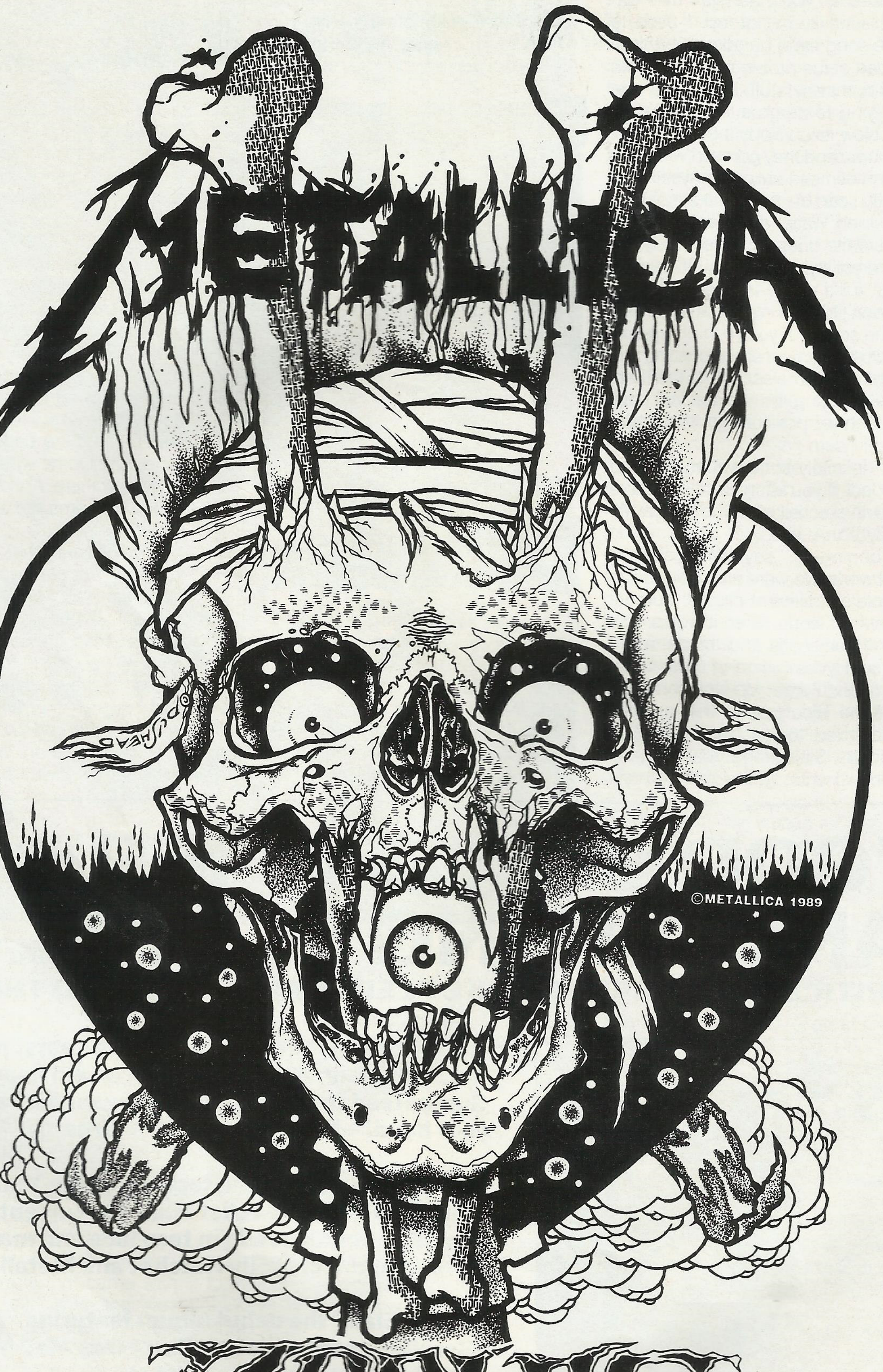
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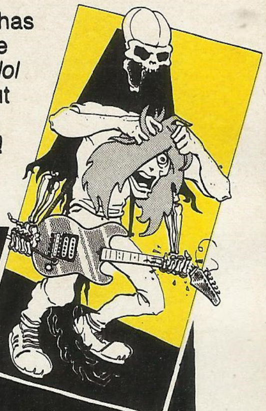
Tired of listening to what some stuffy old rock critic has to say about your favorite performers? Well, let the stars speak for themselves! Every month here in *Idol Chatter* read what hot musicians have to say about various topics of the day, including who they are, what they play and whatever else comes to mind!

Edited by Charrie Foglio



IDOL CHATTER

With the holiday season finally out of the way, it's just about time to start planning that summer vacation. Perhaps the splendid history and culture of Europe is what you're in for this year, or maybe the wilds of New York City. If you're having a tough time making a decision, this article may be just what you've been looking for, as Jerry Dixon of Warrant has been kind enough to take time out from his crazy touring schedule to assemble a rock-and-roll-type guidebook containing the most fondly remembered hot spots of Warrant's past year on the road. Ladies, please excuse all the frequent mentions of strip clubs; when I said the word "fondly," Jerry got a bit carried away.

WARRANT'S ROCK 'N' ROLL TRAVEL GUIDE

by Jerry Dixon

The U.K. is very, very different. The people out there are really into hard rock, and they love putting down Americans and stuff. We found ourselves trying to defend ourselves and our country a lot. You have to be a politician over there, until they get to know you. After they got to know us, they were really cool. If you have a look, if you wear anything like hairspray, they don't think you can cut it. But it was really interesting to go over there and see a whole other way of life and to find out how much beer people drink in the U.K. We were in heaven. The sidewalk cafes were great. You could just walk around, look at all the history and drink beer. I definitely recommend the U.K.

Amsterdam is a place that we really liked. There this place called the Red Light District, and there's all different sorts of girls there. Big ones, little ones, short, tall, every race and color you could imagine. They were sitting in windows, right off the streets, like a display you'd see at the mall or something, wearing lingerie. And for 50 guilders [Dutch currency] you could go in there, into this little back room, and do anything you want. It was like window shopping. They also have these hash bars, where you can go in, and they give you a menu that lists all these different kinds of pot and hash. They also have lemonade, coffee, Cokes and M&M's. People go in there during their lunch breaks and get high. It's totally legal. Warrant loves Amsterdam.

As far as the best and worst food we've encountered around the world, I'd say the weirdest was at this Indonesian place in London, where this record-company guy took us for, get this, *horse*. He ordered a bunch of dishes and had them spread out all over the table and wouldn't tell us which one it was until we'd tried them all. Horse was not very

Frank White

WARRANT

good. Warrant does not recommend having horse at any point during your travels. It was pretty disgusting. The best food we've ever had all around the world is McDonald's—no shit. Some places in Europe charge you extra for those little packets of ketchup, but it's still worth it.

We love New York. Whenever we go there, we always go to the China Club. I danced with [Downtown] Julie Brown from MTV there. It's great. Everything stays open until five or six in the morning. If you want a raunchy, rock-type club, go to the Cat Club. But be nice to the bouncers there, 'cause they get awfully mad if you aren't. They like to throw Warrant out on their heads quite often. As far as what hotel to stay in while you're there, unless you're really rich, stay in New Jersey.

Down South, I think the favorite place is Dallas, Texas. That city has some really great strip bars. The Million Dollar Saloon is our fav. Warrant would like to say hello to all the girls down there and let them know that we'll be back with Motley very, very soon. As nighttime entertainment in Dallas, we seriously advise a trip to the Saloon. If you're a girl, we suggest the mall.

One of the only places we did any legitimate sight-seeing was in Washington, D.C. We actually got stuck there for a few days, and Joey has an aunt and uncle who live there, so they took us to all the monuments. We saw Abe Lincoln's and the White House and the wall that listed all the Vietnam soldiers—that was interesting. We've seen a couple of other places: the Arch of St. Louis, the World Trade Center in New York. One thing that I'll never, ever forget is when we went to Graceland in Tennessee. If you ever even come close to the place, you've got to go. It was amazing. They had this bass out that belonged to Elvis. It took everything I had not to make a run with it. It was a Fender Precision. I wanted to steal it soooo bad. Warrant recommends Graceland. Five thumbs up.

In Canada I really liked Montreal. Every one says "A" after every word. We kept saying it for weeks after we left. I didn't know it was a French-speaking city. I wasn't really expecting that, so that was a nice surprise. The whole time we were there was just like being in Europe, and I thought it was really cool. We never have a good time in Vancouver; we're jinxed there. We might end up recording the next album there. We're all a bit hesitant. Calgary is cool too. That's where the Olympics were. We played on top of the Olympic ice-hockey rink. It was a trip.

Alaska was very cold, but the women were very warm. We would have never even thought of going up there, but we got an offer and went. No one even brings their stage show; just their equipment, and you just rock. They're really starving for rock and roll. It was great; we loved it. It was actually one of the most beautiful places we've ever seen. We went to Anchorage and Fairbanks. If you ever go, you've got to get the Alaskan king crab. The legs were like 2½ feet long—it was incredible. I can't wait to go back. They've got a shopping mall that's four stories high.

As my last travel-guide recommendation, I remember all of us having a really good time in Panama City, Florida. We played this show down on the beach at this outside bar. The guy who owned the club owned the hotel that we were staying in as well, so we got to go parasailing and jump on Waverunners. We really tried to get Eric to go parasailing, because he's afraid of heights. After two hours he did it; then it came to me, and I chickened out! I braved up awhile later and really ended up loving it. All that Jerry's Travel Guide recommends that you bring to this tropical paradise is your bathing suit and some zinc oxide for your nose. Everything else needed for a great vacation is already there. You *could* bring your own girls.

Like our postcards say, "ALWAYS having a great time. Hope to see you soon!" †

Tom Farrington

Danger DANGER

Jennifer Rose

(continued from page 22)

BRUNO: Yeah, we turned it over to Eric and Abe [the band's managers], and that was it. We had to do the record immediately, so we did the record with [guitarist] Tony Rey from Saraya. After the record was finished, he decided to do the Saraya thing, which left a big hole, so we needed to find a guitar player. In steps Buddy Blaze. He gives me the tape. 10,000 people we heard, and I hear this tape of Andy playing and said, "That's it. We gotta get this guy in here." He was actually the only guy that we flew in.

RIP: What about the other guitarist, Jeff Young [formerly of Megadeth, and now a member of Broken Silence]? Was there really a serious competition between him and Andy for the Danger Danger slot?

BRUNO: He was a nice guy, but he was a little bit too heavy for us.

RIP: But was it a head-to-head competition between Jeff Young and Andy?

BRUNO: No. When Andy came out to New York, it was like, "Excuse me, the master has arrived!" He joined the band, and we went back in the studio and recut a couple of things just to make him feel more involved.

RIP: A few people have already started making comparisons between the music of Danger Danger and the music of other bands, like Night Ranger and Bon Jovi. What do you think about those comparisons?

ANDY: I think it's very flattering.

BRUNO: Hey, they can come to my party anytime!

STEVE: They're all bands that we dig, so we enjoy them.

RIP: So where do you think the line is drawn between all those bands and Danger Danger? What makes you different?

STEVE: Well, Bruno has been in all those bands. [All laugh.]

BRUNO: Well, it's all in the same vein. We're in the same ballpark as Bon Jovi and Night Ranger.

STEVE: Only we're in the bleachers, and they're in the first row.

BRUNO: Thank you, Steve. No, we sound similar, but we have our own sound to us, I think. I mean, we don't sound like them.

RIP: What do you think about people calling the music *cock rock*, which is a tag that some people have also put on David Lee Roth? Do you think it falls into that category because of some of the lyrics?

STEVE: What should we say to that? It's all right. We just want to play music and have fun. The guy who wrote that wouldn't say it if we were all accountants.

TED: We play the music that we want to play, and everybody's not going to like it.

RIP: The big news for you these days is making the *Billboard* charts with the album. What are your thoughts about that?

ANDY: Oh, man, it's the greatest!

BRUNO: We want to keep on climbing. We want to climb very slowly and stay in there.

RIP: Now that you're playing for audiences that aren't local and getting MTV exposure, you're getting recognized on the street. How does it all feel?

STEVE: We've got the extreme bonaire! It's very nice, you know, because we've all been in bands where you can play and no one really cares.

TED: But now we have Andy Timmons in the band!

BRUNO: Yeah, now that we have Andy in the band, we all walk in a club together and watch everyone attack him.

RIP: You guys have an application for potential groupies. Where can women write to get one of these?

STEVE: No, we don't categorize women—they're all our friends.

TED: Do we really have that? Yeah? Oh, I'd like to see that!

STEVE: Yeah, Eric's probably got all the applications in a file at his house.

RIP: Do we have any touring information yet?

BRUNO: We're doing some dates with the Stones. No, seriously, they're setting it up now, and we should know something within the next couple of weeks.

STEVE: We're looking forward to coming to Dallas, because they rock! They have tall drinks o' water, tall drinks of doom! Dallas rocks!

RIP: Just out of curiosity, does Danger Danger have a band creed or philosophy?

STEVE: We're not in it for the money; we're in it for the chicks!

KASEY: To keep doin' what we're doin' and have fun at it.

STEVE: My philosophy is to keep Andy Timmons in the band, so we'll always be big in Texas! Thank you very much! No, we don't want to change the world; I just want to change my life.

RIP: I know that we're pressed for time because you guys are about to go onstage, but is there anything that you'd like to add?

ANDY: We just definitely want to thank everyone for being so supportive.

BRUNO: Yeeeehaw! That's all I've got to say.

KASEY: [In a bad Texas accent] We want to thank everyone for buying the album and supporting Danger Danger.

STEVE: You're all on the guest list. Absolutely. Just call Abe—his number's in the book—he'll put you on the list.

BRUNO: No, seriously, we do want to thank everyone for supporting us. We want to meet everyone and play, you know, do the right thing. We want to rock with you. †

bad brains

(continued from page 60)

Musically, spiritually, they've come light years, fusing every iota of style and influence into a sound that shimmers with sophistication and urgency.

"With 'The Quickness,' " reflects Doc on the subject of the album's title track. "With the speed, with the steadfastness, the urgency, God willing. In these times you've got to really know what you're dealing with. The time is at hand, it's Endgame. Look at the world situation: How much more can happen before something's got to give? It's too corrupt, too corrupt. Between all the pollution, all the nuclear problems, all we've got to deal with . . . the time is at hand."

Yet, as Doc relates, it's an opinion viewed through the tenets of Rastafarianism and the teachings of its leader, Haile Selassie. As far back as '82 the Brains openly admitted that spreading their faith was an integral aspect to their existence as a band, a fervor reflected in the track, "The Messengers." "I think anyone—artists, musicians, anyone—that relates to masses of people are messengers. People are coming to hear what you're saying; it's just a question of what you're gonna say. Last but not least, y'know. In the end, the first shall be last; and the last shall be first. It's comin' around to that time, Bro—gotta wake up.

"When we first started, we didn't know what it was that we were supposed to do. God has a plan, man, and we are His pawns, His knights, His bishops. It all works out in the end. Maybe that's why we're back together. Besides, I don't see it so much as teaching; it's more informing. We're doing what we feel as our obligation. If people want to see Jah's signs, it's up to them. It's up to us to just get along; time for a real unity of people, and Jah says it will be the musicians who'll be the ones to lead the way. Look at what's happening in music now, with everything from hardcore bands to pop bands stressing a positive vibe. The Prophecy is being fulfilled."

Mind you, this ain't some indulgence in cosmic prophecy and sweet cheeba dreams. The Bad Brains say what they mean and mean what they say—probably one of many reasons why their somewhat more palatable successors have exceeded them in mass acceptance. Mass acceptance? The concept don't apply, m'man. We're talkin' 'bout the Bad Brains, the PMA and a world to save. We're talkin' 'bout a revolution. †

ROCK VAULT ANSWERS:

1. Gary Moore.
2. Bill Wyman.
3. She inspired the Boomtown Rats' "I Don't Like Mondays" by murdering two people in her hometown of San Diego, CA. She blamed the incident on her dislike for Mondays.
4. Bob & Doug McKenzie, a/k/a Rick Moranis and Dave Thomas of *SCTV*.
5. Cliff Burton died in a bus crash in Sweden.
6. "The Monster Mash."
7. False. It was released three days *prior* to the incident.
8. Sweet Savage; the Riverdogs; Dio.
9. A-8; B-19; C-1; D-5; E-4; F-14; G-2; H-6; I-7; J-15; K-18; L-11; M-9; N-16; O-3; P-12; Q-17; R-20; S-13; T-10.

TORA TORA

(continued from page 36)

"No pain, see? We're a bunch of weirdos, Judy. We go around pulling each other's chicken meat. We're strange Southern boys." I don't argue.

The bus turns onto North Sheffield, in Chicago. A neon sign on The Vic Theater reads "L.A. GUNS, TORA TORA, DANGEROUS TOYS." Outside, the streets around the theater are loaded with rowdy, big-city fans. So much for the polite small towns of America.

"All right!" Keith bellows from the back of the bus. "This looks more like it." Opening a window, he taunts, "You guys wanna rock?" The fans answer by rocking the bus.

Pushing and autographing their way into the venue, the little band that began in a Memphis glue factory and launched themselves by entering a seven-day battle of the bands contest is finally going to have a fair fight. Anthony slips on his peace-sign T-shirt. A Chicago A&M rep whizzes into the dressing room. "I want you guys to wear your leathers tonight!" she orders, referring to their tight-fitting pants. "They make you look real good!"

"They do?" the four boys from Oz ponder.

She shakes her head at their naivete. "Ahhhhh, fresh meat for Chicago!"

Dangerous Toys goes on first. When they return backstage, lead singer Jason McMaster looks delirious. He throws his lean, sweaty, Texas body at Anthony and, between hugs, urges, "Get out there and kill them, man! This is what you all have been waiting for."

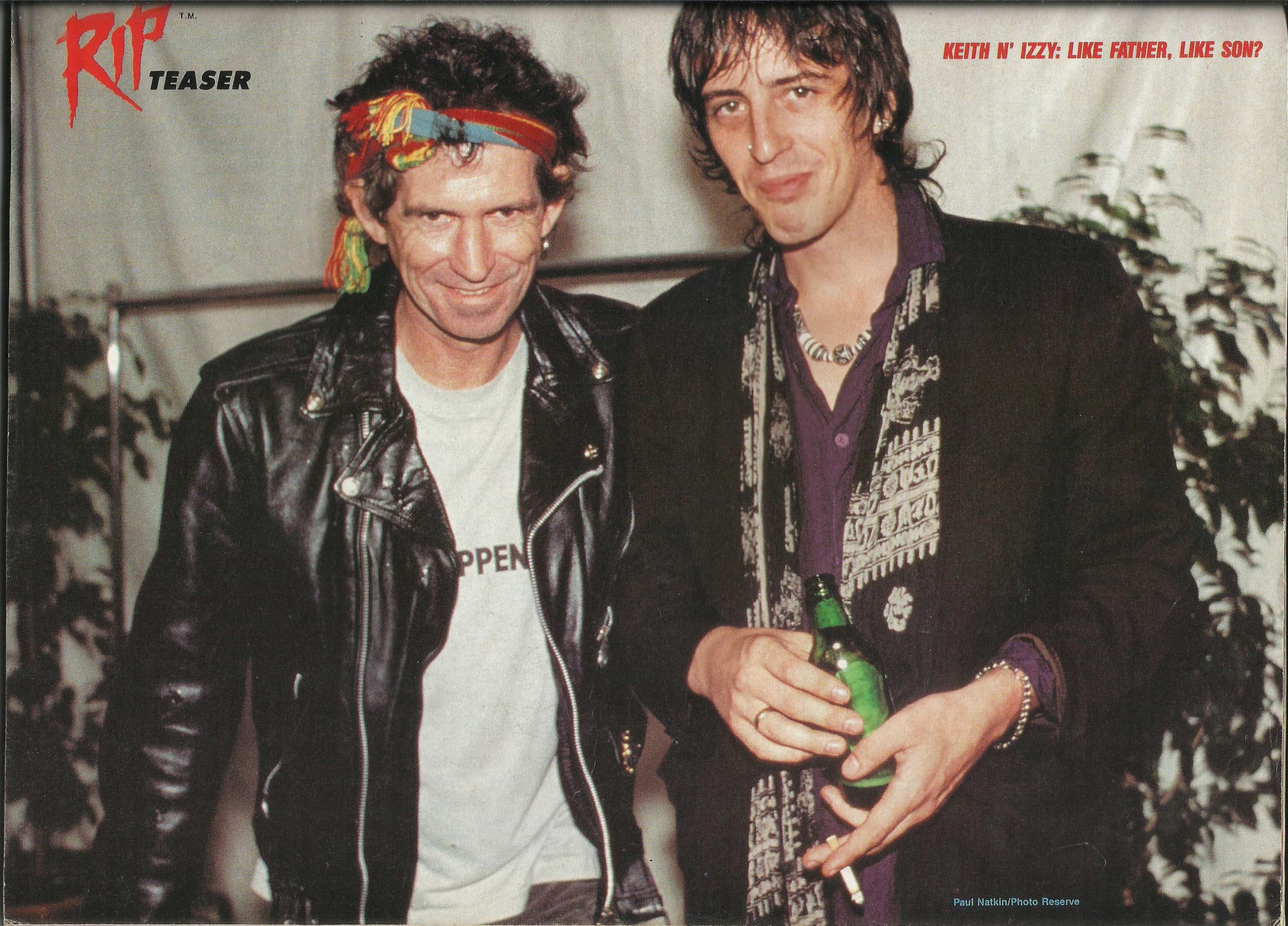
Kelly Nickels, Steve Riley and Phil Lewis from L.A. Guns join the cheering section. "You guys are real comers! This is your audience. Rock the shit out of them!"

Anthony, Keith, Patrick and John look at each other. Taking the stage with a vengeance, they can be heard screaming in the dark, "Tora! Tora! Attack! Attack!"

"Those lucky kids!" Gunner Steve Riley says, listening to Tora's Zeppelinish opening. "They're really going to get it tonight! That band is ready to do some serious damage. And they all seem so . . . sweet." †

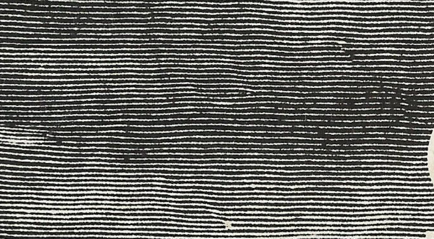
Annamaria DiSanto

RIP TEASER



KEITH N' IZZY: LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON?

Paul Natkin/Photo Reserve



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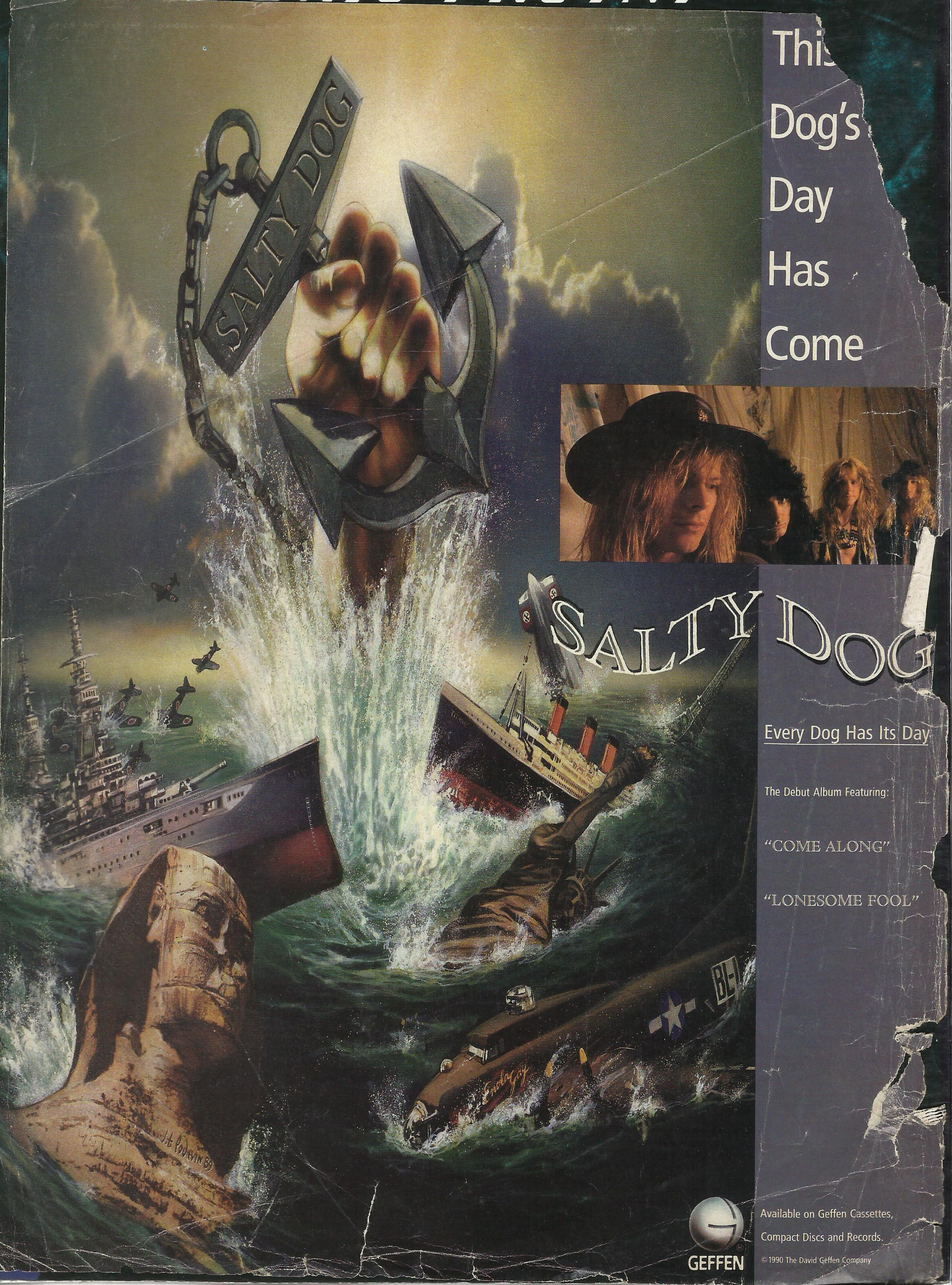

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